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LECTURES ON THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

IN ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM EVERETT, M.A.,

TRIN. COLL., CAM.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON :
WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,
PATERNOSTER ROW.


1869.



TO THE
REV. JAMES WALKER, D.D., LL.D.,
EX-PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE,
MY CONSTANT MODEL OF CHRISTIAN ELOQUENCE AND
ACADEMIC CULTURE, AND THE
BELOVED FRIEND OF TWO FORMER HOLDERS OF THE
SAME HONOURABLE POSITION,
WHOSE EXAMPLE WAS MY BEST INSTRUCTION
IN COLLEGE, AND WHOSE MEMORY
IS AMONG MY CHOICEST
TREASURES.



PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

“  ITS jump:” Adams and Leverrier sprang at a star simultaneously, and while “A Don” was delighting England in general and old Cantabs in particular with “Sketches” sharp, faithful, and yet most artistic, like photographs on ivory, touched by the brush of a Master, a younger son of Cambridge was astonishing his countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic with a series of frank, outspoken lectures upon the studies, habits, amusements, and characteristics of his Britisher brothers.

We took the book up with the expectation of finding that Mr. Everett had acted towards us as full-fledged cuckoos towards their brothers and sisters, though we had reasons for suspecting that the notes he poured forth the while would be of no cuckoo character; we put it down in a state of utter bewilderment. What! Could an orator,

addressing an American audience, in the present state of feeling, about us and our institutions, which rankles in their hearts, cry us up, express his good-will towards us,—nay, hold up one of our Universities as a pattern to their own colleges, and escape the tar-pot, the feather-bag, and the rail?

One of three things could alone account for the phenomenon: either the speaker's eloquence held his audience spell-bound; or, Boston, where the lectures were delivered, is an exceptional and Anglo-maniac town; or, our preconceived ideas of the state of society in America were wrong altogether.

When we have somewhat recovered from this first surprise, a second presents itself; it is wonderful that this fearless speaker should have been listened to, when he confessed that on one or two points the colleges of America might take a lesson from those of the old country,—but how did he manage to own such an heretical truth to himself? Is he a lukewarm cosmopolitan? On the contrary, he is a red-hot patriot; stars and stripes to the back-bone. Perhaps he has resided for many years in England? Only the time necessary for his University career, added to which, he is still a very young man, not having yet reached the age

at which the faiths and enthusiasms often begin to peel off, carrying some of the prejudices with them. No ; he is simply a scholar, with a keen insight, a comprehensive intellect, a calm judgment, a warm heart, and the gift of the Gods ; and he is also an Everett.

When one who has devoted his life to study and the accumulation of knowledge passes away, we are sometimes inclined to look upon his labours as vain. As the wise man dieth, so dieth the fool : what good is there in storing the brain with varied learning, when we cannot bequeath an atom of it to those who come after us ? Why take pains to pile up grains of golden sand below high-water mark, when the rising tide is certain to sweep them away with the first wave ? “ Eat, drink, and love ; the rest is not worth *that* ! ” Or, if we do not care for self alone, let us gather tangible wealth, which will benefit those we love when we are gone, not the perishable riches of the understanding, which are annihilated with the brain that held them. We forget that mental as well as physical qualities are transmitted to our descendants ; and that the man who leaves a family behind him endows its members with many a bequest of more real significance than money, land, or social position. As gout, scrofula, con-

sumption, idiocy, are the prices paid by succeeding generations for the physical vices of their ancestors, so will their moral and intellectual faculties be affected by the self-discipline or lethargy of those who have gone before them, and the enforced celibacy of the only learned class in the middle ages probably retarded the mental growth of the world by centuries.

The gentleman who delivered the lectures which lie before us has inherited the love of learning and the gift of oratory which already distinguish him. His father was Edward Everett, a man famous in his own country for his learning and eloquence, and well-known in England as the American Ambassador who conducted several matters of dispute between the two countries with a tact, judgment, and delicacy which attracted universal applause and admiration. A short summary of Mr. Edward Everett's career will be interesting, as exemplifying the curious changes to which the life of a public man in America is subject. He was descended on the father's side from Richard Everett, of Dedham; one of the early settlers in New England, who had served in the Low Countries. His mother was a Hill; so that he was an Englishman *pur sang*, descended on both sides from ancestors of the first

Puritan emigration. His maternal grandfather, Alexander Sears Hill, graduated at Harvard; his father was minister of the New South Church, Boston; retired, and was *made a judge*. He went to a school kept by Ezekiel Webster, elder brother of Daniel Webster, and once, when the school-master was unable to attend to his duties, the younger brother and future minister took his place for a week. Edward Everett entered Harvard College in 1807, graduated in 1811, and was ordained in 1814, when he was appointed minister of Brattle Square Church, Boston. In the following year he was called to the chair of Greek professorship; then he went to Gottingen, returning to America in 1819, when he entered upon the duties of his professorship, and in the next four years gave an impulse to the study of Greek literature in America which is not yet lost. In 1822 he married Charlotte Gray, daughter of the late Hon. Peter Chardon Brookes. His surviving children are three in number; one daughter, married to Captain Wise, of the United States' Navy; and two sons, the youngest of whom, William Everett, is the present lecturer.

He was elected to Congress in 1824, when he left his academic pursuits, and became a Statesman, serving for ten years, through Mr. Adams'

administration, and part of that of General Jackson. In 1835 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts; a post which he held with honour to himself and benefit to all for four years, when he lost his re-election by one vote.

After this he was appointed minister to the Court of St. James's, at that critical period when the questions of the North-Eastern Boundary, the Fisheries, the Caroline, the Creole, and other delicate matters, stirred the public mind; and that the judgment, delicacy, and grace, with which he discharged his diplomatic duties, were appreciated in this country, was proved by the many marks of respect which were paid him, including honorary degrees conferred by Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, while the repeated offers of the conduct of diplomatic negotiations of a confidential nature, made to him by the Lincoln government during the late war, testified to the fact that his own countrymen were impressed with the manner in which he had upheld their interests.

In 1846 he returned to America, and was elected president of his Alma Mater. At the death of Mr. Webster he was made Secretary of State by President Fillmore; but the administration changed, and in 1853 he took his seat in the United States' Senate, but was compelled to resign in 1854. Ten

years later the people of Massachusetts chose him for their First Presidential Elector, and in the following year, 1865, on the 15th of January, he died.

His youngest son, Mr. William Everett, the author of the present Lectures, was a Bachelor scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. His degree was a good one, as he took mathematical honours, and was at the head of the second class in the Classical Tripos. He has left a strong impression of his powers of oratory—for the exercise of which he found an arena in the debates at the Union—upon his contemporaries at the University; and though a printed speech is like flat champagne, the reader will be able to form some idea of his eloquence from the noble perorations of the Lectures before him.

There is no need to give any reasons for introducing these Lectures to the English Public; Cambridge men will be curious to see how an American was struck by the customs of their University, while any serious and genuine remarks upon the relative positions of the two countries, uttered by a clever man, a keen observer, as free from prejudice as a partisan possibly can be, must be generally interesting at the present time. Before the civil war we were wonderfully indifferent about

our relatives on the other side of the Atlantic; we looked upon them as a community of tenth-rate Englishmen, who had slaves, shot one another in the streets, were perpetually blaspheming in quaint language, chewing tobacco and spitting, who repudiated their public debts, and openly and generally prided themselves on their freedom from the restraints of honour and honesty. We could hardly recognize the fact of Washington Irving, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Prescott, and a few others, being Americans, but looked upon them as Englishmen who had got out there in some abnormal way. In short, our habitual idea of "Jonathan" was as gross a caricature as the picture represented to the minds of our grandfathers by the name of "Monseer," or the notion Frenchmen yet have of "John Bull." But the newspapers were so full of America during the civil war, and the letters of the "special correspondents" were so graphic and amusing, that we were obliged to take some interest in the country where alone there was anything exciting going on, and began to see that Mr. Bright's *protégés* really were a considerable people, who had a sort of government which was not entirely a sham, who waged war on European principles, and positively took prisoners, whom they treated with average humanity. Our interest in

America once aroused is not likely to flag; and though we are too near relatives ever to like each other very cordially—for people are seldom fond of their cousins—the next generation of Englishmen will probably recognize the imperial future towards which America is tending; and when the poor old country is dead of age or geological change, Americans will brag proudly enough of their descent from her.

There are only two other matters of any importance in these Lectures to which we would refer. One is the opinion Mr. Everett expresses about Oxford. It is natural enough that a republican should feel slight sympathy with the orthodox and loyal city, and he had not the opportunities of correcting his theoretical opinions by personal observation that he enjoyed at Cambridge. The other is the difficulty he finds to account for the wide-spread sympathy felt in England for the Southern States; but as none of us know the reason of it ourselves, this is not so wonderful. Some suppose that it originated in the fact of our getting our cotton from the South, but we are not so wrapped up in our shirts as all that; others think that we merely patted the weaker combatant on the back; others have received hospitality and enjoyed good shooting amongst the

planters; some refer to a superstition that the rowdies of South Carolina were more “gentlemanly” than the quiet and learned lights of Boston; a good many were disgusted by the rant of the Abolitionists and the blood and dirt which defiled the Northern (we never saw any files of the Southern) papers generally. But none of these guesses solve the riddle satisfactorily; and in fact it is like one of those enigmas for the unravelling of which the pocket-books offer a prize of £10—it has no answer.





AUTHOR'S PREFACE.



THE following twelve lectures were delivered in the hall of the Lowell Institute in Boston, in the months of January and February, 1864. In preparing them for the press, it could not escape my notice that much of the matter they contained was of an essentially rhetorical character, better suited for a lecture than an essay. It was no less evident, however, that any attempt to change their tone to something more didactic would be to rewrite them entirely ; and as they form a connected whole, the result would probably be that the facts and theories brought forward would be made less interesting, without any gain in perspicuity or accuracy. They have therefore been submitted to the public exactly as delivered.

For the emphasis with which certain views are

advanced, I trust no apology is needed. A residence of seven years and more in two Universities can hardly fail to generate strong opinions on such topics as the value of College studies; and between three and four years passed in a foreign country is apt to leave the mind in a very different disposition towards its inhabitants from that contracted by occasional and short encounters with them. The pages in which a sentiment of the most cordial good-will towards England is advanced were written and spoken at a time when our relations with her were most apathetic, if not antagonistic; I can see no reason to change them now, when recent events, glorious or sad, have brought the countries so much nearer. No class of men appears to me less truly patriotic than those whose only idea of upholding our own country is to run down others; there are such everywhere, and whether Americans or English, they will find little satisfaction in these pages.

It may be proper to say that all statistics with reference to the present condition of Cambridge are taken from the Cambridge Calendar for 1863; the architectural and antiquarian notes from Le Keux's "Memorials of Cambridge;" the reminiscences of the early Puritans from Young's "Chronicles of Massachusetts."



CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION	PAGE xxiii
------------------------	---------------

LECTURE I.

GENERAL VIEW OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Introduction.—Old and New Cambridge.—American Ignorance of English Universities. — Cambridge and Vicinity described. — Connection and Distinction of University and Colleges.—Analogy of the Union and the States.	1
--	---

LECTURE II.

HISTORY AND OBJECTS OF CAMBRIDGE SCHOLARSHIP.

Mediæval Scholarship confined to the Church.—Its Character.—Revival of Greek Literature.—Erasmus.—Bentley. — The Newtonian Mathematics. — General Character of Cambridge Scholarship.—Advantages in a University Course of Mathematical Study,—and of Classical.	25
--	----

LECTURE III.

METHODS OF INSTRUCTION AND STUDY.

Competitive Examinations.—The final one described.—University and College Lectures.—College and Private Tutors.—Vindication of the Competitive System, and of the Pursuit of College Studies generally.—“The Wanderers.”	49
--	----

LECTURE IV.

INCENTIVES TO STUDY AND NON-STUDENTS.

	PAGE
College Examinations.—Prizes of Various Kinds.—Commemoration.—Scholarships and Fellowships.—The “Poll” Degree.—Professors’ Lectures.—Shifts to avoid Study.—Generosity between Students and Non-Students.—General Discussion of the Cambridge System.	73

LECTURE V.

LIFE OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.—REGULAR.

Trinity College selected as the Type.—Dinner in Hall.—College Kitchen and Courtyard.—Union Society.—Vespers on a Saint’s Day.—A Student’s Evening.—A Breakfast Party.—Treatment of Younger by Older Classes.—Private Tutor.—A Walk.	98
---	----

LECTURE VI.

LIFE OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.—EXCEPTIONAL.

Length of the College Course.—Vacation.—Taking the Degree.—Discipline.—Sundays.—Clubs and Associations.—Cricket and Rowing.—Description of a Boat-race.—Trinity Boat Song.	122
--	-----

LECTURE VII.

SURVEY OF THE DIFFERENT COLLEGES.

St. John’s.—Magdalene.—Sidney Sussex.—Jesus.—Christ’s.—Emmanuel.—Downing.—St. Peter’s.—Pembroke.—Queens’.—St. Catherine’s.—Corpus Christi.—King’s.—Clare.—Trinity Hall.—Caius.	147
--	-----

LECTURE VIII.

GREAT MEN OF CAMBRIDGE BEFORE 1688.

	PAGE
Erasmus and Early Scholars.—Reformers.—Elizabethan Statesmen and Poets.—Sir Edward Coke.—Translators of the Bible.—Bacon.—New England Puritans.—Stratford.—Cromwell.—Milton.	170

LECTURE IX.

GREAT MEN OF CAMBRIDGE SINCE 1688.

Mathematicians. — Scholars. — Divines. — Lawyers. — Statesmen. — Authors. — Newton, Bentley, Barrow, Lyndhurst, Pitt, Macaulay, and others.—Song for Cambridge.	193
---	-----

LECTURE X.

DRAWBACKS OF THE CAMBRIDGE LIFE.

Favourable Opinion heretofore expressed.—Abuses and Extortions by Servants.—Expense of Living.—Position of the Aristocracy.—Hardships of Average Men and Advantages of Specialists.—Strong Nationality of the University.	217
---	-----

LECTURE XI.

RELATIONS OF CAMBRIDGE TO THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

Ecclesiastical Character of the Colleges.—Attendance on Chapel and other Religious Duties.—Act of 1662.—Theological Examination and other Requisites for Ordination.—Parties in the Church.—Oxford the Seat of Extremists, Cambridge of Broad-Church Divines.	239
---	-----

LECTURE XII.

RELATIONS OF CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA.

	PAGE
The Universities and the Professions.—Middle-Class Examinations. — The Universities Aristocratic. — Cambridge and Oxford contrasted.—Cambridge the Liberal University.—English Opinions of America.—Mutual Needs of the two Countries.—Concluding Stanzas. .	262

APPENDIX.

I. OLDER AND YOUNGER STUDENTS . . .	285
II. DIFFERENT COLLEGES	289
III. EXPENSES	290





INTRODUCTION.



IN order that the reader may thoroughly appreciate the position in which these lectures were written, I must here trouble him, once for all, with certain personal records, in order to avoid constant egotistical reminiscences in the body of the work.

Having graduated at Harvard in July, 1859, I sailed for England on September 21st of that year. Arriving on October 2nd, I was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, on October 10th, Rev. William Whewell, D.D., being Master of the College, and Rev. J. B. Lightfoot the College tutor, under whose care I was placed. I remained here for three entire academic years of three terms each, including also portions of the

Christmas and Easter vacations of each year, and the months of July and August in the long vacations of 1860 and 1862. In June, 1861, being the beginning of the long vacation, I returned to America, leaving it again in October of the same year. Beginning the fourth academic year in October, 1862, I took the degree of B.A. on the 31st of January, 1863, remaining at Cambridge as a Bachelor of Arts till June of that year, excepting seven weeks spent on the Continent in March and April, and returned to America in the summer of 1863.

During this interval I passed the following University examinations: three for the University scholarships in February, 1860, 1861, and 1862; Little-go or previous examination in April, 1861; Mathematical Tripos in January, 1863, in virtue of which I received the degree; and Classical Tripos in the ensuing February; also competing for certain University prizes. My College examinations were: For admission, October, 1859; May examinations, 1860, 1861, 1862; Christmas examination, 1860; for Foundation Scholarships, Easter 1861 and 1862, after the second of which

I was chosen to one of the Scholarships. I also competed for certain College prizes with a partial amount of success.

During this period the Prince Consort, Chancellor of the University, died, and the Duke of Devonshire was elected to the vacant place. The successive Vice-Chancellors were Rev. W. H. Bateson, Master of St. John's; Hon. and Rev. L. Neville, Master of Magdalene; Rev. George Phillips, President of Queens', and Rev. Edward Atkinson, Master of Clare. From the hands of this last I received my degree. The Prince of Wales connected himself with the University in the spring of 1861, and left on his father's decease; and the British Scientific Association met at Cambridge in 1862.

It will be observed that this period embraces in the history of England the outbreak and termination of the Chinese War; the gradual cessation of Reform agitation;* the death of Lord Macaulay; the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, and of Dr.

* Any stranger living amongst us for four whole years would have an opportunity of seeing the British lion mumble and drop *that bone*.—ED.

Colenso's Theological Works; the distress in the manufacturing districts; the death of the mother and husband of the reigning sovereign; the anticipation of French invasion; the inauguration of the Rifle Volunteer movement; the Trent affair, and other complications of England in American matters; the death of Lord Herbert and Sir G. Cornwall Lewis; the gradual uneasy breaking up and reuniting of parties; the marriage of the Prince of Wales and others of the royal family. The death of Count Cavour, the consolidation of Italy, and the Polish outbreak, are the chief topics of interest in Europe.

American history during the same time comprehends the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country; the election of 1860; and the whole history of the secession, rebellion, and war, down to Lee's advance into Pennsylvania, which was the news received at the quarantine ground in New York by the steamer in which I finally returned. During the first battles of the war,—Rich Mountain, Bull's Run, &c,—I was in this country.

These great public events make less stir in an English than in an American college. The almost

monastic isolation is so great, that it seemed a greater event to me to change my rooms from letter D, New Court, where I was for two years and a half, to letter I, Old Court, where I ended my course, than for the command of the army to pass from McClellan to Burnside. The effect of contemporary events is therefore but slightly touched in these lectures, which are meant to exhibit Cambridge as it is.

Soon after I entered, I was entreated by several friends in America to collect all the materials I could for a book on Cambridge and England. Had I made a business of this, these lectures would be fuller of educational and architectural lore; but they would have entirely lost the spirit of the place, and after all would have been inferior to Le Keux's "*Memorials*," and Cooper's "*Athenæ Cantabrigiæ*." I conceived that the best materials I could collect were those picked up in the daily pathway of an undergraduate, and never went out of that path to gather precious gems or hew out shapely blocks.

As I finish these lines, the last written of this book, a feeling of irresistible sadness comes over

me, which no one will reprehend. I went to Cambridge with the counsel, the help, the blessing of one to whom, under heaven, I owe all that makes my life worth living. I passed nearly four years of exile in the light of home thoughts where he was the central sun. I delivered these lectures on my return with his constant encouragement and favour: and now that I make my first start on the path he chose for his own, I can only sigh for the presence which would have excused all errors, doubled all efforts, and supplied all needs, and which is taken from me, from his country, for ever.

“Manibus date lilia plenis;
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque parentis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.”

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 29, 1865.





I.

GENERAL VIEW OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Introduction.—Old and New Cambridge.—American Ignorance of English Universities.—Cambridge and Vicinity described.—Connection and Distinction of University and Colleges.—Analogy of the Union and the States.



It is a task, arduous in no slight degree, for a wholly untried lecturer, a young man, scarce assured that he is free from the discipline of school and college, to appear before such an audience as this, and in such a place. If America is the country, *par excellence*, of popular lecturing, the Lowell Institute must be the head of all the institutions that offer this form of instruction to the people; and any one, however experienced or well-informed, may well feel a tremor, on first attempting so honourable a work, and one where so much is expected, as a course of Lowell Lectures. I know, my honoured fellow-citizens, that I may expect at your hands sympathy and indulgence for all the imperfections of youth. You are not to listen to-night, as all of us used to do with so much pleasure, to the voice of the most learned and accomplished classical scholar of Massachusetts; but you will be satisfied when I tell you that my model of a

lecturer is he whose instructions were my delight at home, whose encouragement attended me abroad, and whose loss has given the harshest shock to my happiness at returning,—the erudite, the brilliant, the beloved Felton.

If I fail—as who should hope to succeed?—in reproducing to you the lecturers of other years, you will at least give me credit for an ardent wish to please you, for a young man's enthusiasm in my subject, and for American loyalty. And I fear that this last quality, which we all need so much now, I shall need doubly to-night,—for my subject will involve what, in the opinion of many good Americans, is a fatal objection to any writer or speaker, the praises of England and of some English institutions. Having passed nearly four years in England; returning with a sadly fragmentary knowledge of the great events that have taken place at home,—though I have tried to make the most of them abroad,—my heart is full, and so must my course be, of the place where I went to seek education. I must therefore impose upon you a frequent, though I hope not indiscriminating, eulogy of the Old Country. Nor am I sorry to have this opportunity so to do. I am not proposing to defend her conduct in the first years of the war.* I believe it to be indefensible, though

* It is a sad thing that even a man so clear-sighted and so partial to England as our lecturer should misunderstand the action of our government during the civil war in America. If ever a ruling power struggled hard to be perfectly just and impartial in a matter of peculiar intricacy and difficulty, ours did; and when the natural excitement which still agitates the United States has calmed down, Americans, we think, will confess as much. As for the words, and, indeed, in some few instances the actions, of individual Englishmen, that is different. Many of us endeavoured at the onset to come to the rights of the quarrel, and could make neither head nor tail of it, so we watched the fight much as we might a pugilistic encounter in the street; and some of us took one side, some the other—Southern sympathy meaning, in the majority of instances, nothing more than the admiration we instinctively feel for a plucky little boxer who is overmatched. What is there “selfish” in such a sentiment?—ED.

not perhaps inexcusable. Even the excuses which might be, which are given by intelligent Englishmen, I will not go through here. But is it fair, is it just, is it overcoming evil with good, to indulge in indiscriminate and fanatical abuse of a great nation, because her conduct to us has been ill-judged and selfish? We blame the editorials of the "Times;" have not our own newspapers been rapidly bringing their criticisms on foreign affairs to the standard of the "Times?"* Are we, after the reception we gave the Prince of Wales in 1860, really and truly prepared to make Louis Napoleon our model of a sovereign instead of the good Queen Victoria? Or has the conduct of England in the present war altered a single item in that domestic life, wherein so many points used to excite our admiration and love? It is my hope, ladies and gentlemen, that I may succeed in interesting you not only in the great English University, but in the country by which that University is supported, and to which it gives so much of her strength; and that as I have fought in England for the country of my birth, I may not have hard work to fight here for the country that extended to me her hospitality.

It is remarked of the Americans, that beginning their national, and so to speak, their physical existence so recently, they are of all peoples the most eager to search out the previous history of all that belongs to them; to know all about everything American as it was before it became American. The chief support of genealogists in England is derived from Yankees, who, with more than their native inquisitiveness, will know from what precise

* Is this "rote sarcastical," as Artemus Ward says? We do not defend the line taken by the "Times" on the American question, for it seems to us that, while it blamed the North for fighting to uphold the Union, it would have been the first to have taunted it for its pusillanimity had it let the Southern States go without a struggle. But the idea of the American papers turning to its columns for a lesson in international vituperation, is grand.—ED.

lovely pasture in Northamptonshire came the particular John Brown, in honour of whom their town is called Fairfield. To facilitate these researches, an enterprising and ubiquitous citizen has re-edited the "Massachusetts Colonial Records," that we may, at all events, get our ancestors safe as far back as the first settlement. I extract therefrom, without attempting to do justice to the admirable and ingenious orthography, the following entries :—

"1637. Nov. 15. The College shall be at Newtown."

"1638. May 2. Newtown shall be called Cambridge."

And why Cambridge? Why should one of the most insignificant of English boroughs be picked out to give its name to the settlement, where such men as Winthrop and Leverett seriously thought of establishing the seat of government of "the Massachusetts?"—the town whence the pioneers of Springfield departed on their fourteen days' journey to the Connecticut?—the town where the first printing-press in the United States was established? Was not Norwich, the second city in England, or York, the capital of the North, where Saltonstall had so often attended the assizes, or Huntingdon, the home of their beloved Cromwell, or Wendover, of the still more honoured Hampden, worthier of commemoration? Why not London itself, a name which John Smith had vainly sought to fix on the old Bay of Dorchester? It is the first of the records I have read that explains the second. The college was to be at Newtown. The ancient University, where most of our pilgrim ancestors had tasted of the sweets of learning which they desired to perpetuate, was at Cambridge in England. It was from Cambridge that John Harvard came to cast in his lot among us. In filial and grateful remembrance of their own Alma Mater, did our ancestors give the name of Cambridge to the settlement of Newtown, the seat of their infant college.

I am sure, my honoured friends, I do not misinterpret your feelings if I say that on no subject could the Ameri-

can passion for historical research be more eagerly and delightfully exercised than the parentage of Harvard College. It is from no common interest that for seven generations the wealth of Massachusetts has been lavished on her, that the competition of her halls has stimulated the noblest youth of our city and our country. No common share of our heart's blood must be in that institution that has sent out over four hundred children to fight in their country's warfare, and the best of them to fall in siege and battle and swamp and hospital. When Boston forgets Harvard, may her right hand forget its cunning. When she remembers not her ancient university, may her tongue cleave to the roof of her mouth.

And since we delight in all that can illustrate her history,—since it is our boast that we love to cut deeper, year after year, the inscriptions on the graves of our ancestors, and trace with eagerness in English soil the roots and stock which have put forth the branches of American learning and civilization,—since we Bostonians boast to be liberal and cultivated men and women, enjoying the study of any place where good and wise teachers of youth have been wont to gather,—I invite you to cross the water with me to-night, and to pass six weeks at Cambridge in England. We shall study its history, its character, its prospects,—its studies and its recreations, its fathers and its sons, its precepts and its warnings. Like children going back to their grandfather's mansion, we shall run through the rooms where our fathers were born and bred; we shall stroll along the green turf and by the bright streams where they grew up; and we shall stumble upon many queer nooks, winding passages, and dark closets, some of them not a little musty, where they made their resort for pleasure or punishment. And I hope that when we meet some of our cousins there, you will take them affectionately by the hand, remembering the relationship; for they have for four years been giving a hearty welcome to their American kinsman; taken him to school with them,

and shared with him their bed and board ; though I admit their hospitality did not prevent their charging him a good price. And if you do not come back at the beginning of spring with love to Old Cambridge in your hearts, it will not be her fault, but mine.

I am surprised that on a subject so interesting and important as the English Universities, scarcely anything has been written from which an American can derive correct ideas of them. Le Keux's magnificent volumes on the "Architectural History and Memorials of Cambridge," of which a new and enlarged edition has lately appeared, seldom find their way into American libraries. The learned works of Huber and Hayward are rather scientific discussions than popular treatises. The meagre notices of novelists and magazine-writers mislead on exactly the points where they seek to instruct. I should say, from what observations I have been able to make, that the general opinion of Americans is as follows. There is in England a college or university, the terms being used interchangeably, situated at Oxford, to which the name of Cambridge is occasionally applied ; of which "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green" is the guide-book, published by official authority ; that the young men wear a peculiar dress, of which the main part is generally known as the Oxford hat ; that studies are pursued, standing in the same relation to those of our colleges that *they* do to those of our public schools ; that the undergraduates are, on an average, six or eight years older than our own ; that boating is practised, the least bit inferior to ours ; that the Articles of the Church of England are frequently signed by all the members of this college,—Oxford College, sometimes called Cambridge ; and that it is infested by a swarm of things called Lords, who make the necks of the other students their habitual promenade. I have stated all this not as a caricature, but as what I honestly believe to be a fair exposition of the opinion held by a majority of Americans, as far as they have any

opinion at all, of the great fountains of English learning. Now, it is, in fact, hardly more correct than the statement of a writer in "*All the Year Round*," that the horse-railroad passed by the house of the poet Longfellow to the beautiful rural cemetery on the banks of the Schuylkill. Cambridge is not Oxford, and Oxford is not Cambridge. The dress of the students at the two places is as different as the uniforms of army and navy; their head-dress is never known as an Oxford hat, and the wearers are in general about a year and a-half older than our students. What is the value of their studies and their exercises, as compared with ours, I shall have occasion to state shortly; but any person can enter, and take his bachelor's, and at Cambridge his master's degree, without any oath or subscription whatsoever,—whether connected with the Church or State of England. "*Verdant Green*" was written by a graduate of neither university,—it is a very shallow, imperfect picture of a certain style of Oxford life; and a lord, with the undergraduates, is a man. And all these errors are the more unjustifiable, because there is one book, giving, as far as Cambridge goes, a capital account of the English university system, at once full, accurate, and lively beyond any work I know. I allude to Mr. C. A. Bristed's excellent work, "*Five Years in an English University*." I shall doubtless have frequent occasion to recur to the obligations I am under to this book. Its plates were most unfortunately destroyed in the Harpers' fire. Had it not been out of print, my occupation here would be gone.

Perhaps the reason why we have had no good account, except Bristed's, of an English university in comparison with the flood of information about the German system, though even that is very imperfectly understood, is, that so few Americans have ever pursued their studies at one. This has arisen from several causes. The expense of living in England,—various difficulties, great, but not insuperable, in the way of a foreigner's residence at Oxford or Cam-

bridge,—the desire to reside in some Continental town, to learn the language,—and a general persuasion that English scholars are inferior to German, and English people inferior to brutes,—has deterred all but a very few Americans from seeking the Alma Mater of their fathers, the fountain from which their own streams of learning had flowed. I cannot think there is any American who has encountered the ordeal, but has been thankful he did so. And now that all disabilities to the residence of foreigners at Oxford or Cambridge are removed, I trust an American student will never again be a subject for Punch's celebrated caricature, representing a tall and lanky youth dressed in stars and stripes, accosted by a short and stout proctor thus :—

“ Sir—you are smoking a cigar in the High Street of Oxford ! ! ”

“ Guess I could have told you that, old hoss.”

Since, then, I have the honour to be one of few who have seen the old Lady in her best parlour, her dining-room, her bed-chambers, and her school-room, let me lay the foundations of her house correctly. I repeat—Cambridge is not Oxford, and Oxford is not Cambridge. To prevent all further danger of confusion, I would call your attention to the fact, that these two university towns are almost exactly as far apart as our two university towns of Providence and Hartford, and that the generally travelled route from Cambridge to London, and from London by Reading to Oxford, is not unlike a journey from Providence to New London or Stonington, and thence by New Haven to Hartford. I hope in the course of these lectures to find space for a few words concerning Oxford. Suffice it at present to say that the two great universities of England are generous rivals in wealth and learning, equally matched, full of mutual respect, each convinced of its own superiority, and each confident that the other is vastly superior to any third place of learning in the world.

But if Cambridge claims to be the equal of Oxford, it

must be exclusively from its academic pretensions. The two towns are far from being a match. Oxford is one of the most picturesque of England's old cathedral cities, and one of the most active of its modern county capitals, situated too on the banks of its noblest river, in the bosom of a fine range of hills, and in the immediate vicinity of some of the most beautiful and famous localities in Britain. Sport and love, politics and warfare, Little John and Fair Rosamond, Charles the First and Marlborough, have left their memorials at its very threshold. Cambridge, on the contrary, is of all provincial English boroughs the most insignificant, the dullest, and the ugliest.* It is at once the last town on the chalk, and the first on the fen,—a combination admirable for raising wheat, but wholly at variance with beauty of all kinds. An endless expanse of marsh, cut up by long-drawn reaches of sluggish brooks, bordered with pollard willows and unhappy poplars, forms the prospect of the lowlands. On the south, a mixture of chalk and flint rises into a slope of a few hundred feet high, dignified by the title of the Gogmagog Hills, without a tree or a tower, or indeed anything to break the outline but some windmills and a lunatic asylum. Near the foot of this molework, and through the melancholy of these marshes, creeps what seems a forgotten canal, nowhere over seventy feet wide, with a few locks and half a hundred black barges ; and this you are informed is the river Cam,

* This surely is an exaggeration, leading one to suspect that Mr. Everett's experience of "provincial English boroughs" has been both limited and happily selected. Cambridge, as well as Oxford, is the capital of a county, and though of course it cannot enter into comparison with that beautiful city, we do not think that many strangers walking down Trumpington Street from Scroope Terrace to Great St. Mary's, would endorse the opinion that it was an insignificant, dull, or ugly town. Or even if we are to leave all the colleges and public buildings connected with the university out of our consideration, the hospital, the market-place, the houses around Parker's Piece, and certain Terraces, are quite up to the average of ordinary English county capitals.—*Ed.*

whence Cambridge. Here and there on its banks are clustered the cottages of little hamlets, ugly towards the fen side, prettier towards the chalk, and now and then cropping out into groves and gardens, millpools, weirs affording passage of trout, and all of a cosy, household kind of beauty, quite enrapturing in such a waste of dulness. The site of one mill, otherwise as commonplace as its fellows, has been immortalized, for, says Chaucer,—

“ At Trompington, not far from Cantabrigge
 Ther goth a brook, and over it a brigge,
 Upon the whiche brook ther stout a melle;
 (Now this is very sothe that you I tell.)”

Though if very sothe were told, the mill is just over the border in Grantechester, the next parish to Trumpington. The chalk country of Cambridge is in no way remarkable. It is the last out-cropping spur of the great calcareous range that fills up the south-eastern corner of England, abounding in those curious fossils called Coprolites, which are very extensively worked as a fertilizer by the Cambridge peasants.

But the fen or Isle of Ely, on whose extreme southern limit stands Cambridge, is one of the most singular features of Great Britain. It is the great estuary of the Ouse and the Nen rivers, whose quaint Saxon names are connected with the history of some of our most honoured heroes, for it was by the banks of the Ouse that the gentlest of poets, William Cowper, took his daily walk, and the Nen in its course through Northampton parts at equal distances of a few miles the towns of Ecton and Sulgrave, the ancestral seats of the families of Franklin and Washington. The Isle of Ely is the vast accumulation of mud and peat brought down by these rivers, and deposited, like the delta of the Nile, just at the point where the German Ocean flings its fiercest tides on the east coast of England. It is in fact perfectly described as a bit of Holland in the centre of England, and the Saxon name of Holland, or

hollow land, is still retained by a similar tract in Lincolnshire. The primitive condition of the Isle of Ely is admirably described by Lord Macaulay in the eleventh chapter of his immortal history. One feature he there commemorates must not be omitted here. On the largest of the knolls of solid earth, originally islands, which here and there stud the marsh, a few thousand souls are gathered around the glorious cathedral of Ely, still one of the most magnificent Gothic shrines in England, though a great part of the west end appears to have been destroyed. Its majestic towers are a landmark for miles, in spite of the atmosphere of the fens, noted for its heaviness and moisture even in England. In the course of the last two hundred years, the enterprise of various great proprietors, particularly the noble house of Russell, Dukes of Bedford, has converted the fen of Ely into a field of inexhaustible agricultural wealth. The sea is kept out by dikes, which, however, are not always adequate. In the year 1862, one of the sluiceways burst, and flooded the lower part of the fen, so that people came from all the neighbouring counties to watch the devastations of the tide as a spectacle. Sixteen miles south of Ely the fen terminates, almost at the foot of another landmark, less lofty than the cathedrals, but contesting with all of them, in spite of Ruskin's glittering paradoxes, the palm for perfection of proportion, simplicity of design, and elegance of detail,—the chapel of King's College, (of which the library of Harvard is not, as some persons suppose, an exact copy, but quite the reverse,) whose pinnacles, 146 feet high, mark, for all the fen, the site of Cambridge.

I have said that Cambridge is an insignificant and ugly town. Its population is not far from that of our own Cambridge, between twenty and twenty-five thousand, and the space it covers is much less. Being the capital of an entirely agricultural country, it wants the bustle of a mining district and the enterprise and progress of a manufacturing one. It seems to have stagnated for three hundred

years, seeing new articles in the shops, and new faces in the streets, and occasionally some new houses, only because the population was larger. Its streets are too crooked to be convenient or imposing, and not crooked enough to be picturesque. The buildings are mostly of bricks baked of the local clay, which is of a dirty white, relieved by occasional touches of dingy red, and all, to use Dr. Holmes's admirable classification, of no particular order of architecture but their own. Here and there a building in the white freestone of the neighbourhood would be really ornamental, were it not for the uniform pall of coal-smoke that blackens everything in an English market-town, and is in Cambridge rendered doubly swarthy by the condensations of the marsh fog. Its churches, on which English towns mainly depend to relieve their architectural sameness, are by no means unsightly, but on very commonplace models, with one exception, the beautiful little round church of the Holy Sepulchre, often known as St. Sepulchre's. It is one of four in England which the Knights Templar built in a circular form, to commemorate the shape of the Sepulchre in Jerusalem. When Brian de Bois-Guilbert travelled northward, he undoubtedly first paid his vows at the round Temple Church in London; on the first stage from London, he would arrive at the round church in Essex; the second would take him to this at Cambridge; the fourth would bring him to one in Northamptonshire, and for the rest of his journey to Rotherwood he would have to content himself with a sanctuary not on the Templar model.

Two monuments in Cambridge deserve further notice. One is a mound of earth, about a hundred feet high, known as the Castle Hill, and affording a capital view of the town, and yet entirely artificial. It was, however, sufficiently incorporated with the soil for Cromwell to put some cannon on, as he did to almost every hill, natural or artificial, in England. The other was formerly an ornamental stone conduit in the market-place, though now

removed to the court end of the town, and was the gift of old Hobson, formerly carrier from London to Cambridge, and the cause of the celebrated saying of Hobson's choice. He has been commemorated by Milton in two capital *jeux d'esprit*, which I commend to your reperusal.

Cambridge has always been known as a queer town. It stands half-way between the Eastern counties, viz. Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, and the shires, or central part of England. It partakes of the traits of both, although, in my experience, the brisk, enterprising character of the shires was wholly sunk in the stolid, painstaking, loamy nature of the Eastern counties, the part of England, I would remind you, whence Massachusetts was chiefly colonized. I suppose with their Puritan element was exiled their wit. Boston will like Cambridge none the less for having a great many notions. Of these I will only mention one, that Cambridge butter is sold by the yard. Further, for the information of travellers, the Bull is the best hotel, and in all parts of the town the sausages are unexceptionable.

So much for the town of Cambridge. If my description is dull, that proves its accuracy. But this sombre setting does but heighten the exceeding lustre of the jewel it enchases, the brilliant, the honoured, the glorious University. And as I have occupied so long time in showing that Cambridge is Cambridge, and not Oxford, let me dispel another error in American opinion. The institution at Cambridge is a university, and not a college. There is no such body as Cambridge College, or Oxford College. The great corporation, comprising at present (1863) 7,922 persons, who in some sort or other retain active connection with it, of which 1,581 are undergraduates, familiarly known as Cambridge, affectionately as Alma Mater, is officially designated as the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge. It confers degrees, awards prizes, holds examinations, and assigns rank in accordance with their result; elects members to Parliament; by the mouths

of its professors and other officers delivers public lectures and sermons, and by the authority of its proctors and others pronounces judicial decisions in a court peculiarly its own. It gives no personal instruction, appoints no hours of study, conducts no religious exercises of a devotional character ;* and, herein differing from Oxford, enforces no special dress. In general, it exercises no immediate authority over the students who share its privileges.† Furthermore, it is distinctly not a rich body,—so much so that its professors' salaries, not on special foundations, are very meagre, and a material item‡ in its income are the fines of about one dollar and seventy-five cents—reckoned in gold—which are levied for breaches of such discipline as it *does* enforce. The wealth, the instruction, the personal authority, is all in the hands of the colleges,—bodies distinct from the university, though constantly in America confounded with it. To them let us now turn.

The colleges at Cambridge are seventeen in number ; at Oxford, I think, twenty-four. They are, for all purposes of internal organization, as distinct as Harvard and Yale, or as two public schools in Boston. They differ in wealth, in *prestige*, and in the number of their members, the largest at Cambridge having more than twice as many as the next largest ; at Oxford they are more on an equality. They differ also in the date of their foundation, and the University, that is the separate body of men professing a literary life, is older than any of them. A university, in fact, is not, as the wise modern Greeks at Athens have translated it, a universal knowledge-shop ; it is the whole body of men professing one trade in one place. What we call guilds or companies of masons, shoemakers,

* The University Sermons at Great St. Mary's are an exception.—Ed.

† The Proctors are University officers.—Ed.

‡ Were this the case the funds in the chest would indeed be low!—Ed.

lawyers, were in mediæval phrase called Universities. All similar bodies, who monopolized the instruction of youth in their particular trade had two grades, the first being apprentices or students, who worked seven years, and then were advanced to the second grade of master-workmen. The Universities *par excellence* were those where learned men studied and taught the seven liberal arts or sciences, viz. grammar, rhetoric, logic, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. After an apprentice to the Muses had studied four years, he was advanced to the grade of Bachelor of Arts,—a term of uncertain derivation. He could then lecture on what he knew, but could not leave his place of education. After three years more he became a Master of the liberal arts, and might profess them anywhere he pleased. Still further, the degree of Bachelor in the arts of Theology, Medicine, Law, and Music was specially awarded, and after long standing a peculiar proficient received the formal and eminently honourable title of Doctor; and his gown, black through all previous degrees, became red or purple. These two learned guilds of workmen and students in the liberal arts were established at Cambridge and Oxford from a very early period. Oxford says she was founded by King Alfred,—Cambridge says she was founded by Augustine. Each university thereupon adduces its own series of distinguished men, among whom St. Paul and Dionysius the Areopagite are the most noted, carrying the period of foundation, first for one, and then for the other into more and more remote antiquity, till, finally, there is actually standing in Cambridge, but on ground belonging to one of the colleges at Oxford, an ancient house known as the school of Pythagoras,—and that settles the question. Be the date as it may, learned men assembled to study at the two Universities long before any colleges were founded for board, lodging, and private instruction. Listen to the long line of illustrious founders of colleges, kings and queens and prelates, as they roll down the sonorous lines of England's most classic bard.

“ But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
 And mitred fathers in long order go :
 Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,
 And Anjou’s heroine, and the paler Rose,
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And either Henry there,
 The murdered saint, and the majestic lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome.”

The earliest existing college at Cambridge is St. Peter’s, generally called Peterhouse, historically founded A. D. 1257, in the reign of Henry III. The Universities are known merely by their situation ; as Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, St. Andrews’ ; but each college has a name, according to the taste of its founder or first members. These names may be divided into two classes, those named after the founder, as Pembroke, Clare, Gonville, and Caius, (this had two founders, the restorer being Dr. Kaye, who Latinized his name into Caius, always pronounced Keys), King’s (from King Henry VI.),—Queens’ (from the queens both of Henry VI. and Edward IV.), Sidney Sussex, and Downing ;—and those named after beatified persons and objects of worship,—St. Peter’s, St. John’s, St. Catharine’s, St. Mary Magdalene, Corpus Christi, Emmanuel, Jesus, Christ’s, Trinity, and Trinity Hall. The apparent impiety of these names, which in one case of an ancient name now changed, was absolutely revolting, entirely passes off with a few days’ use. St. Catharine’s soon becomes Cats, and St. Mary Magdalene is always called Maudlin. You readily admit the superiority of Trinity over Corpus ale ; go to see a friend who lives on Christ’s piece ; and hear with regret, that in the boat-races Emmanuel has been bumped by Jesus ; an epithet being probably prefixed to the last name. These names of course were given in monkish times,—Trinity by Henry VIII.,

but all the colleges except one were founded before the reign of James I.

When our ancestors voted in 1636 to establish a college in New England, there is every reason to believe that they contemplated a seat of learning on the English plan. All the earlier constitutions and laws speak to that effect. The little ark of literature on the wild waves of our colonial history, was constituted like an English college. John Harvard, who was a graduate of Cambridge University, having generously given half his fortune, the college at Newtown or Cambridge was called after him Harvard College, just as Sidney Sussex and Pembroke Colleges had been named after two noble ladies Sidney, Lady Sussex, and the Countess of Pembroke, who had been their respective founders. Had subsequent benefactors, instead of increasing Harvard's college, founded others of their own in the same University, each would have had its own name, and the University have embraced all. The State Constitution speaks not of Harvard, but of the University at Cambridge. But no other college having been set up at Cambridge, and Harvard's foundation being enriched with professors' chairs, and exercising University powers, the affection for his memory has invented the monstrous and incongruous name of Harvard University, an anomalous designation, warranted by neither statute nor precedent, English or American. In Germany there is some example of such a designation.

The seventeen colleges, then, are distinct corporations. Their foundations, resources, buildings, governing authorities and students, are entirely separate from each other. Nor has any one college the least control over any other. The plan, however, is much the same in all. The presiding authority is in most cases called the Master, or, speaking more generally, the Head; while the net proceeds of all the college funds—for the vast wealth supposed to belong to the University is really in the hands of the separate colleges—are distributed among certain of the graduates,

called Fellows, who with the Head constitute the corporation. These corporations give board and lodging on various terms to such students as choose to enter the college and comply with its rules, in order to receive its assistance in obtaining the honours of the University; and each college offers its own peculiar inducements to students. When the Prince of Wales came to pass a year or more at Cambridge, and entered his name on the books of Trinity College, the rush there was so great that the authorities were at last obliged to decline to take any more; whereby less noted colleges reaped a rich harvest from the unaccepted overflow.*

To enforce discipline each college chooses officers called deans, and for the general purposes of instruction and management, tutors, i. e. persons clothed with extensive discretionary power, through whose hands all the real undergraduate business passes, and who occupy a much more exalted position than our tutors, being in fact the guardians appointed for the young men during their absence from home. They appoint assistant tutors, not necessarily members of the colleges, to give additional instruction. There is moreover within the college precincts a perfect army of butlers, stewards, cooks, bedmakers, porters, and other servants innumerable. Each college holds lectures and examinations, awards prizes, and at stated intervals elects certain scholars, from the students of ability and industry, but not necessarily of limited means,—who thereupon derive direct pecuniary advantages from the funds of the college. Each college makes its own requirements of its students, prescribes within certain limits the time of their

* It is said, though we do not vouch for the truth of the anecdote, that a certain college, which has long been deplorably short of undergraduates, has lately received into its charitable bosom a band of unruly youths dismissed by a more prosperous Foundation as untameable. Should this be a fact and prove a precedent, the dean and tutors of the College of Refuge will have a nice time of it, unless indeed they elect Mr. Rarey for their master.—ED.

residence, fixes its own hours and its own peculiar variety on the general type of academic dress.

I have said the colleges differ in *prestige*. This may seem singular, when they all have nearly, if not quite, an equal share of the University privileges. It is not merely dependent on their wealth and the proficiency of their graduates. It is moreover constantly fluctuating. A college that twenty years ago ranked as third in numbers and consideration, is now eighth or ninth, notwithstanding some men of very superior attainments have recently been connected with it. Of late years Trinity and St. John's have shot far ahead of all others, and Trinity far ahead of St. John's, in the general opinion entertained by the public.

The whole body of the colleges, taken together, constitutes the University. All those who after residing seven years at some college, have taken the degree of Master of Arts, or a higher one, and keep their name on the college lists by a small payment, vote at the University elections for members of Parliament and all other officers, and manage its affairs ;* while all the undergraduates and bachelors of arts residing at the colleges, together constitute the persons *in statu pupillari* of the University, have the right to compete for its honours, and are amenable to its rules of conduct. The colleges, at certain intervals, present such students as comply with their conditions to University authorities for matriculation, for certain examinations, and for the reception of degrees ; and until one receives the degree of Master of Arts, he must remain a member of some college, not necessarily one and the same, to hold any University privileges. After this stage, he may, under certain conditions, break up all his college connections, and yet remain in the University ; and so if the college sees fit, he may, before taking a degree, or even before

* In order to retain the right of voting on *all* questions, it is necessary that a Member of the Senate should reside at the University during a certain portion of the year.—ED.

matriculation, remain at his college, enjoying many of its advantages, and yet having nothing to do with the University. Still further: the prominent men at each college are, as might be supposed, likely to be the prominent men in the whole University; and the Vice-Chancellor, or acting head of the University, is chosen in rotation from the heads of the colleges. Once more: there are a great many learned men living at Cambridge, to give instruction to such pupils as seek it, in all departments, after severing entirely all connection with both college and University,* but preferring to remain in a place where their early associations all gather, where their friends still reside, where their publications will find intelligent readers and critics, and where their services as teachers will be in the greatest demand, and command the highest premium.

I almost despair of making plain this complicated system, so different both from the pure University system of Germany, and from the pure College system of America. In England the individual relations of a young man are all with his college, except perhaps his private instructor; there are his rooms, his commons hall, his chapel, his daily lectures; there are his friends, his societies,—with certain exceptions,—his boat and cricket clubs. There are his daily and weekly rewards and punishments; there his successes and failures, and his prospects for either known and discussed; there he looks for a fellowship or scholarship, to stamp with solid advantage the comparatively barren honour of a University triumph. Thither he comes as a Freshman, thither he returns as a graybeard. There are the tutors and deans, the objects of his daily fear and aversion, and there the junior and unofficial authorities, the objects of his respect and confidence. In the University societies, examinations, prizes, the competition is to a con-

* Not a “great many;” it is quite an exceptional thing for a resident private tutor not to have his name on the boards of his college.—ED.

siderable extent between colleges rather than individuals, and the hospitalities between members of different colleges are very apt to have a formal and courtly air, at variance with the easy jollity common amongst fellow collegians. The college rivalries and connections are to an English University what the class system is to us, or the fraternities to Germany: sixteen hundred undergraduates, divided between seventeen colleges, large and small, make about the same divisions as four hundred men among four classes. At Cambridge, the college is nearly everything, the University very little, except as an "Arena for the exhibition of champions," or as fixing a common standard of scholarship, and diffusing a common tone of sentiment.

But shift the scene to England and the world, and all is changed. It is Cambridge and Oxford, the two great seats of learning, that make their voices heard throughout the length and breadth of Britain and the world. No one cares in Parliament, in society, on the continent, or in the universal brotherhood of literature, if a man comes from Trinity or Corpus, from Balliol or Christ Church, except in a few cases of personal friendship. It is enough that he belongs to the great Universities; one the home of Bacon and Newton and Pitt and Macaulay, the other of Raleigh and Locke and Chatham and Peel. One of these very great men tells us of the seventeenth century, and the same is true to this day: "To be a chancellor of a University was a distinction eagerly sought by the magnates of the realm. To represent a University in Parliament was a favourite object of the ambition of statesmen. Nobles and even princes were proud to receive from a University the privilege of wearing the Doctoral scarlet." The last chancellor of Cambridge was the husband of the sovereign. The last lord steward, the graduate representing her interests in the House of Lords, was the late learned and venerable Lord Lyndhurst. One of her recent representatives in Parliament was the astute and able Palmerston, and one of her present members is the high-minded

and patriotic Walpole, the Secretary for the Home Department, whenever the Conservatives rise to power. And not only does the University influence rise thus high, but it spreads wide, and strikes deep; its graduates are diffused throughout the length and breadth of the great British Empire. The Universities are the bulwarks of the Church, the mainstay of the government, the fountains of learning. For these great objects, they draw on the energy and resources of all the colleges alike,—and whenever, either to hold fast or to reform, to originate or to illustrate, the great University spirit arises, the whole eight thousand graduates and undergraduates rise together to maintain, in life and in death, the honour and glory of dear old Oxford or Cambridge.

I said I despaired of exhibiting to you in its full nature, this connection and separation of College and University; and yet the whole world is full of analogies. The college is like the town, the University like the nation; the college is like the nation, the University like the world. The college is like the home, the University like the community. Our principles, our work, our duties may be with the whole; our affections, our associations, our recreations are with the part; and yet, at the right time, our most anxious cares are with the part, and our loftiest affections with the whole. Each part has its own province, and each its own share in the work of the whole.

And forgive me, my honoured friends, if, to make the analogy more impressive, I have delayed so long the exact parallel which must ere now have forced itself upon you. I need not tell you, I ought not to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, how several corporate bodies, each with its individual wealth, its individual jurisdiction, its own peculiar laws, ruling its own citizens, controlling its own affairs, maintaining its own honour, may yet be associated under one government, where each part shall have its own co-ordinate share, “for the common defence, the common renown, and the common glory,” in one indissoluble whole.

It is not new to you, nor is it a strange freak of the English Universities, a curious phase in European institutions, this principle of the many in one. Our ancestors, the brave soldiers, the wise statesmen, the pious divines, who founded the New England colonies, were many of them sons of Oxford, many more of Cambridge. They had learnt to respect and to love in their Universities the principle of independent action in domestic affairs, combined with mutual defence and support for the good of the whole. They could have learnt it nowhere else ; neither in the dissensions of Germany, the rebellions of France, nor the endless feuds of the British Isles. They founded the league of the New England colonies for mutual support ; and their descendants declared the independence of the United States of America.

And must we not believe, ladies and gentlemen, that such a perfect analogy as this will in time have its effect upon our English brethren ? It is by this beautiful system of federative union that their two great seats of learning have for six hundred years concentrated in themselves the affection of tens of thousands of the most intelligent and noble-hearted men in England, have stood the beacon-lights of learning and reason through the ages of darkness, and have blazed like jewels of truth in the glory of the noon-day sun of modern intelligence. To this connection every son of Cambridge and Oxford clings with the utmost tenacity of the English nature. The name so dear to us is well known to them in the two great clubs, open to all members of Oxford and Cambridge, and known as the "Union Debating Society," or, more commonly, the "Union" alone. Fond, devoted as they are, when college interests are at stake, they are ready at any great crisis, to rise as one man to defend the whole University. Let us draw therefrom this augury of peace and goodwill to come ; that when the cloud of misrepresentation and deceit, raised by emissaries whose true natures are abhorrent to the souls of Englishmen, has blown away, and the pure

azure of truth returns, their hearts and voices will unite in paying to us the long deferred tribute of justice and applause for that undying devotion to our cause which they have hitherto regarded as misled fanaticism, as wild thirst for empire, as senseless passion for military glory. And let a still nobler and loftier union of England and America in the cause of freedom be inaugurated when they have learned to appreciate the impulse whereby the inhabitants of different states, separated not by the walls of a college, but by broad rivers and lofty mountains, have poured upon one altar their wealth and their blood, have sent up in one acclaim their hearts' prayer, that the God of our fathers, who has linked us by nature, by kindred, by all the memories of the past, by all the hopes of the future, will keep us, in the face of the whole world, one unbroken, inseparable people.






II.

HISTORY AND OBJECTS OF CAMBRIDGE SCHOLARSHIP.

*Mediæval Scholarship confined to the Church.—Its Character.—
Revival of Greek Literature.—Erasmus.—Bentley.—The
Newtonian Mathematics.—General Character of Cambridge
Scholarship.—Advantages in a University Course of Mathe-
matical Study,—and of Classical.*

N my last lecture I endeavoured to present to you some of the local characteristics of the town of Cambridge, and also some description of the University, of its connection with the colleges, and separation from them. I propose in the present lecture, to go a little more at length into the constitution of both these corporations, and particularly the objects of their original establishment, and of their present existence.

We conceive here of a college and University almost entirely as a place for training young men. It may be the simplest academy in the Western country, that calls its head-master President and Professor in the Ancient and Modern Languages and Physical Science, and itself Fremontville or Felicity College, up to Harvard and Yale, —all purposes besides the instruction of youth are made strictly subordinate, if indeed they are allowed at all. But such was not the case with the English Universities at

their foundation ; and such assuredly is not the case now. I have already stated that the Universities in the Middle Ages were guilds or companies of men studying the liberal arts. It might be further added, that they were species of monasteries, where the vows were not perpetual. We commonly say that in the Middle Ages there was no literature out of the Church. But this means a great deal more than we at first suppose. Not only were the abodes of the regular clergy—the monasteries—the only places where learning was kept alive through the early barbarism, but when the men of literature and learning began to separate from the monastic order ; when colleges were founded where scholars could study Aristotle and his commentators without the hair-shirt and the cord, the almsgiving and the eternal seclusion,—still the ecclesiastical spirit governed all their actions. Their dress, altered from the monastic, still approached the clerical. In fact these very words clerk, clerical, clergy, indicated equally a minister of religion, and a man who could read and write. As soon, however, as this first great step was taken,—getting learning out of the monasteries into bodies of its own,—learned men of all professions were irresistibly attracted to these homes where they were sure to find congenial spirits with whom to converse, masters to instruct them, pupils to consult them, and above all, books, then indeed a rarity. The highest emoluments and honours of the colleges and Universities were not then, nor are they now, accorded equally to cleric and laymen. Still the great principle was established, which gives the first character to an English University. The home of students in all stages of their literary pursuits gathered to discuss congenial questions, and consult those helps and authorities that only such associations can bring together.

The objects of study at the time the Universities were established were few, but not simple. In Aristotle, an author in very truth of most transcendent eminence, but still hardly the sum and substance of knowledge, is summed up the

whole object of monastic study. He had collected, they thought, all the facts that needed collection. He had put in a convenient and indeed inevitable form the methods of reasoning, and all they had got to do was to argue *ad infinitum* on his facts and about his principles. They very soon perceived that the natural history of Aristotle was not a subject of argument; he had classified all the beasts and birds he knew; that classification could not be corrected or extended; those beasts and birds, or others, could not be better known, without going out into the highways and fields, and observing facts; and to observe facts was alike beneath the dignity of a philosopher, and alien to the habits of an ascetic. Accordingly they seized at once upon the other half of the great Grecian's wisdom,—the ethical and metaphysical questions. What a splendid field was there for suppositions and assertions, for enthymemes and predicables, for undistributed middles and illicit processes of the minor. Into these most barren investigations they plunged, shut up there by themselves, knowing nobody, seeing nobody, yet discussing with the most perfect confidence the great problems of human nature; writing large volumes full of the subtlest wiredrawn distinctions, but not adding an iota, it would seem, to the real sum of human knowledge. Nor did they seek to. The sum of human knowledge for all they cared, might perish for ever. Laymen, like King Alphonso, infidels, like the Arabs, might collect facts in astronomy and natural history,—vagabonds, like Marco Polo, might perform marvellous voyages,—heretics, like Dante, might agitate the world with strains of verse; such was not for them. For the pious ecclesiastic merely whetted his brains over Aristotle, or copied the *Æneid* and the *Agamemnon* as a recreation after his devotions. He could not see that knowledge and intellectual skill were God's good gifts to the world; he supposed that in fasting and almsgiving and telling of beads, the full destiny of man could be accomplished. And was it for the other class, the crafty and designing ecclesiastic, to make science a pro-

gressive business or a useful art? No indeed,—he felt that his intellectual powers were not misplaced in drawing subtle distinctions from Aquinas, in classifying the first and second logical figures, in converting an argument from Celarent into Felapton. The subtlety so acquired he would use on a wider field, and for a loftier end; but that field was not science, and that end was not the extension of knowledge. From his Aristotle and his Boethius, from his second intentions and his quidditive relations, he turned to the court and the camp, the chancery and the parliament. Then mail-clad nobles and bronzed warriors stood abashed and speechless in the royal councils before the smooth churchman, that wheedled the king out of his grants by logic, and sent his old companions in arms dumbfounded from the room by monastic thunders. Then the plain common lawyers stood aghast to see lands and tenements carried off in the very teeth of acts of parliament, and decisions of the King's Bench by the neat tricks of some ecclesiastic, whose doctrine of uses set Glanvil and the "Mirror" at naught. As long as war was the trade of the great, and tilling the soil the trade of the low, the churchmen continued first in their monasteries, and afterwards in their Universities, to reproduce what had been done over and over again, to transcribe and criticise a few ancient authors, especially Aristotle, and to bring their intellects, sharpened thus to the last degree of subtlety, to bear upon the most important relations of daily life and the civil government.

And barren as these studies may appear of all true knowledge,—mere gymnastics of the intellect, which could have found more normal and honourable exercise elsewhere;—yet they had the softening influence that all study will have in all time; and when practised in a loving spirit and a real faith, though they failed to make a truly learned character, might give a truly lovely one. The great observer of human nature in the fourteenth century has given us a picture of the University man of his time so

captivating, that I must relieve my halting prose with Chaucers's sweet verse:—

“A clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ago;
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But looked holwe, and thereto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he had geten him yet no benefice,
He was nought worldly to have an office.
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red
Of Aristote and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosopfre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendes hente,
On bokes and on learning he it spente,
And busily gan for the soules praie
Of hem, that gave him wherwith to seolaie.
Of studie toke he moste care and hede,
Not a word spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence;
Souning in moral virtue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.”

Nor were these studies wholly confined to these barren disquisitions. To develop the theology of the Roman Catholic Church against doubters and heretics was one great part of their business, and to the Universities the Church always looked for her polemical defenders as well as her temporal assistants. The proper study of Latin literature had never entirely disappeared, and the manuscripts, which were copied in the monasteries, were studied at the Universities; and not only studied but imitated. The opinion of the mediæval scholars was, that you couldn't have too much of a good thing, and that if the Latin poets and prose writers were models of style and diction, they ought to be repeated again and again.* True, they lost

* Admiration, especially in the early stages of civilization as of

the entire spirit of the ancient writers. Conceits of letters and words, torturing Virgil and Homer into anthems to the Virgin Mary, and biographies of Constantine, were the occupations of a scholarship that considered anything different from what they had already as impious, and with all their logical subtlety, could not see the really true part of the Caliph Omar's dilemma, that what was like their previous possessions was unnecessary.

But the first of the great literary movements of Europe arose, just as the Universities of England had reached the last stage of barren repetitions, to shake them, with the rest of the world, and throw the atoms of their effete scholarship into a new and vigorous life. The same Chaucer who gives such a description of the Oxford Aristotelian takes the theme of most of his stories from Petrarch and Boccaccio. In Italy the true study of Latin literature, not merely to reproduce the words of Latin authors *ad infinitum*, but to recast in new moulds what was truly immortal in them,—the burning rhetoric of Cicero, the playful sarcasm of Horace, the celestial sweetness and grandeur of Virgil,—that there might come forth from the crucible the new Tuscan literature, old at once and young, was proceeding with giant steps. All over Europe, the great Universities, while retaining on their formal public occasions much of their old schoolmen's stiffness, which they could not break up, still felt the new blood coursing through their veins, and accepted the new era of Latin literature so magnificently inaugurated across the Alps. The legitimate study of the Latin classics, not as unchanged and unchangeable wholes, but as susceptible of divers interpretations, and liable to errors of transcribing,

life, naturally leads to imitation. The clever boy writes unwitting parodies upon his favourite poet. We have often thought that it must have been some insane admirer of monkish hexameters and pentameters, who, failing to reach even that humble standard, invented—"Nonsense verses."—ED.

assisted the general course of the human mind to the criticism of the Scriptures. The Latin version was felt to be inadequate and incorrect; the superstition which had accepted the Vulgate as inspired fell before the advancing scholarship of the age. The thoughts of men began to turn eastward, to those wonderful countries where Cicero and Virgil had studied, and where, in other days, the original languages of the Scriptures had been spoken. And just as the flower was ready to burst, even in the pent-up, stifling air of the mediæval schools, the fall of Constantinople and the invention of printing broke down the last barriers, and let in the free air of heaven to play around the wondrous plant that had been nursed and shut up so long. The East filled the West with its men of learning. The press began to circulate their works, and among all the splendours of that wonderful age—the discovery of America, the voyages to India, the Reformation of the Church, the downfall of the aristocracies—there burst into being no more glorious flower than the gorgeous blossom of Greek literature.

Yes, my friends, it may be that I am misled by the passion for ancient learning which literally from my very earliest youth has held me with a chain I could not sever if I would; but I want words to picture adequately the glory of that new land which the revival of Greek literature laid bare to the eyes of the fifteenth century. Vasco de Gama had discovered a new way to the treasures of the East, without the intervention of Persia and Venice; but Erasmus and Reuchlin showed the way to a more mystical Indus, and a more resplendent Ganges, whose treasures men had been content for centuries to receive, sifted through meagre epitomists and nerveless commentators. Columbus and Cabot had raised from the depths of the sea the sunken Atalantis of Plato; but More and Politian did a greater work; for they raised Plato himself, with all his glorious brethren, from out the ooze of superstition and barbarism, to inaugurate a new era of human intelligence,

without which America might as well have remained lost for ever. To me the revival of Greek literature, after the dreary subtleties of the Middle Ages, is like the fate of a traveller who for many weary hours has wandered over long wastes of barren sand, or lost his track among tangled thickets and miry swamps, or hewn out a course with infinite labour athwart the matted branches of some wood of ancient error. And, as he bursts through the last obstacle, lo, a new paradise opens on his view! Stately trunks of cedar and palm are grouped around him in glades and vistas,—they are the masters of Attic history and science; the soil beneath him is gemmed with a thousand tender flowers of poetry; he hears the warblings from birds of celestial plumage that dart to and fro among the branches,—they are the notes of Hesiod and Sophocles, of Aristophanes and Theocritus; rills of sparkling water rush by him to the sea, their banks gleaming with infinite blossoms and fragrant with countless odours,—they are the limpid floods of eloquence, the gushing torrents of philosophy from Demosthenes and Plato. As he stands rapt in amazement, new sights and new sounds arise to greet him, till, dazzled and giddy with excitement, he falls powerless on the strand to which his steps have led him, as he hears rattling from the heavens the resistless thunders of Æschylus and Pindar. And there, tenderly, softly, the waters rise higher and higher, gently embracing and toying with their unresisting prey, till he floats far off to sea, lulled to dreams of everlasting glory by the melodious ripple that murmurs evermore along the Titanic waves of Homer.

From the moment that Greek literature arose in England, the English Universities claimed it for their own. Erasmus, the greatest scholar north of the Alps, passed at one or other of them the greater part of his scholastic life. He was surrounded by an illustrious body of coadjutors, such as Cheke, Ascham, and Aylmer. From that time forward, Oxford, his early residence, and Cambridge, the

choice of his maturer years, have never wanted a line of illustrious scholars. In the seventeenth century, the fame of all Europe was eclipsed by the appearance at Cambridge of Richard Bentley, the greatest Greek scholar of modern Europe. A hundred years later, and that hundred years full of brilliant names, Porson—Richard II.—startled the whole learned world by his unexceptionable taste, his profound erudition, and his fearless criticism. The lives and genius of such men, if they come only once a century, are enough to give a character to the place of their education and residence. Cambridge is proud of her sons. She is proud to have caught so soon the light of Greek literature, as it threatened to be extinguished in the fall of Constantinople, or languish in the midst of the dark ages, and she still pursues the study of the classics in a spirit of love, of philosophy, and of progress, which the names of Erasmus, of Bentley, of Porson, of Paley, show from age to age is not in vain.

But the learning of the mediæval Universities, such as it was, was not only literary but scientific. It was impossible that the general enlightenment on all points of human knowledge, should not disclose some mysteries of science also. Trinity College at Cambridge was founded just three years after Copernicus demonstrated the true solar system. The new philosophy of the heavens, developed by the great minds of the continent in the next hundred years, and accompanied by a host of discoveries in mathematical science, seized upon England early in the seventeenth century. They found there a set of men fully able to compare Eratosthenes and Archimedes with Kepler and Galileo, Euclid and Apollonius with Regiomontanus and Commandine. The Cambridge School of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy soon became even more renowned than its School of Classical Literature, the more so as Oxford never manifested an equal interest in scientific branches. Wallis and Barrow strained the old geometry to its utmost perfection; and the latter did more, for to

his fostering care does Cambridge owe her greatest son, and the world her greatest natural philosopher; for at the very time when in Bentley Cambridge was vindicating her claim to lead the classical studies of the world, she asserted in trumpet tones her supremacy over the science of the universe, in the person of Isaac Newton.

It is not for me here to enlarge upon the transcendent abilities of this great son of Cambridge. But even you, who hear allusions every day to the magnitude of his discoveries, can have no conception of the idolatry with which his name is revered at the University which trained him. From that time forward, a system of mathematics and natural philosophy, founded upon his discoveries, has been the basis of all the studies pursued at Cambridge. She has been hailed for a hundred and eighty years as the school of mathematics for England, the great headquarters of the true philosophy of the universe; and to her gather, from her proceed, all* in England who love to study those mighty rules of form which bind together the stars and the earth and all her tribes in one harmonious whole of perfect proportion, declaring for ever the eternity in the Creator's mind of order and beauty and law.

In these two great channels,—the mathematical sciences and the ancient literature,—the studies of Cambridge University have run; like the course of the river Cam itself,† numerous mill-streams and branches diverge from them, but still the main force of the fountain-head is bestowed on them. It is there that the learned men of Cambridge chiefly embark the ventures of their intellect,—their craft sometimes riding smoothly side by side, sometimes jostling in eager controversy, sometimes stranded on a barren shallow or swamped in a treacherous water-

* It must constantly be borne in mind that these are lectures, not essays, though it must be confessed that this is a somewhat strong assertion even for a rhetorical flourish.—Ed.

† We object, at least on the part of *Pure Mathematics*, to this simile.—Ed.

hole,—but still, let us believe, aiming at the same great ocean of truth of which their mighty admiral Newton loved to talk. And they are, good men, somewhat impatient if it is hinted that there are other streams as bright and flowing, leading equally to the same sea, ay, or that the rivers of classics or mathematics flow by other towers than these of King's and Trinity, or that barks bearing other names than Elmsley or Barrow can navigate their water safely. They are too apt to brand as pirates all who do not bear the four lions surrounding the volume at their mast-head. But bear with them, my friends; they have achieved, in the interpretation of the ancient writers, and the tracing of the world's harmonies, results of which any body of men might be proud,—they have soothed an hundred aching brows,* and poured light on a thousand dim eyes, and while the world shall stand, the reverent students of ancient wisdom and of modern science shall delight to turn their pious steps to the ancient halls where so many great and good have laboured so faithfully, and drink from the fountain of the kind mother, who bears for her motto the unfailing promise, “Hence cometh light and the holy draughts.”†

I have said that classical studies and mathematics are not exclusively the pursuits which attract the learned to Cambridge. The various branches of natural science, whether organic or inorganic, are pursued with some vigour; there are always some votaries of them, scattered among the scholars and geometers, of great proficiency. The study of medicine has numerous professors, and liberal foundations for its pursuit, although the great metropolis,

* It is delightful to learn that there are students who experience such pleasing effects in the lecture and pupil rooms of Cambridge, and we hope that no American student who may be induced by his countryman's brilliant oratory to come over and submit himself to the ordeal, will find it necessary, on the contrary, to have recourse to wet towels round the head, and spectacles.—ED.

† “Hinc lucem et pocula sacra.”

with its world-renowned practitioners and crowded hospitals, must always present a more favourable field for acquiring the healing art. A much more important branch of study at Cambridge is metaphysical and ethical science, pursued chiefly on the basis of Greek philosophy, but still by the light of some of the best thinkers of modern times, of whom no small proportion have come from Cambridge. In connection with this, the study of ancient and modern history, and of constitutional law, has never wholly languished, and of late has received much greater attention. All those branches naturally derive great help from the magnificent library of the University, one of the finest in the world, and entitled, in common with two or three others in Great Britain, to a copy of every printed book published in Her Majesty's dominions. This privilege, which, if the library strictly availed itself of it, would soon become like the gift of an elephant, is chiefly exercised in procuring all the new novels, at the instance of the professors' wives and other ladies connected with the University.*

All these miscellaneous branches have received much stimulus in the last few years. They are, however, still very subordinate to the old favourites. But there are two courses of study pursued at Cambridge, one entirely extraneous to the general course, the other knit in with it, which deserve a peculiar and separate mention. The first is the study of the civil law, the second of theology. I propose to take up a separate lecture with the whole subject of theological studies at Cambridge, and the connection of the University with the Church of England. Suffice it now to say, that such was the hold which the ecclesi-

* This assertion must be taken *cum grano salis*. An out of the way room is set apart for works of fiction, which are accumulated perhaps too indiscriminately; but works of more intrinsic value and lasting interest are applied for with greater regularity and sooner after publication than the novels, which are often not supplied until the demand for them at the lending libraries has well nigh passed away.—ED.

asties obtained over learning in the Middle Ages, that the study of divinity in all its branches was inwrought into the very marrow and life of the English Universities. Perhaps it has clung more tenaciously to Oxford than to Cambridge; but of this I am by no means certain. At all events, if Cambridge were to adopt a motto from Harvard, she would at once cast aside the fictitious one, "*Veritas*," for the actual one, "*Christo et Ecclesiæ*," with a special preference for the "*Ecclesiæ*."

The study of the civil law was for a long time a favourite one among the ecclesiastics of England. I need not enter into the causes of this,—well known to all those who are interested in the history either of the mediæval Church or the laws of England. The ecclesiastical courts in London adopted its rules in their decisions almost universally; and, in order that there might be a constant supply of its professors, the study of it was greatly encouraged at the Universities, where, indeed, the Doctorate of the Civil and Canon Laws was to a layman the most honourable title he could obtain. All parts of both Universities encouraged this study. But at Cambridge, Bishop Bateman's college, bearing the name of Trinity Hall, and interesting to all American readers of English books as the academic home of Sir E. L. Bulwer, was wholly devoted to the study of civil law,—pursued entirely apart from all other University studies, and considerably despised by the proficients in them. As, however, the career of an advocate at Doctors' Commons, the abode of civil law in London, is very profitable, the students of Trinity Hall pursued their way, entirely incurious of the small gains and still smaller honours attached to residence in Bishop Bateman's halls and the pursuit of civil law.

I have thus gone through the catalogue of exceptional studies, apart from the ancient languages and mathematics, whose votaries gather, to some degree, in the ancient halls by the no-means pellucid Cam. They make a formidable list; but they are exceptions for all that.

Apart from that I last named of civil law,—and that has been of late altered,—very few avail themselves of the opportunity to study even these exceptional branches without distinction previously obtained in classics or mathematics. And thus I am brought to the second great object with which all the wealth and learning and energy of six hundred years has been gathered at Cambridge,—the training of young men in the liberal arts. The English Universities, as the name imports to an American ear, are not alone the home of learned men, who, as it were, have already attained,—they are the training-schools for life: first, of those who would be learned, and, second, nor this unimportant, of those who have not the remotest intention of being learned in anything but the world's ways.

In England, ever since the young were trained at all in the liberal arts, they have been trained by ecclesiastics. From the days when the old feudal baron kept a priest at the castle to teach their letters to his feeble sons who were unable to bear the weight of arms, to these modern times, when a noble lady, to my' certain knowledge, refused to send her son to Rugby because Dr. Temple, the head-master, had written one of the "Essays and Reviews,"—which she had not read,—the education of the youth of England has been, is, and, according to present indications, will continue to be, in the vast majority of cases, intrusted to the divines of the dominant religion. The great lord, indeed, took his son to Cressy and Poitiers, to win his spurs under Edward the Black Prince; and in the same age, the son of the Cheapside bowyer, who had equipped that gallant army, slept beneath his father's counter to learn the art of manufacture and traffic. And these two pursuits, war for the son of the mighty, trade and handiwork for the son of the lowly, divided England for many centuries. But the passion for learning, that had burned in King Alfred's breast, burned also in those of his people. The first impulse for learning was to the

Church,—that haven of dignity and honour, which, in spite of Mr. Wopsle's lamentations, is thrown open, ay, and with no narrow portal, to every man in England. The baron's hall, and the merchant's board, in many cases the mechanic's forge or the peasant's hut, sent their quota, year after year, to the two great seats of learning, where learned men, those who *knew* themselves, were ever ready to impart their knowledge, in order to enter that profession, which might, as in the case of Wolsey, rank the butcher's son above the proudest peers in the land, without drawing steel from the sheath or gold from the purse.

The experience of this remarkable man shows what the English Universities were in his time. The son of an Ipswich butcher, he made his way to Magdalen College, Oxford, at the age of twelve, and took his bachelor's degree in due course, though in that extreme youth. Such early proficiency has been seen in other countries and in later years; but it cannot have been the ordinary age of academic training at that time, for the English Universities were then all that public school and University together are now. It is stated that in the Middle Ages fifty thousand persons at once were carrying on their studies at Oxford. This is inexplicable, unless the University was frequented by much younger persons than now, and the ancient enactments prove the same. No undergraduate was then allowed to wander in the streets of Cambridge without the companionship of a Master of Arts, a rule which Freshmen at Harvard are taught still applies to the last horse-car from Boston at night; and the highest penalties were fulminated against any pupil who should presume to play marbles on the steps of the University buildings. Down to a still later period, a yet darker tradition preserves that corporal punishment was inflicted at Cambridge by the hands of the authorities, and on no less a person than the poet Milton. Certainly, the laws of Harvard, modelled by the Puritans on the existing English colleges, contained directions for its exercise by

the President. The foundation of many large public schools in the middle of the fifteenth century raised the Universities, as far as their younger members went, to a character something above mere academies. At the same time other professions besides those of arms and the church began to assert themselves as liberal. The Inns of Court awarded special privileges for the study of the law to those who had been apprentices in the two great guilds of learning. The great revival of letters, which I attempted to describe, created in the minds of all people a desire for some cultivation above and beyond the mere study of the particular calling which was to occupy a man's life. The new philosophy, introduced by Bacon, himself a Cambridge man, was every day adding to the brilliancy of its discoveries, and felt to be a mighty engine for training the mind ;—and all these causes attracted to the University, every year, greater and greater crowds of young men, past the age of boyhood, to pursue the studies which the reverend priests there gathered offered to them. For gradually, as years went on, there was shaping itself a great system of instruction, partly founded on monastic or even heathen traditions, partly on recent discoveries, which by the time of Newton and Bentley, if not a hundred years earlier, commanded the universal respect of the people of England as the selection, out of all the world knew of what was best fitted to render the minds of the young broad enough and yet hard enough to grapple, to the best possible advantage, with the great problem of life and their own special destinies. This system of English University education, intended for those who wish to learn, and surrounded by a hundred glittering prizes to stimulate such a wish, has, in its general fundamental character, remained unchanged for at least two hundred and fifty years. I must endeavour to give you an idea of it, in its full bearing on the young men with whom for three years and a half I have been intimately associated,—and yet I almost despair of doing so to our mutual satisfaction.

And, first, of the branches of learning studied by the young men at Cambridge. Plato placed over the door of his school, "No one untaught in geometry can enter." Cambridge might put over hers, "No one untaught in geometry can go through." For the best part of two hundred years, the basis of all the Cambridge education, the curriculum whereby the aspirants for University honours kicked up Olympic dust, was Euclid's Elements of Geometry; whereon was raised the superstructure of the Newtonian mathematics. Dear, indeed, to a Cambridge man is Euclid. His faith in it is truly sublime. It is to him not an author, but a system of demonstration, a science, a philosophy: There may have been an old Greek *Εὐκλείδης*,—what of him? He is a Greek, like the rest; and, as he didn't write first-rate Greek, why, "*Non ragioniam di lui, ma guarda e passa.*" But Euclid,—Nature's laws are built on it. The fundamental propositions of geometry never have been, never could be, better put than by the old sage of two hundred and fifty years before Christ, of whom so many editors make such a controversial medley. A Cambridge man doesn't know why a certain science is called Euclid, any more than why another is called Algebra; one name may be Greek, another Arabic, and both may be the same word as Gibberish. It is not his concern. When I entered Cambridge, I was given, in a formal preliminary examination, a proposition of geometry, which can be demonstrated in three or four ways, all coming to the same point. I happened to select a way not given in Euclid. My examiner—not a great light in mathematics, though a fine scholar and an admirable man—looked at my work for some time. "Well," said he at length, "*I'm* satisfied with your demonstration. But you must get up Euclid,—you must get up Euclid." When Dr. Whewell, who understands the whole history of mathematics perfectly, brought out a new work on Mechanics, he called it the Mechanical Euclid, because the propositions were discussed by ge-

ometry; thus showing plainly that he regarded Euclid as the name, not of a man, but a science. From the dark realm of this mystic enchanter, which all must enter, at Cambridge, sooner or later, there was, till forty years ago, but one steep and rugged pathway hewn out for obtaining an honourable exit,—namely, the Newtonian system of mathematics. It was relieved by no physical studies, except astronomy, through the medium of very superior instruments; and by no linguistic studies, except that all public examinations, essays, theses, &c, were conducted in villanous Latin. For by a strange relic of the logical and disputatory studies of the Middle Ages, the candidates for University honours maintained in public some mathematical thesis, about which they disputed in Latin, never, as it may be supposed, of the best. To keep up the illusion of the monkish time, and the seven liberal arts, a little metaphysics and a good deal of theology was thrown in at the time of the examinations; but the real business of the “schools” at Cambridge was mathematics. The disputing, however, was so important a part of the performances that the first division of those to whom were awarded honours were called by distinction, *the wranglers*; and the head man—the proud recipient of all the glory which at the end of a four years’ course the ancient University showered on the son she possessed most distinguished in her favourite studies—was called the senior wrangler. In process of time, the disputations and Latin were all done away with. An examination from printed papers was made the test. Yet, still, every year, at the end of the arduous eight days’ trial, the undergraduate who takes his bachelor’s degree in virtue of passing the best examination in mathematics, is called the senior wrangler; and attains the proudest position that Cambridge has to bestow.

And, certainly though unattractive to many, there might be devised many a worse training for a young man than a thorough course of mathematical study. There is a common belief that Cambridge scholarship owes much of its

accuracy to its mathematics. This I do not believe. Doubtless the error has sprung from the fact that arithmetic—the form in which mathematics generally presents itself to the public—is all accuracy, and nothing else. But the study of the great relations of form as developed by Euclid and Newton calls for very different mental powers. Breadth of reasoning, readiness to generalize, great perception of analogy in forms and formulæ apparently the most dissimilar, quickness in transforming one set of ideas to another, a keen perception of order and beauty, and, above all, inventive power of the highest kind,—these are the qualities required and developed by the Cambridge mathematics. Accuracy is required, but it is accuracy to establish confidence in past work, that the next step may be taken in perfect faith,—for more than any other pursuit does mathematics require faith, implicit faith, and English mathematics most of all. Englishmen hate going back to first principles, and mathematics allows them to accept a few axiomatic statements laid down by their two gods, Euclid and Newton, and then go on and on, very seldom reverting to them. This system of mathematics developed in England, is exceedingly different from that either of the Germans or the French, and though at different times it has borrowed much from both these countries, it has redistilled it through its own alembic, till it is all English of the English. This was the study in which, for two hundred years, all, and now more than half, of the Cambridge candidates for honours exercise themselves.

But here comes in the distinction of University and College to which I have already called your attention. While for two hundred years the University of Cambridge awarded its honours wholly for mathematical proficiency, the separate colleges, in many cases, gave theirs for other studies. Trinity College, in particular, albeit the college of Newton and Barrow, was early distinguished for its study of classical, especially Greek, literature. The great classical scholar, Bentley, to whom allusion has been made,

was a member of St. John's College, famous for its devotion to mathematics. He was appointed by the Crown to be master of Trinity College; and it is, perhaps, to his headship that we are to refer the great estimation in which classical studies have always been held in the college of his adoption. Be that as it may, the taste for classical studies kept such firm hold on the Cambridge mind, and produced such splendid scholars, that in the year 1824, a new final University examination for honours was established, for proficiency in the ancient languages. Originally, and for nearly thirty years, competitors for these classical honours were obliged to take a certain stand in the mathematical department, before they could even present themselves in classics, but that restriction is entirely removed, and proficiency in the Latin and Greek languages is now tested by as searching an examination, and rewarded by similar honours to the Mathematics. The highest on the list is called the Senior Classic.

Here, then, is the second great branch of study to which the attention of young men is called at Cambridge. Originally ignored by the University, subsequently rewarded by a few prizes, then raised to an equality in the examinations, there has always flourished in the colleges at Cambridge, from the time of Erasmus and Cheke, the study of the languages of Greece and Rome as an appropriate training for young men.

I need not, my friends, enter into an apology here for these chosen studies of my University. I know very well that there are those at this day, and particularly in this country, who despise, or affect to despise, the study of Latin and Greek as antediluvian, unpractical, useless. How sincere their objections are may be shown from their readiness to interlard their so-called essays and reviews with a flood of badly-quoted and inappropriate Latin and Greek. But I challenge all such,—when they have exhausted the last insult on languages they cannot read, and studies they never pursued,—when they have made

the last misrepresentation, ignored the last issue, begged the last question,—when the last bull has fulminated from the Vatican of Progress and Utilitarianism, to the full as bat-eyed and bigoted as the Vatican of Conservatism,—

“When the satirist has at last,
Strutting and vapouring in an empty school,
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte,”—

I challenge them to find any effective substitute, in a system of education, out of all their vaunted practical pursuits, for the poor, threadbare, Old World Latin and Greek. I know time may be wasted on them,—and I know very few things on which it may not be wasted; I know their professors become sometimes insensible to all other pursuits,—and I have yet to learn that men of one idea are found only among classical scholars. But I believe that classical studies are still the best mental training for the young in spite of the errors of which their professors may have been guilty. And first, I believe them to be so, because they teach us the actual life of two great peoples, the most brilliant, the most powerful, the most famous that the world has yet seen. They teach us, from the lips of the actors and eyewitnesses themselves, the early history of liberty, the establishment of free governments, their struggle with despotisms and aristocracies, their downfall,—and if Grecian literature taught nothing else, Americans and Englishmen might study it all their lives to good purpose,—the downfall of the free republics of Greece for want of a federative union,—the mysteries of early natural philosophers,—the rise of early moral philosophy,—the gradual development of the fine arts, painting, architecture, oratory, poetry,—the transactions of the most quick-witted and acute merchants, lawyers, and politicians the world has ever seen,—the successive expansion of the art of war,—the conquests of the barbarians,—the westward transfer of civilization,—the magnificent, the portentous growth of Rome,—the contest of military and commercial

states,—the establishment of a system of jurisprudence and provincial rule, whose hold on the world is far from extinct at the present day,—the vicissitudes of democracy, oligarchy, and despotism,—the substitution of external for moral graces in a great people,—the gradual decline of the Old World before the new nationalities,—the gradual paling of ancient splendours in the glory of the new dispensation. And all these inestimable lessons, that must be learnt, sooner or later, by nations as well as men,—all these are taught, not merely in dry catalogues of chronicles, but in ten thousand ways,—by historians, by generals, by statesmen, by orators, by *savans*, by artists, by letter-writers, by bards, clothed in a hundred mantles of rhetoric, crowned with a thousand flowers of poetry, and all made living, burning truth to us by the story of the lives and deaths of countless brave men and noble women who toiled and suffered, and prevailed through it all. And then, as if all these treasures of learning and beauty were not an inestimable fund for research, the casket in which they are enshrined is, I believe, indeed worthy to be a primary object of study. Do we, year after year, strain our Yankee throats to catch from some ex-barber or sausage-maker the exact twist of the French or German *u*, and shall we neglect the two finest languages the world ever spoke,—nervous, flexible, melodious, admitting of every expression of humour or passion beyond any tongue now spoken on earth,—the root, too, of half the languages of modern Europe, the key whereby the mysteries of modern tongues are unlocked as by “Open Sesame?” Can the world present a study better calculated to strengthen the memory, the accuracy, the taste, the observation, the forethought, the comparison of the human mind than in tracing out the intricacies of language, in comparing the idioms of ancient and modern tongues, in transferring the masterpieces of one language into the expressions of the other? Can the wit of the young find a nobler scope than the field of two great literatures, confessedly the most

complete, the most varied, the most suggestive, the most comprehensive the world has seen? Can there be a better practice for the lawyer, the statesman, the divine, the historian, the poet, than analyzing the most unexceptional models of style ever written? Where should the embryo general turn but to Cæsar and Xenophon, the lawyer and orator but to Æschines and Demosthenes, the satirist but to Juvenal and Aristophanes? Where can the divine find, apart from the Scriptures, holier lessons of truth and goodness than in Plato? Where can the warm-hearted friend, the keen observer of human nature, revel with greater luxury than in Cicero and Pliny? Where can the lover of nature find sweeter pictures, the patriot warm to nobler aspirations, the moralist gaze on sublimer characters than in the matchless strains of Homer and Virgil?*

Yes, my friends, I am not afraid before you to vindicate my favourite pursuits,—I am not afraid to extol the value of classical studies for the training of the young. We need not apologize for their pursuit at Cambridge. We defend, we approve, we applaud her faithful and successful exertions to keep alive the lamp of classic fire. I shall have occasion to show you that her devotion to them is not bigoted, exclusive, or undiscerning; I will close to-night by recalling to you the panegyric which the great son of Cambridge has bestowed on the home of Greek literature, and which by a thousand services Cambridge merits to have transferred to her, with almost equal honour.

* We think that many an English reader of this magnificent peroration,—and how much it loses by being read, not heard, we know who have listened to Mr. Everett's impassioned periods,—spoken by an American orator to an American audience, and published for American perusal, will be surprised. What! the Manchester school then only partially reflects American feelings and sentiments? Our cousins are not all vulgar superficial utilitarians? The worship of the almighty dollar is not the only religion on the other side of the Atlantic?—ED.

“All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country, and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling: by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; on the restless bed of Pascal; on the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence upon private happiness? who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, better, by those pursuits in which she taught mankind to engage? to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude? Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the senate, on the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy, but these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.”*

* Macaulay, “*Essay on Mitford’s Greece.*”






III.

METHODS OF INSTRUCTION AND STUDY.

Competitive Examinations.—The final one described.—University and College Lectures.—College and Private Tutors.—Vindication of the Competitive System, and of the Pursuit of College Studies Generally.—“The Wanderers.”

N my last lecture I brought before your notice the two great objects which have for six hundred years been pursued at the University of Cambridge. First, to furnish a home where learned men might congregate to pursue their studies, especially those which have for a long time been peculiarly honoured in England,—mathematical science and classical literature. Secondly, I called your attention to the fact that this great guild of scholars had stood forth as a training-school for young men, that the people of England had found the studies pursued there a useful and elegant field wherein young men might extend and sharpen their mental powers and fit themselves for their special professions, and for the general calls of life. Unquestionably the original attraction of University studies to youthful students was that they were what they set up to be, the whole range of human knowledge outside of the pursuits of war, commerce, and the mechanic arts. Now, they can no longer arrogate for themselves so high a distinction, but as I endeavoured to point out in my last lecture, we still find, after running through all branches of human knowledge, that memory, accuracy, correctness of

taste, acuteness in tracing analogies and differences, are more completely given by the study of classical literature, than any other subject,—while concise and correct reasoning, aptness in applying discoveries, the perception of natural order and harmony, are most thoroughly inculcated by an extensive and close acquaintance with mathematics. In exploring the vast treasures of classical literature, as in a book already finished and placed on its appropriate shelf, the student is instructed as to the channels in which the infinitely flowing minds of the Greeks and Romans actually chose to run. It is the whole philosophy of established form, of the actual, of the past, of history. In the mathematics, on the other hand, he observes how a very few principles of thought, which are forced upon the acceptance of every mind by their simplicity and truth, may give rise to a thousand various, and to the untaught, inconsistent results, to which every day is adding anew, and to which there is apparently no end. It is the philosophy of change of the ideal, of the future, of progress. The first opens to us the pleasures, objects, and advantages of literature, of taste, of rhetoric,—the second unlocks, as with a master-key, the whole range of the useful arts, of science, and of logic.

And do not mistake me. In thus extending the range of classical and mathematical studies beyond what the two expressions commonly indicate to us, I am going no farther than is really contemplated by their eager votaries at Cambridge. Studied as they are there, in a constant course of three years and a-half, and with the full intention after youthful emulation has been rewarded, and the announcement of well-earned honours proclaims that the taskmaster is dismissed, of continuing within the same honoured walls, to plunge yet deeper into the sacred mysteries;* they are

* We suspect such an intention is somewhat rare; shallower “plunges” taken hand in hand with less experienced divers, are what the majority of wranglers who intend to remain at college propose to themselves.—ED.

pursued with a zeal, a thoroughness, a devotion, which does permit their worshippers to expect the highest attainments, and makes the picture I have drawn of their effect on the human mind something more than rhetorical rhapsody. Add to this that they have been the favourite studies for three hundred years, a length of time in which any system, however doubtful its first principles, must have fallen into a practical shape, and you will, I think, be ready to allow that such interesting studies, so long honoured, and so faithfully carried out, must form a useful system for training young men. So much for the theory. In a future part of this course I shall invite your attention to some of the practical results, in the lives of Cambridge graduates.

I propose in the present lecture to call your attention to the methods of study and instruction adopted in the University and the separate colleges. In this point Cambridge has long been remarkable, differing from all other institutions of learning. Some few other colleges have partially adopted her system, but none in the entire thoroughness and perfection of its details. Yet such are its advantages, the facility of its practical operation, the general correctness of its results, that, although beyond a doubt the Universities are of less importance in England than they once were, yet this Cambridge system has taken a hold on the consent of the English people which seems unshakable, and is employed for a thousand purposes and among a thousand bodies, the most alien apparently to the University in spirit.

The system in brief is,—to subject all candidates for all University and college distinctions to the test of competitive written examinations, held at distinct and not frequent occasions,—and to allow the preparation and study for these examinations to be held whenever and in whatever way each individual thinks proper.

Hence we have no class system, no daily recitations, no course of study, no list of rank, no lessons, no text-books, none of the paraphernalia of an American college, at least

as officially recognized. Some of these things exist, but they exist as tradition, or choice, or convenience have dictated them,—they are not part of the regular machinery of the University. The theory in the minds of the authorities, as far as they would consent to admit any theory, is this:—"Let us propose to examine our undergraduates in certain branches, at certain intervals. Let us assemble in Cambridge all manner of instructors, lecturers, and other helps to prepare for these examinations, and then let us leave our young men to select for themselves. If they really wish to study,—if they really seek to come up to the standard of the examinations,—each will select his own course and his own instructor better than we can select for him. If they do not wish to study, if they care nothing about competition, if they can bring no heart to their work, it will be entirely useless on our part to attempt by any compulsion or prescription to make them work under any course or instructors we may choose." I do not propose now to investigate the logic of this theory, the whole consideration of that will come more appropriately hereafter; let us now take the fact, and see how this theory is practically worked out.

A youth then comes up, as the phrase is, to Cambridge University, to compete for its scholastic honours. He is offered at the termination of three years and a-half, or rather ten terms from the time of entrance, five examinations, for either or all of which he can enter. All who answer the questions there set, satisfactorily, are entitled to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The subjects of the five examinations are: *First*, Mathematical Science. *Second*, Classic Literature and Ancient History. *Third*, Natural Science. *Fourth*, Moral Science. *Fifth*, Law. But the last three, as you will have already understood, are of recent introduction, of minor importance, and have never thoroughly taken root at Cambridge.

The examinations in the two great subjects of classics and mathematics being much the most important of all in

Cambridge, and being the goal of nearly all the aspirants for distinction, a full description of what they actually are will not be out of place. In all essential forms, the others are but copies of them. The candidates are drawn from all the colleges alike. They assemble, on a Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, soon after New Year's Day, in front of the Senate-House. All are in their academic dress of cap and gown. A few sympathizing friends who have already passed the trial, a few expectant friends who have not, see them to the door. A list of their names has been previously suspended in all public places some time before. The Senate-House is the building where all the public exercises—other than religious—of the University are held. Outside it is a sufficiently respectable Palladian building; inside, a mere mockery. It has a plaster ceiling ornamented with very doubtful reliefs; statues of William Pitt and two or three Georges, and some solid, substantial wood-work in the wainscoting and gallery. I mention all these apparently trivial circumstances, because the Senate-House is really a disgrace to Cambridge. On one occasion, Mr. Gladstone was addressing a vast audience there, and as he is a member of the sister University, he thought Oxford politeness required him to compliment "the beautifully decorated building where we were assembled;" whereat Cambridge politeness was sorely put to it to keep from laughing. Into this pen of learning the candidates for mathematical honours pour, and seat themselves at solid tables on solid benches,—thinking of very little in the Senate-House besides the floor; which is of stone, and very chilling to the feet in January.* As

* And yet we hear that in these degenerate days the Senate-House is warmed with hot water; what would Mr. Everett have said if he had gathered his experiences in our time, when all the warmth we had we took in with us,—when we had to contend with paralysed fingers as well as deficient memories, and when Frost and the Examiners were equally searching? His reminiscences of the cold would not have been confined to the feet.—ED.

the hands of the great University clock on the church outside are seen to approach nine, an examiner, or some University official, takes his station at the head of each of eight lines of tables, with a pile of the printed examination papers, damp from the press. The instant the first stroke is heard, a rapid race down the tables begins, a paper being dropped at every man. Sometimes an experienced distributor will get through his line, and begin in going up the next to meet some slower dignitary coming down. These papers, and plenty of writing-paper, pens, and ink, supplied gratuitously—hear, O Harvard faculty!—to all the examined, are all the means at the disposal of the candidates. They contain, on this first day, questions on the elements of mathematics, the divine Euclid, and other easy geometrical subjects,—all such as can be found in approved treatises, or easily deducible therefrom. They are set by four gentlemen, of whom two are called moderators, because anciently it was their business to moderate in the mathematical disputes of which the examination in part consisted. They are chosen from the colleges in rotation, from the graduates of most distinguished attainments.

Over this paper of questions the candidates are allowed three hours, but may go out as much sooner as they wish,—not of course to come in again;—for it is a maxim running through the whole of Cambridge instruction, that a man is not to be put to do more than he wants to. If his declining to work on a paper subjects him to failure and loss, that is his lookout. At twelve, then, they must stop. At one, another three hours' paper. The next day, the same, and the next. Then a pause of ten days, while the work of the previous three, all on the easier departments of mathematics, is looked over. All those who have passed the minimum asked by the examiners, are now announced as “having acquitted themselves so as to deserve mathematical honours.” The rest, O dreadful word, and thrice dreadful fate, have their names published no more, and

are "plucked." The degree of Bachelor of Arts is not for them as far as mathematics goes. With these three days, the ambition of most stops; it does require a good deal of knowledge to pass them with distinction; a knowledge of all the principles, and ten times the detail involved in the mathematical course in the first two years at an American college. On the tenth day after they end, begins the five days' examination, on real tough mathematics, *beginning* with the differential calculus, and going up to the highest calculation of astronomy and optics. "Few are the stragglers, following far," who stay in after the prescribed half hour in the last few papers of these dreadful five days, three hours morning and afternoon. O, many are the luncheons, mighty the dinners consumed in these eight days. Science must be fed. The most uncompromising appetites I ever saw were among my most learned and successful friends in England.

After the five days, everybody takes a rest. On the last Friday in January, or thereabouts, the result of their examination is announced. Again the candidates assemble in the Senate-House a few minutes before nine, or rather their friends, for the candidates themselves don't like to go much. A proctor appears in the gallery with a list. Five hundred upturned faces below listen eagerly for his first words. The clock strikes nine. "Senior Wrangler,—Romer of Trinity Hall." A tumultuous, furious, insane shout bursts forth, caps fly up into the air, the dust rises immeasurable, and it takes many minutes to restore the order that greets the announcement of the greatest honour the University can bestow for that year. "Second Wrangler,—Leeke of Trinity." Another burst of cheering that would be called terrific, had the other not preceded it. "Third," and so on down through the Wranglers, or first class. Now look out. The proctors in the gallery, each armed with his file of printed lists, proceed to scatter them to the multitude below. Talk of Italian beggars, beasts at a menagerie; why, the rush, the scuffle, the trampling,

the crushing of caps and cap-bearers in a shapeless mass, the tearing of gowns, coats, and the very papers that come slowly floating down, hardly ever to reach the floor, beats any tumult I ever saw, except the contention for coppers of the Irish beggars on the wharf at Queenstown, before the tug-boat leaves for the Cunard steamer. At length all are distributed, and the successful retire with the failing to talk over the list of mathematical honours for a day.

Each competitor is marked by the examiners according to the questions he has wholly or partially answered. His marks being added together, his individual place is determined according to the aggregate. Then lines are drawn, so as to divide the whole number, generally about a hundred, into three classes of about thirty-three or four each; but often the division is very unequal: for the preference is to draw the class lines where there is a great gap between the marks of successive individuals. The relics of the old disputes are seen in the names of the classes; the second and third are called senior and junior *optimés*, because of old when a candidate had ended his dispute the examiner said to him, "*optimé disputasti*,"—"very well fought, sir." And those in the first class are called emphatically wranglers, the head being called the senior. Observe, this whole system, with its technicalities, is peculiar to Cambridge. In Oxford, the examinations are on a different plan altogether. Some Americans think they show their wisdom by talking about persons who were senior wranglers at Oxford. This is like the well-meaning, but ignorant people, who *will* allude to a public day at Harvard, when half the parts are taken by seniors, as the "*Junior Exhibition*."

In about three weeks from the announcement of the mathematical honours, comes the examination for the classical. This lasts five days and a-half, and is conducted in other respects precisely like the former. In the morning papers of the first four days, the competitors have passages given them out of the best English authors, prose and verse, to translate into Latin and Greek prose and verse,

without any assistance but writing materials, at the rate of say twenty-one lines of Byron to put into Greek tragic verse in three hours. In the afternoons of the same days, and the whole of the fifth, passages to translate from Latin and Greek into English; the last half day, questions in history. The result is announced as before, and the head man is called Senior Classic.

And that is all. I mean that all that a student does to obtain University honours, to appear before the world as standing in the list of those whom Cambridge pronounces her faithful sons, is told, as far as the University is concerned. In these two examinations, which are called by the curious old name of *Tripes*, the student only knows that, Socratically, he knows nothing about it; that is, any problem or principle may be set in mathematics from adding two and two to calculating a planet's orbit: and any passage set for translation into or out of Latin or Greek, from Homer to Quintilian, and from Sir John Mandeville to Jean Ingelow. In fact, the taste of examiners does run principally on the very oldest and very newest English writers as suitable to turn into Latin and Greek. The range of questions, then, is absolutely infinite and unprescribed; to be sure it has fallen into a traditionary rut, but a pretty wide one. You see, therefore, how immense must be the labour to prepare for them, or else how very judiciously applied, in order that,—it being manifestly impossible to study in three years, even when the former work of school-life is added, all that is possible to be asked,—the competitors may select the probable questions, and those which will in any case be useful. Think how immeasurably superior a knowledge of this kind is to the sorry business of getting twenty problems or one hundred lines as a lesson, to say off one day and forget the next. It is manifest that very careful and judicious instruction is required, that students may know exactly what and how much to read out of this vast range, that they may be prepared for the worst.

Who gives this instruction? Not the University. Not

one word of instruction does the great body of all the colleges offer, except some lectures, semi-occasionally, from the professors of Greek and Mathematics. For the trials proposed by her, training must not be sought from her. Is it from the colleges, then, that this instruction is to be obtained? Yes, to a certain extent. Each college, according to its wealth, the number of its students, or what generally is the great moving cause, the activity or laziness* of its authorities, has a provision for the instruction of those residing within its walls. It has its own examinations, generally once a year, or, as we should say, for the members of each class; and these are progressive,—on some specified easy ancient authors and the first branches of Mathematics, the first year; more difficult the second year; and in the third, ranging as high as Aristotle and the integral calculus. Each college adopts its own system of classifying those who pass these examinations, which are, I believe, in all cases compulsory, and awards prizes to those who stand highest. But to get through, just to do the minimum, is very easy, and a great many of the best do nothing more; saying that the preparation interferes with their regular work. They generally comprehend something more than just the three old standbys; e. g. moral philosophy, ancient history, and in particular very great attention is paid at college examinations to the study of the Greek Testament. To prepare for these special examinations, of which the subjects are always announced beforehand, there is a great system of College Lectures. And in connection with the College Lectures and lecturers, I beg to introduce to you that ubiquitous and very important personage, the College Tutor. Under this name pray do not conceive of a young man just out of college, whose circumstances make it convenient for him to take a share in college teaching. No; the tutor is generally one of the older graduates of the college, and always the best

* May we not add, “or proficiency?”—Ed.

man, the most important, the one whom of all others they would pick out to represent themselves. He is almost always a clergyman. To him, or them—for in a very large college there will be two, three, or even more—is intrusted the whole care of the undergraduates. As fast as the young men enter college, they are told off to one or the other of the tutors—are said to be “on his side”—and under his control they remain to the end of their undergraduate course. He has the assignment of rooms, the charge of bills, the appointment and dismissal of lecturers to teach, and of college servants to cheat. He administers not the ordinary, but the extraordinary blowings-up.* With the head of the college, a very awful being, who in most colleges has the title of Master, the student has very little to do; all his real college affairs, petitions, remonstrances, &c. of every kind, going through the tutor. It is evident, then, that where each tutor has some hundred and fifty young men’s individualities to look after, and a principal share in the general operation of the college to look after, he has not much time for instruction. Still, each tutor generally contrives to give a course of lectures every term, of which there are three in a year, and they do find time to squeeze out a great deal of private instruction, in the most generous manner. Many a poor young man would have failed entirely to prepare himself for his great trials, on the success of which hinges his life’s support, but for the unfailing, liberal, fatherly attention of his tutor, by his own instructions, and those he obtains for him. Let me bear my testimony here to the admirable

* The very mildest of tutorial wiggings we ever knew was administered to a friend who was a very good classic but a very bad chapel-goer. The dean, after repeated and ineffectual remonstrances, appealed to the tutor, who rather sympathized with his favourite student of the year than with his co-authority; however, he sent for the delinquent, as in duty bound, chatted with him for half an hour about his family, his prospects, and other matters, and as he was leaving called after him—“By-the-bye, Mr. B., the dean wants you to keep chapels.”—ED.

manner in which these few score of men—for there are not more tutors in all the seventeen colleges—manage the interests of sixteen hundred undergraduates who scarcely know to whom they are indebted for their countless advantages.

The tutor appoints assistants, whom he pays out of the annual payments of the undergraduates, which all go through his hands, to lecture for him. There are generally six or eight lectures delivered in a large college like Trinity every day, mostly on the subjects of the college-examinations at the end of the year, but some on other branches of classical and mathematical study, applicable in the last great trial. There are also lectures suited to the students not candidates for these arduous honours, of whom more hereafter. The members of the college are required, as a matter of discipline, to attend some of these lectures, but by no means to attend to them.* Once in a while, when a very stirring lecturer comes along, such as the present learned and witty bursar of Trinity College, everybody wakes up and takes notes; but in general, there is much more grumbling about having to attend these lectures, where you can learn a great deal, and need not learn anything, than at our recitations, where you have to be more or less up to the mark all the time. The lectures are exceedingly learned, the lecturer doing pretty much what tutor and student between them do in an American college.

But this instruction, elaborate as it is, does not suit the best of the English students. It does not work in well to their system. And that system is, that every one, on entrance, sketches out for himself a general plan of what

* Strange expedients are sometimes had recourse to for beguiling the hour devoted to the lecture. On one occasion a watch handicap was got up; there were five entries, who all passed their watches, together with one shilling each, to the starter and judge, who set them all correctly by his own, and so started them fairly. The winner, however, had taken the precaution of secretly slipping the regulator as far as it would go to the *fast* side, a trick worthy of the Turf.—ED.

he ought to do and can do, what examinations he will enter for, what stand he will take, and then prepares himself in his own way. And this he does by means of his private tutor.

The nature and history, or, I might say, the natural history of these private tutors is among the most curious developments of Cambridge. They are not in the least what the name imports to us, a private guardian, engaged by the parents to superintend the whole course of a young man's life, and require as well as arrange his studies. No, even the richest nobleman very seldom brings such a domestic animal to Cambridge with him. The only instance, except that of the Prince of Wales, that I was aware of, was the son of a rich foreign merchant. The principal event recorded of his tuition was, that this guardian feared his pupil's morals would be injured by going to Newmarket races, which are indeed a fruitful source of temptation, being only sixteen miles from Cambridge, and, to prevent any surreptitious visit, himself rode to the races on his pupil's horse. The regular private tutor is generally known, even by authorities, as a "coach;" but neither under this name, however, or any other, is he recognized in any official way. A student may change his tutor ten times in his course,—now coaching, as we say, with this man, now with that; he may fail or succeed in a dozen examinations, owing to the good or bad instruction he receives; he may, above all, pay his tutor many a ten-pound note, and yet no official recognition whatever is made of a class of men whose position is certainly the most important and nearly the most lucrative in the University. There is no injustice in all this; it is only a working out of the general principle of the institution, to find out, at stated seasons, in the most thorough manner possible, what a young man knows, without seeking to inquire how he knows it.

The private tutors are of all ages and positions in scholarship. The most celebrated instructor in classics

now resident in Cambridge took the second honours of his own year thirty years ago. The most renowned mathematical coach, on the other hand, not more than ten years ago. The first thing generally done by a young man who has taken his own degree with distinction, is to look about for pupils among the undergraduates of his own and other colleges, for it is by no means necessary that a student should confine himself to his own college for private instruction. Almost all the tuition I received at Cambridge was by members of St. John's College, being myself resident at Trinity. Of course, the young instructor who has only just finished his own undergraduate course, must put up with such pupils as he can get, and they will not be very brilliant or advanced ones, but either young men just entered, with their powers and intentions hardly determined, or men far advanced in residence but not in knowledge, who are determined by dint of constant tuition to scrape through for one of the last places. As he grows older in instruction, his pupils will improve. If his efforts have been successful with the poor ones, he will attract to himself the better ones, till he is sought out by those who are now in their last year in college, and working for the highest places in the lists of rank. Such men it is a pleasure rather than a task to instruct. Many a tutor at Cambridge has felt his heart glow to think that his beloved pupil will soon attain a place in these lists of honours higher than was his own, and delights to point to him in the course of a triumphant career at the bar, in the pulpit, or the senate, as one of his boys. The competition to obtain a place with a favourite coach is immense, application often being made a year beforehand, and the special pleading of the college tutor or some other distinguished friend invoked to secure the place.

“What,” you will say, “are these tutors so limited in their numbers?” Yes, indeed, when like the distinguished classical scholar I alluded to a little while ago, they give an hour every other day to each pupil by him-

self. Ten hours' hard work a day has been thought enough for mechanics and tradesmen,—how much more for the head work of classical instruction. So that to have twenty pupils at once is what the hardest instructors must make their extreme limit. Those who are enticing the youth of England over the gorgeous mosaic that paves the sweet meanderings of the labyrinth of conic sections, or fitting wings whereby youthful shoulders may be raised to the salient points of the differential calculus,—I mean mathematical instructors,—are beginning to take an indefinite number of pupils, and collect them in large classes, but still this is rather for competition than instruction; and you may be sure, that the better a student is, the more strictly he takes his own way for study, and eschews all idea of a course.

A few words here on the general line of study pursued by all instructors for all pupils in the two great departments. It is, perhaps, not so much higher as is commonly supposed than our own; but it is very different. The mathematical treatises are all based on the forms of Euclid and Newton. The course of mathematical study ranges from simple arithmetic to the most difficult problems of optics and astronomy. It is, however, put in a very concise and conventional form, very different from the expansiveness of French mathematics; and many who attain extreme proficiency in it, have never paid any attention to more than the most fundamental principles on coming to Cambridge. The case of classical studies, of Latin and Greek, is very different. The training in the Greek and Latin languages acquired at the great English public schools, like Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, is certainly very much superior to any acquired at our colleges by the required course of instruction. I do not think, however, that the Latin and Greek literature, antiquities, and history, are understood by many very good graduates of Cambridge and Oxford any better than by the best from Harvard or Yale; and far less in bulk, though probably rather

better arranged, than the flood of collateral knowledge acquired at the great seats of German erudition. The great work, as I have indicated in my account of the examinations, is to put Latin and Greek prose and verse into accurate and idiomatic English ; for bad English will condemn a translation quite as soon as incorrect rendering. There is none of that timidity which in all our schools and colleges accepts a piece of dog-English, containing neither sound, sense, nor idiom, under the name of a “literal translation,” and gives it a maximum mark. And again : the second half of a classical scholar’s work is not to put into doubtful Latin or Greek prose a passage of English already adapted from an ancient author, but to produce a first-rate idiomatic version in prose or verse of the best passages of the best English authors,—Burke, Addison, Shakespeare, Goldsmith. The high standard of excellence herein attained is shown by such publications as Lord Lytton’s translation of *Comus* into the style of the Greek tragedians, and the beautiful Virgilian reproduction of Keats’s *Hyperion* by that most accomplished son of Cambridge, the historian Merivale, whose admirable chronicle of the Early Empire seems destined to become a standard English classic, as the first portion of a solid causeway which is needed to connect the adamantine structure of the mighty Gibbon, and the graceful arches of the lamented Arnold.

It is evident, then, that the work of the private tutor is merely supplementary and ancillary to that of the student himself. The tutor sees his pupil generally for three hours in the course of a week. The rest of the time devoted to study,—and this space amounts with a vast number to six, with many to eight, and sometimes to ten hours a day,—the student is alone, acting indeed on the advice, and by the direction of his tutor, but still pursuing his chosen course by and for himself. For the great trials, where nearly two hundred of the noblest youth of the world appear every year to grapple in an intellectual struggle to

which the physical efforts accompanying the fiendish barbarities of the prize-ring are as child's play, each one has with fear and trembling sought to work out his own destiny.

Here, then, ladies and gentlemen, you have the principles of the Cambridge system of instruction, and, as far as there is any, the Cambridge course of study. Competition and emulation in the final trials; private study and individual selection of work for the means. It is by the combination of these two principles, to their fullest extent, that Cambridge sustains the high standard of literary and scientific excellence, the high reputation for judicious training, and the honoured name of the mother of great men, which she has borne so long throughout England and the world.

And first of the competition. You will have seen by my previous account, how thoroughly and deeply this enters into the very soul of the Cambridge system. There is no honour to be attained, no prize to be won, no position to be secured, without a competitive examination, where the work of each combatant has its value assigned by an established standard, and his final place in accordance with this scrutiny announced in the most public manner. From the moment a boy enters college, a thousand eager eyes are on him, a thousand channels of information are drained to know what position he will take; and long before he has officially entered the University, it has been pretty well settled in the minds of a great many, with what distinction he is to leave it. The comparative merits of all the students, the probable results of all the examinations, major and minor, form a never-failing subject of discussion in all circles, and at all times. Whether Battie is to be the next University scholar, whether W—— or S—— will stand first in classics, whether L—— has not stolen a march over R——, by a more judicious selection of a mathematical coach,—all these are questions which never fail to enliven a weary walk, or a stupid dinner, long after

the boats, the cricket-field, the rifle-ground, the newspapers, or the studies themselves have fallen flat. Prospective success in competition secures a man notice among his compeers and superiors, and actual success, besides the immediate advantages for which the contest was held, is sure to put a man in that position, that countless other advantages—securing intelligent and promising pupils for instance—are morally sure to follow. In one word, the life of a Cambridge student is a fight,—and to the victors belong spoils, though not of the vanquished.

And now, my friends, what is this that I hear,—that emulation is only another name for envy,—that competition in study produces the worst possible results,—that University rank is an unworthy object for a generous young man to pursue? Would you could all go to Cambridge for yourselves, and see there how completely untrue all this is. The whole history of Cambridge disproves it. If I had only my own experience to rely upon, I should feel proud to name to you all the dear friends I have across the water; all the dearer to me, because I engaged with them in all these glorious, bloodless contests, where, like Scott's Cavalier,

“Our watchword was honour, our pay was renown.”

But the whole idea is monstrous. What, that all the associations, the friendships, the mutual joys which must arise where generous youths have lived together for three years, sharing the same meals, listening to the same instruction, partaking the same sports, worshipping at the same altar;—where they have been engaged in working weeks and months and years on the same immortal truths of science, the same refined beauties of literature, comparing their progress day after day, and hearing it compared, confiding their daily trials and successes to each other as no other class of men can,—that all these should be broken up because the value of these very attainments, their very progress is to be subjected to the test that they have had in view

throughout their course? No. Emulation and envy cannot co-exist,—the very fact that we can, that we do emulate, shows that it is beneath us to envy. If it were not so,—if all these tender associations, these golden chains that college life binds round us were void, what does the very fact of equal competition tell us? How thought the Celtic chieftain, who saw before him the man with whom he must grapple in the death-struggle for the realm of Scotland?

“Sir Roderick marked, and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And that stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

I know there are those, in whom deep-seated envy is the ruling passion of life. Emulous or not they must hate; with such I have not to do. But I know by the joyful contests, the happy encounters of four years, the mornings and afternoons of hard strife, succeeded by the noon recess of hasty comparisons, and the long, merry evening of conviviality, that the dearest friends are the closest rivals, and the happiest hours are in the snatches of competition.

But competition is unworthy; competition is degrading; rank is a low object. Then what did St. Paul mean by holding up the Greek races as a bright example to Christian energy? Look round on the world and tell me how you are to exclude from school and college that stimulus which is urging men to madness in every pursuit of life. Is the exchange no field of competition, and is the army no field of competition? At the bar, in the senate, in the pulpit, are there no rivals, no contests, no prizes? Is the young man whose athletic sports, whose sedentary sports, whose literary recreations are all filled with competition, to be kept from it all the hours of education, in order to fit him for a world where it is pre-eminently the ruling principle? Studying for rank is degrading, is it? And in heaven's name, when there are five hundred students all working together on the noblest intellectual exercises, is

patient industry to have no reward, is idleness to have no stigma, is genius to lose its palm-branch, and devotion its crown of olive? Shall the voice of the authorities declare all on a dead level, when it is notorious that all are not on a dead level? Is the whole energy of thirty or forty learned and wise men to be bent on making young men study, and shall they not show by any sign or reward who has complied with their entreaties? And, my dear young friends at college, whose motives are so high, whose contempt for the world's prizes is so sincere, whose objects of pursuit are all so ennobling, is it not a legitimate or worthy object for any man, to seek the proper position in his society to which his merits and labours entitle him, and to strive for the appropriate honour and reward at the hands of the rightful authorities?

No, competition in itself is honourable and lawful, provided only the means employed to succeed are honourable and the arts wherein it is exercised. And what is the art wherein the noblest youths of England annually compete at Cambridge? Study;—study of literature and science, study of language and of law, study of whatsoever things are true, just, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report. I have endeavoured to enlarge on the array of learned men that has in all ages been assembled at Cambridge; but it needs not. The very air of the place declares that it is the home of learning,—of book-learning, to employ the term which, intended to be contemptuous, is in truth the height of panegyric. The quiet old streets, where all the bustle so common to an English town has been toned into a sort of dignity by the authority of the University,—the calm, wide, sunny court-yards, of no ambitious design, but just built and added to as the necessities and taste of age after age prompted for the admission of the new students,—the cool arched cloisters, that still echo to the tread of Macaulay and Byron and Chesterfield and Newton and Bacon, and back into the dark ages, which were illumined only from the two Universities,—the quaint, ele-

rical-looking dress of the chance passer-by, the square cap and light gown, that seems to say scholar in every fold,—the libraries, the museums, the Senate-House, the daily conversation, the technical terms, the habits, all breathe one word,—Study, Study.

There are those who see in this picture nothing attractive. A student, a man of books, is to them a shell-fish sort of being, on whose flesh others may feed with delight after his death, provided you add pepper and salt in abundance, but whose life is the acme of dryness and stupidity. To such I neither have nor wish to have an answer. I can no more argue with such men than Mr. Agassiz can argue with a gorilla, or than General Grant can argue with Mr. Davis. But to those who, even if they have not led themselves a scholastic life, can yet value the labours, appreciate the pleasures, court the friendship of scholars, it is a delight to dwell a little on the true joys of a life of study. Tell me not of the experience of life to an active man. I will bring you in history the experience of forty centuries of men. Do not dwell on the popular preacher, the exciting article, the scathing political satire. I will find you in ancient literature philosophical speculations from a heathen that shall put your pulpit-actor to silence ; I will read you discussions of war and peace that shall be more true as applied to this very hour than all your quidnuncs ever hatched ; I will at the same moment make your sides shake with laughter, and your nerves quiver with dread at sarcasm, every line of which would wither up whole columns of the *Saturday Review*. Talk to me of the excitement of interesting investigations, of acute analysis, of refined calculations and building up of facts ; I will show you scholars at Cambridge who have traced out the mysteries of the ancient tongues, have transfused Burke into *Æschines*, and Scott into *Ovid*, who have raised a pyramid of mathematical synthesis as solid, and to the unlearned as mystical, as those of Egypt, and all from their books alone, their ever faithful, beloved books. Yes,

beloved ; it is the friendship we form for all the grand old writers that we would not exchange for the loudest conviviality or the most unflinching partisanship of all the world. We live in the eloquence of Demosthenes till we leap from our seats, and shout in ecstasy at his prophecies of glory. We hang on the lips of Aristotle till he has bound us and all the world in a net-work of irrefragable reason and rich, nervous language. We walk through the boxen bowers of Cicero till we catch the inspiration from that most genial of souls, and feel as if we too might save our country from a Catilinarian conspiracy. We fall enchanted into the arms of the sweetest and purest of mortals, and are ready to barter all the glories of the world for one hour on the breast of Virgil. We make a third in that wondrous company that tracked the mysteries of the eternal prison. We sit in the darkened chamber of Milton till his blindness becomes our light, and his misery our paradise. We stroll with Newton, picking up the sparkling pearls thrown up by the ocean of truth. We gaze reverently into the face of Butler, as he leads us from the plains of earth up to the very gate of heaven. These are the friends that never deceive, that never falter, that never forget, that never forsake ; “they delight at home, they speed on the way, in the loneliness of the night they watch with us, in exile and in solitude they are ever with us.”*

My friends, we live in a stirring time. It seems as if all the pursuits of sedentary life must be discontinued, that we may rush to carry on the active work that is pressing on us from every side. Yet, in the midst of all this horror and misery, a truly loyal citizen,—who knows that in the war his life would be a speedy and useless sacrifice,—who in the conduct of affairs places and intends to

* We hope that the desires and tastes rather than the intentions of the speaker are here expressed. It will be a thousand pities if this brilliant orator and scholar should, like so many of the most intellectual of his countrymen, shrink from the insults and scurrility which attend political life in America.—ED.

place implicit confidence in the courage and conduct of the generals, the fidelity and prudence of the Chief Magistrate,—such a one, I say, is grateful to Almighty God, for the ever-growing pleasure, the undisturbed labour, the spotless prizes, the untainted occupation of scholastic life. And, when the hour calls, has the scholar ever shown that his retirement unfits him for his country's service? To-day* we welcome back the glorious heroes of a score of fights. To-day our streets are ringing with shouts for the warriors that never turned their backs on the foe. To-day we are pressing eagerly the hard-worn hands, and weeping on sun-burnt cheeks of the loved ones who have come back only to go forth again; and we are straining our eyes in the hope that we may catch, by a miracle, a single glimpse of one of those dear forms that have been reft for ever. My friends, were there none in the Second Massachusetts who exchanged the students' chamber for the battle-field, the volume for the musket, the pen for the bayonet? Did not the tyrant quiver in his stronghold when he heard that the manly rustic hearts that had poured out to drive him muttering back were inspired by those whose souls were kindled by the flame of ancient and modern wisdom?—It is because the scholar has denied himself the low prizes of every-day encounter that he can lay down his life for his country. It is because he takes no part in meaner warfare that he is ready for the noblest. Such thoughts have often passed through my mind, as I contemplated the crowds of my fellow-citizens, who seemed to delight, at this time, to waste all their energies in the idlest frivolities, the maddest enterprises, the meanest trickeries of public life. And, comparing their objects with those of my dear University, I shaped these thoughts into the lines which follow; which, believe me, express the very spirit of the students of Cambridge. I call them—

* January 19, 1864.

THE WANDERERS.

Where hast thou wandered? Over the plains,
Gathering flowers all bright with dew;
Round the porch of my rustic home,
I'll twine each blossom of pink and blue.

Where hast thou wandered? Over the hills,
Gathering berries, black and red;
Wine shall sparkle and mirth shall ring,
When their crimson life-blood at eve is shed.

Where hast thou wandered? Over the sea,
Gathering pearls which mermaids weep;
To-night the sheen of their orbs shall blaze,
In my lady's ringlets dark and deep.

Where hast thou wandered? Over the town,
Gathering heaps of wealth untold;
Sweeter than organ, or lute, or harp,
Are the tinkling drops of hoarded gold.

Where hast thou wandered? In stately halls,
Gathering titles, and power, and fame;
Prouder each day my heart shall swell,
As nations bow to my mighty name.

Where hast thou wandered? Over the field,
Gathering laurels with blood-stained sword;
Soon shall I die; but glory's star
Shines for ever as my reward.

Where hast thou wandered? In volumes old;
Gathering wisdom, line on line;
Flowers and fruit, and gems and gold,
Honour and glory, they all are mine.



IV.

INCENTIVES TO STUDY, AND NON-STUDENTS.

College Examinations.—Prizes of Various Kinds.—Commemoration.—Scholarships and Fellowships.—The “Poll” Degree.—Professors’ Lectures.—Shifts to avoid Study.—Generosity between Students and Non-Students.—General Discussion of the Cambridge System.



IN my last lecture I endeavoured to illustrate the methods of study and instruction as given at Cambridge, and showed that the basis of the system is competitive examinations of the most rigorous character; and that the preparation for these is left to the student himself to make in his own way, there being, properly speaking, no course of study at all; that abundant assistance is offered by college lecturers, who, however, attract, on the whole, little interest; and that the mass of the instruction is given by private tutors, exercising as far as possible a personal and individual supervision over the line of study selected by each student. Lastly, I have failed signally to explain the real state of the case, if you did not understand that all these arduous examinations and profound studies were strictly at the option of each student, no one being required

to enter for a degree "in honours" as it is called, or to do more than just scrape through the college examinations.

But though no requirement is made of the undergraduate to enter on this severe course of study, abundant incentives are offered to stimulate the most sluggish. Nowhere is a system of prizes and rewards more generously established, more fairly carried out, or more actively competed for, than at Cambridge. They may be divided into three classes,—those for proficiency in the regular and all but required exercises of college, those for success in special efforts, which are entirely optional, and those which enroll the successful candidate as one of a privileged class. We will consider each of these in some detail.

At nearly all the colleges, the undergraduates are required every year to pass an examination in the classical and mathematical subjects on which lectures have been delivered during the past year. The members of each year, or as we should say each class, are examined by themselves; and this is one of the few cases, where there is anything like our class system adopted in England. There are added generally some subjects on which no lectures have been given,—such as ancient history and moral philosophy, particularly as given in our esteemed friend Whewell's *Elements* and Butler's *Analogy*. And let those who accuse the English collegiate system of wasting too much time on ancient literature and old-world learning, hear the last addition made by Trinity College to her subjects for examination. Among the subjects for the second year, or as we should say the Sophomores, every year are the literature, criticism, and history of four selected plays of Shakespeare. I will venture to say no college or University in the world is ahead of Edward III.'s old foundation in this incorporation of modern literature into its subjects for examination.

At Trinity College, the largest, and in some respects the model, these examinations are held in the first week in June, for which reason, I suppose, they are called the

May examinations, and generally last about a week. The scholarship involved in them is by no means so verbal as in the great final trials, and everybody, whatever his speciality, has a chance to succeed.* According to the result the students are divided into nine classes, of ever-varying proportions, and the names in each class printed alphabetically. Printed, I say; for lists of the result are extensively circulated by the undergraduates among their friends. The last class is printed emphatically last class,

* A Trinity friend of ours once owed an ephemeral success to chance indeed. He was sadly ignorant and idle in his undergraduate days, and would have been quite contented at finding himself in the seventh or eighth class in the May examination, had fate not thrust him several classes higher. The day before the examination he came late into hall, and had to take what seat he could get, far from his own set, and facing two complete strangers to him, reading men, who flavoured their dinner with mathematical conversation.

"Well, now," said one, "what illustration would you give of a parabola?"

Our friend had never heard of such an article, and being of a curious temperament, he listened.

"Why," replied the other, "if a bird was passing me in full flight, and I shot him stone dead, in his fall he would describe a parabola."

The next day our friend went up to a *vivâ voce* examination with about twenty other undergraduates, who sat on benches in a long line, in the order in which their names were written on a slip of paper held by the examiner, who put questions on several branches to each, more with a view of ascertaining what subjects he was reading, than his proficiency in them, and appended marks to each name in accordance with the answers he received, coming in every instance last to our friend, who sat on the extreme left of the row. At length he put the query to A, "What is a parabola?" "I don't know, sir." "Do you know, sir?" "No, sir," and so on, down the line, meeting with a running fire of negatives till he came to our friend, who replied, much to the astonishment of the others, who knew him: "If a bird was passing me in full flight, and I shot him dead, in his fall he would describe a parabola." "Ah," said the examiner, "I see you are the only one who is reading dynamics, so I will not ask you any more questions. That will do, gentlemen." And our friend was in the fifth class.—Ed.

and not ninth ; that their estimation by the college authorities may be known. But even here,—

“ In the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still opens.”

There are two official lists, written and not printed, one framed inside the great college hall, and one posted outside ; and on these, even after the last class, appear the names of those stated as “ not worthy to be classed.” About these there goes round the word “ posted,” and the malignant will go about breathing the still more dreadful epithet “ plucked,” which properly belongs only to those failing of a degree. These unlucky beings, who cannot pass the very slight minimum, 70 marks, when the possible maximum is 1800, are generally requested to submit to another examination, and if they still continue in inability to pass this, are reminded that there are other colleges in Cambridge where the air is less close and constraining, and where they would be joyfully received as inmates.

But, oh, what glories await the first class men. For them are indeed golden joys, and curiously to state, the fewer the merrier. A fixed sum of money is appropriated from the college funds, to be divided equally among those who are placed in the first class in each year, and expended in books, which are stamped with the college arms. As the gross sum is the same, a large first class gives small prizes and *vice versâ*. The books are really valuable, and the undergraduate is at liberty to make them as much more so as he likes, out of his own funds ! The size of the first class at Trinity is for Freshmen between twenty and thirty, for second year men about two-thirds as large, for the third year between ten and fifteen. Almost everybody of real merit in the college tries to be in the first class the first year, but after that their attention is concentrated on the examination for the degree, and the interest in college examinations falls off.

Throughout Cambridge great attention is paid to the study of the New Testament in the original Greek. It is incorporated, I believe, into all college examinations, and not only does proficiency therein advance one in the general scale, but special prizes and very valuable ones are awarded for it. It is considered a particularly honourable and desirable specialty to excel in this study of the Greek Testament, even, as in some cases, to the exclusion of all other branches of learning.

At several of the colleges, Trinity and St. John's especially, every undergraduate is required at a certain part of his course, to write an English and a Latin Essay or Declaration. This may be, and by the majority is made as short and perfunctory as possible, but those who do take pains generally have the privilege—to an Englishman the condemnation—of reciting their productions, and after the recitation prizes of very great value are awarded to the best two or three.

These I believe are about all the prizes which the colleges give for excellence in the regular exercises. Next we have a great variety of special opportunities and voluntary competition. Of these the number is immense; not only does each college offer many rewards for essays and poems in English, Latin, or Greek, but the University offers to all its members several very valuable medals, and other prizes for Greek, Latin, and English verse, Latin essays, and also for English prose composition. But all the University prizes for English prose, which are numerous and very valuable, are reserved for Bachelors of Arts, it being generally considered at Cambridge, that an undergraduate has neither time nor maturity to compose a well-reasoned English prose essay; nor are facts wanting to sustain this judgment. There are four other University prizes,—two, the chancellor's gold medals for those Bachelors of Arts in each year who best pass a special examination in classics,—and two, the Smith's prizes, of like conditions for mathematics. But about the chancellor's

medals is a singular restriction ; so great was the preference given to mathematics, that no one was or is allowed to 'compete for the chancellor's classical medal, without previously having taken a certain rank in the list of mathematical honours,—which is like refusing to let a man stand for Congress till he has taken a ship round Cape Horn.*

The University appoints a day in every year when its prizes shall be distributed, and the successful poems in English, Latin, and Greek recited. At Oxford, this is the most brilliant occasion of the year. It is called the Commemoration, and is very well described in "Tom Brown at Oxford," and Miss Yonge's "Daisy Chain." But at Cambridge it is not made much of. It is generally appointed in the dead time of year, when the undergraduates are all away, so that even the prize-bearers often have their poems recited by proxy. Not that that makes much difference, for few and far between are the Englishmen who can read or recite poetry well. Occasionally, when some great magnate is at Cambridge, as the Prince of Wales, or when a new chancellor is inaugurated, other exercises are added, and the day is made brilliant and interesting. The day is called, as here, Commencement.

The ceremony of giving out prizes at a college—I speak of Trinity—is amusing. It is called Commemoration, and is in fact a solemn commemoration of all the benefactors to the college. A special service is held in the chapel, where the names of all the benefactors, from Edward III. down, are read at length, a sermon is preached, and a special anthem sung. The meeting is then adjourned to the hall, where the Master, dignitaries, and ladies take their seats at the upper end, and the few undergraduates present,—for nobody is required to go, and the day itself is the last of term,—assemble below.

* A proposition to do away with this restriction was recently agitated, and has possibly been adopted.

Just in the place where there is most draught, between two windows one way and two doors the other, is placed a species of pulpit, not unlike the desk I now stand at, on four high steps. Concerning this pulpit it is told, that, before it came into the possession of the college, a bet was made that you couldn't ask at a certain variety-store in Cambridge for anything they hadn't got. A second-hand pulpit was asked for over the counter, and this one produced immediately from the store-room. To this rostrum ascend successively the winners of the first prizes for the Latin and English essays or declamations, who, as it were to pay for their success, have to write and speak another of the same sort on this day. These performances are almost the only ones in Cambridge where the student can select his own subject, and it is an old tradition, zealously adhered to, that the speaker may say just what he pleases, no matter how offensive to authority it is likely to be. It was from this stand, about a year ago, that I nearly caught my death of cold, endeavouring to give John Bull an idea of Mr. Webster.* The speeches ended, the various inferior officials proceeded to distribute the prizes, the old chapel clerk—a college servant—calling out the names of the prize-bearers. This hoary villain—who is the image of Retzsch's Mephistopheles, and always so called—actually claims seventy-five cents from every student who gets a prize, under the pretence that he brings it to your room, which you generally do yourself. In long order march up the declaimers, the Latin verse-writers, the English essayist, and the Greek Testament sages. To each, the senior dean or the head-lecturer makes some appropriate remarks, except when he has taken too hasty a look at the list, and assures the first Greek Testament prize-man, a devoted son of Mother Church, that he did not hesitate to give him the prize,

* The author's fine speech on this occasion created quite a sensation, and has by no means been forgotten in the college.—ED.

notwithstanding the sarcastic and radical tone of his declamation. Last of all, the first-class men of each year are summoned, and are thanked for their faithful performance of the regular exercises of the college. Now attend. The mighty head of the college, the great and awful William Whewell, D.D., "*Qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit, non ornavit*," delivers himself of a few remarks,—few, but weighty. I have once heard them myself; I have had them reported to me three times, and their uniform tenor is this: "That your success in these examinations will always be interpreted in your favour by your instructors, and that the present period is the most important of your college course," the last remark being successively made to members of the third, second, and first years.

So much for prizes, properly so called,—the whole amount distributed in them throughout the University and in the colleges is over £2,000 a year! But the most important rewards and incentives for students yet remain to be noticed.

The colleges are corporations. The income of the wealth which has been bestowed on them at various times and accumulated during centuries, is held by fellows, the number of whom varies from sixty at the largest colleges, to five at the smallest. These corporations are self-continued,—each fellowship, as it falls vacant, being filled by election at the hands of the other fellows, or a portion of them. The emoluments and rights of fellows vary at different colleges; but, as a general rule, each fellow is entitled to a very superior set of rooms in college, to his meals at the high table, to a certain sum every week he resides at Cambridge, and to his equal share of the net income of the college, after all expenses are paid. The income of the fellows is thus several hundred pounds a year,—more at some colleges, less at others; but, in all, a very generous provision for a single man, just out of college himself. The fellows have their share in the

college government, though the statutes generally delegate this to the oldest eight or ten among them. From them are appointed, in most cases, the tutors, lecturers, and other instructors; and also the officers of discipline, but not the chaplains or librarian. The position of a fellow is eminently honourable and desirable. There are two drawbacks: removed very recently in some colleges, and strongly relucted* against in others. First, a fellow must, after a certain length of tenure, become a priest of the Church of England. Secondly,—a still more lively reminder of monastic times,—he must be content to live in single blessedness.

A portion of the income of the colleges is reserved for scholarships. Of these, Trinity College has seventy-two, and other colleges different numbers; some of the smaller only six or eight. They are offered for competition among the undergraduates, according to the result of a very liberal examination, so contrived as to give every scope for general ability. The competition is open to members of the second and third years together; the papers being designedly rather hard for the second year, and rather easy for the third. So that from the second year, the best are chosen, and, a year after, their somewhat inferior classmates, preference being given to those who have not another chance. A scholar has generally a set of rooms, rent free, his meals under certain conditions, and a share of the college fund. He is like the fellows on the foundation, a real member of the college,—the mass of the undergraduates being merely outsiders residing there. The scholarships are tenable till three years after graduation. A similar examination, a good deal harder, is held for the fellowships, open to those who are of one, two, or three years' standing after graduation. In some colleges no one can be superannuated as a candidate.†

* Americanism, signifying "submitted to with reluctance?"—Ed.

† Some of the scholarships, as the author explains in a chapter further on, are only open to men coming from certain places.—Ed.

Now to these two positions, scholars and fellows, no idea of a beneficiary, or of degradation, is attached. They are singularly honourable; they attract immense competition; those who turn up their noses at a first class in a college examination, or a silver cup for an English essay, rush to the scholarship trial without the ghost of a chance. And the reason is that all can get them. They are not a premium on poverty,—no man is passed over because he does not need assistance. It is held, and in my opinion rightly, that a superior scholar deserves a share in the college funds, whether he needs it or not. A student who is poor in intellect is no better because he is also poor in purse. Some of the richest men of England have sons who hold scholarships at college, and it is hailed as a good omen that the sons of the wealthy feel a pride at gaining something tangible by their own exertions.

Thus at Cambridge is the instinct of ability for study fostered and excited into active exertion by general prizes, by special rewards, and finally by incorporation into the very life of the colleges, and a more or less liberal pecuniary support; and all of these prizes have a most honourable character. For those whose circumstances are really low, there are very ample beneficiary funds at all the colleges. The holders of these are called sizars, from an old barbarous Latin word signifying portion. It will be remembered that poor Goldsmith was a sizar at Dublin University. In his time, and long after, there were several very degrading necessities of a servile character imposed on these beneficiaries. All these are done away with, but the sizars are still restricted to inferior rooms, and cannot avail themselves of college luxuries as fully as other students. They are also required to earn their share of the college fund by a certain amount of scholarship. It is perfectly true that the sizars, or as they are called at Oxford, servitors, are not on an equality of social relations with the others; I do not think, however, this arises from any superciliousness on the part of the more wealthy, but from what may be

called the agrarianism of the poor, particularly the poor student that fancies a slight when none is intended.* Some of the most distinguished Cambridge scholars and scientific men have been sizars.

The University has also a few very valuable scholarships, mostly for classical proficiency, awarded at an annual examination, open every year to all undergraduates in the first three years. The University Scholarship is the most honourable distinction next to the head of the Tripos.

So far for the students at Cambridge, for their studies, their instructors, their rewards. The remainder of the lecture belongs to those young men at Cambridge who are sent there to live, as being one of the best places where a young man can learn to live,—those who do not intend to study, and whom neither parents nor instructors expect to study. The system pursued with them is to an American one of the most curious incidents of an English University. It is to require nothing of them. I believe seriously a young man can reside at Cambridge ten years, if he will, without passing a single examination, or giving any sign of his existence as far as books, instructors, science, or literature is concerned. At the large colleges, where much attention is paid to study, there is some examination required for admission, and at various stages in the undergraduate career. These are easier to pass than not, as there are always plenty of questions that the stupidest and most wilful must answer in spite of himself. The University, again, will not give him a degree without examination. But how if he does not want a degree? How if he is content to live a member of some college three, five, eight years, and never become a Bachelor of Arts at all? Yet this is perfectly possible, and constantly done.

* A remark of peculiar liberality, coming from the mouth of a Republican addressing Republicans, and safe to raise any amount of applause by taking another view of the matter; but throughout Mr. Everett never condescends to court popularity by disguising his real sentiments, which are wonderfully free from prejudice. "Agrarianism," we suppose, here means rusticity.—ED.

Let us suppose, however, one grade above this depth of illiteracy. A scion of aristocracy is graciously pleased to honour Cambridge with his residence for a few years in order to obtain this degree. Not in honours, mind, like the classic or mathematician. His aim is the ordinary, the "poll" degree, a name from the Greek *οἱ πολλοί*, the multitude. In order to obtain this, he must pass through two ordeals. The first occurs in the second year. It is called by a very few and stiff authorities, and on official papers, the previous examination, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the Little-Go. It is the most crowded examination in Cambridge, everybody who is in his second year being required to pass it before he can get any sort of a degree. Those who propose to compete for honours have a somewhat harder Little-Go than the average. What, then, is the minimum required of every one, not to pass which is a bar on all further University progress? He is examined in one Greek author, one Latin author, and one of the gospels in the original Greek. The particular gospel and authors are appointed a year in advance. Besides this, he must be prepared on the first three books of Euclid, on easy Algebra, on Arithmetic, and on Paley's Evidences of Christianity. This last is the terrible stumbling-block. In order to pass the candidate has to do pretty well on all the papers. If he do very badly on one, or rather badly on two, he is plucked, and must wait for the next trial. For the Little-Go and the ordinary degree can be tried again and again.* I

* To middle-aged men who have married, and wish to leave the army or some other profession and take orders, the Little-Go is a terrible bugbear; that once passed they can cram up enough mathematics for the degree examination, but having left school so long, the small amount of classics required for the Little-Go is sufficient to puzzle them sadly. Those manage best whose wives are clever enough to "coach" them. One stalwart ex-captain, who was particularly desirous of becoming a rushlight of the church, but who was plucked whenever he presented himself, is popularly supposed to have received corporal chastisement at the hands of his better-half on each successive failure.—ED.

know a student, I believe still a member of the University, who has tried six times to pass this examination, and every year, as he comes out of the last paper, he begins his studies for it over again, without waiting to know if he has passed or not, so sure is he of the fatal result. Those who intend to compete for honours have a little more mathematics added to the Little-Go. Suppose this examination successfully past. At the end of the third year comes the ordinary-degree examination. This is on the same principle as the Little-Go. There is a Greek and a Latin author, the Acts of the Apostles in Greek, the History of the Reformation, and the Mathematical Theory of Mechanics, and Hydrostatics. The successful competitors for this are arranged in four classes, and in each class alphabetically. This is the final examination, in virtue of which the greater number of students take their degree. It can be postponed to any time, and any candidate who actually has entered it and failed can try twice more, at two additional examinations commonly called the "*post mortem*."

Of late, one addition has been made to the requirements of the ordinary degree. It is attendance on professors' lectures.

You will have wondered that I have as yet said nothing of the professors. There is a large body of very learned men who hold the professorships at Cambridge, in a great variety of departments. They have been founded at various times from 1503 downwards. They are called by the names of their founders, like ours, but in rather a different form. The five professorships founded by King Henry are the Regius professorships, Mr. Lucas's is the Lucasian, Mr. Lowndes's the Lowndean, and so on; the only ones not habitually altered being the Lady Margaret, —for an Englishman wouldn't for the world give up a Lord or Lady before a name,—and a few stubborn names, like Downing, Knightbridge, &c. The professorships are University offices,—but some have a connection with individual colleges. Thus the two Downing professors are

ipso facto part of Downing College. The Regius Professor of Greek is a Fellow of Trinity, and so a few others. These professors have always delivered lectures in their respective departments to voluntary classes,—but the audience depended entirely on the personal attractions of the lecturer ; and except with the attendance of prospective clergymen and physicians on the theological and medical lectures, and of a few ardent classical students on the Greek lectures, the scanty salaries of the professors,—for the University cannot afford to pay its officers well,—was but poorly eked out by lecture fees. Accordingly it was agreed, that, in order to get a little more study out of the lazy, all candidates for the ordinary degree must attend a course of professors' lectures, and bring a certificate from him of such attendance. Of course he will not grant such certificate without a little examination on the matter of his lectures. This system has certainly done the professors' pockets good, but not their reputation in the University, for by making attendance on their lectures a distinguishing mark of the πολλοί, it has sunk them still lower in the estimation of fine scholars !

This, then, is all asked of the ordinary student ; and how long preparation does it require to pass this ? I suppose that two months' faithful study on the Little-Go, and three on the final examination, with close attention to the professors' lectures, would easily do the work. But these gay young men have such a rooted aversion to study, that they will not do even this. No,—they will put off the Little-Go preparation till one month before, and the degree till two, and then such working,—such sweat and shiver, such prayers and curses ! If it were not for the real misery involved, it would be the most ludicrous sight in the world, the shifts and dodges that are tried to pass these examinations without resorting to the *sine quâ non*, the dreaded hard work. One student has faith in a particular tutor. "Big Smith"—such is the respectful name by which one of the most successful teachers is

habitually spoken of—has got more men through in the last ten years than anybody else. Accordingly, if you go to Big Smith, enough,—the work is done. Day after day, hour after hour, some fast young men at Magdalen will tramp down to Big Smith,—the entire length of the town,—not having prepared any work, not intending to hear or retain any instruction, but merely listening in blank faith to what his tutor says, thinking that now he may go off and play, for he has been to Big Smith, and that must get him through. Another believes getting up early is sure to accomplish the task,—so morning after morning he gives his servants enormous fees to pull him out of bed at seven o'clock. He may have been up till three or four last night,—he may go riding or shooting, or anything,—but still, Jones got through last year by getting up early, and so he is sure to. Then, when they do consent to study a little, instead of taking the actual books and finding out what they contain, they try to cheat the author out of his meaning by cards, analyses, abstracts, translations, and dodges innumerable; the use of which takes longer to learn than it would to get up the original properly. And thus in the same way that the stern, conscientious study of the honour men brings out a solidity and a brilliancy that the world never saw surpassed, so this shilly-shally, inefficient study of the poll men is apt to engender the most absurd blunders. The number of those related of the Little-Go and poll degree is immense, and daily increasing. Some of the old stories, however, may not be familiar to you.

Paley's definition of virtue was given,—“Man acts more from habit than reflection.” Another youth, who had read the Evidences of Christianity for his Little-Go, and the Natural Theology for another examination, gave up all attempts, after bringing out, as an answer to Hume's theory of miracles, this condition, minus a consequence: “If twelve men, of known probity, find a watch.” On another occasion, a candidate for his degree is said to have

stated the substance of St. Paul's sermon at Athens to be, "Crying out for the space of two hours, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." His neighbour traced a connection between the Old and New Testaments in the circumstance that Peter with his sword cut off the ear of the prophet Malachi.*

It would, however, be unjust to these men to omit that many of the ordinary degree men begin at the right time, work hard, and pass a much better examination than those who, on the strength of a little knowledge picked up at school, live a lazy life for three years, and just scrape through at the bottom of the list of honours.

And now, what do these men do the rest of their time? They need not study; are they allowed to play? Yes; to the full extent. They are not allowed to pass a night away from Cambridge without special permission; and most efficient measures are taken to prevent the possible evasion of this law. But while in Cambridge, they can have every luxury and every indulgence of the best kind. Their literary associates, students, instructors, authorities, do not pronounce them reprobates and profligates because they live the life that every young man naturally will lead who has no capacity nor taste for work. And so they do not force them into a mode of life which they never could

* The blunders of the idle are rivalled by those of industrious dulness. A friend, who had really studied hard for his degree, came to our rooms one morning triumphantly waving a paper on hydrostatics. "Well," we asked, "how have you done?" "Floored the paper!" "That is all right. What were the questions? Let me see;—'Describe a common pump.' How did you do that?"

"Oh, all right, I think; look here." And taking up a pen he drew a very neat pump, with valves and everything complete.

"Well, but the explanation?"

"Oh, I wrote; 'let the piston be at its highest point, and both valves open; it is evident that as the piston descends the water, W, will rise up the pipe, P, and flow out of the spout, S.'" Taking advantage of the valves being opened, we suppose. He was plucked.—Ed.

appreciate, and seldom could endure. They are not pronounced a public scandal for having wine freely in their rooms. On the contrary; a student's initiatory experience is very apt to be as follows:—His father brings him, on entering college, to the tutor; this worthy, who has no time to waste on Freshmen, hands him over to a fellow-student, "to assist him," as he says, "in making his purchases;" and as they are going out, the tutor whispers in the parent's ear—"A very steady, religious young man: you may trust your son's expenditure to him implicitly." They cross the street, to a glass and crockery shop, immediately in front of the gate; the steady, religious friend turns and says—"We'll go in here first. You'd better get your decanters and wine-glasses, &c, at once; although I suppose you've hardly got your wine down yet;" and so on. If the student is disposed to conviviality, all these same studious friends will crack their joke and take their glass at his dinners or suppers, laugh till their sides ache at his theatricals, gaze "with parting lips and straining eyes" at his cricket matches; and not, as was once done at a Yankee college, confiscate his boat, under the statute which forbade keeping a horse, dog, or other domestic animal. And this is, in a great measure, because he is not a drag and a dead-weight on their studies; he is not a bird of ill-omen at their lessons, constantly lowering their standard of scholarship without raising his own; they are not hampered by him as an unwilling coadjutor, but treat him as a man, a gentleman, and a friend; glad of his company on Parnassus, if he desires to worship Apollo; but not forcing him up that ascent, when his heart is with the Bacchanals on Cithæron.

And, on the other hand, the manner in which the scholars are treated by those who have no taste for study is equally generous and honourable. They do not stigmatize them by the exquisitely refined and classical names of dregs or prigs; they do not take every opportunity to deride and condemn literary competition; they do not,

finally, descend to that last and most contemptible pitch of working up their own little, crude, uncultivated talent to a sort of tinsel brilliancy in the effort to prove, by false argument and false rhetoric, in debating societies, in speeches, in college magazines, that it is beneath a man of refined tastes and lofty motives to show attention and reverence to the instructors of his University, and to pursue those studies which the world has for ages agreed to admit as profitable, as improving, as enchanting. On the contrary, they canvass his prospects in college and University honours with as much eagerness and even more indiscriminating heartiness than their own games and races. They raise a glad hurrah in the gallery when he takes his degree, and they hail it as an honour received, not a concession gained over strictness, if they can secure his presence at their meetings.

It is this spirit, fellow-citizens, which I wish to see introduced at our colleges. Heaven forbid that I should be unjust or ungrateful to dear Harvard. Heaven forbid that I should speak harshly or disparagingly of those associates I loved and honoured, or detract from that reputation for good feeling and generosity so nobly earned by the class to which I was proud to belong; there have been too many brought back in glory to the sepulchres of their fathers, too many, perchance, forgotten on Southern fields, for me to visit sternly the faults of my brethren, or draw odious comparisons between the countries. But I appeal to my younger friends here to-night; I appeal to all who have wandered in our classic groves;—Is there among us this noble generosity of feeling, so universal in England, which trusts each college-associate to choose that course which is to himself most useful and most honourable? How often have I seen the timid scholar driven to conceal or deny his labours by the supercilious verdict that condemned as unmanly and sycophantic all faithful performance of college lessons because they were such. How often has an ardent, honest love for the treasures of ancient learning

or science been sneered and hooted down by dilettante geniuses, who, forsooth, must select a course of literature for themselves, and fill their rooms with books they never read. And how often have I seen the very name of duty and religion made hateful by the bigotry of its professors, who, in their loud condemnation of the victims of temptations to which they never were exposed, and difficulties tenfold greater than their own, force merriment into an accursed and unnatural concubinage with vice, by expelling it from its legitimate partner, innocence.

In England the divisions into sets and cliques is much sharper among young men than here,—but the jealousy and ill-feeling far less. Every man is honoured, pitied, or despised according to the character of his success or failure in his chosen occupation. The oarsman is not the scholar, the man of pleasure is not the mathematician, but each of the four and a hundred other trades honours the others as fellow-men, as fellow-students, as fellow-Christians. From the highest to the lowest, there is a hearty recognition of the sacred truth, “that we are many members in one body, and all members have not the same office. The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee, neither the head to the feet, I have no need of you.” For my own thoughts of Cambridge, I value my successes, I regret my failures in the competitions of scholarship. I remember with never-dying affection the days and nights passed with the associates of study. I wear every day the gay badge of our ancient boat-club. But I never let myself be separated from another jewel, that recalls to me the dear friend Death will never show to me again,—that perfectly sweet and unselfish soul, endeared to me by a hundred hours of enjoyment, whose generosity excused all his failings, and whose countless frailties and errors are now reposing in trembling hope, together with his perfect love to God and man.

This, then, ladies and gentlemen, is the Cambridge system. For those who will study, the highest induce-

ments, for those who do not care to, a certain slight requirement, as a condition for University rank, and even this dispensed with for those to whom that rank is a nullity. I do not propose to go into the countless questions that will arise to all of you. Some of the details will appear in the course of these lectures, and the others are either unimportant to the general comprehension of the system, or of too technical a character to be understood in a description like this. I therefore propose to go no farther into the account of Cambridge studies, except as far as they may react on Cambridge life, which will form the next division of my course; but to ask your attention for the rest of the evening to the general effects of the whole system of instruction and acquirement on its subjects.

And, in the first place, the life of a Cambridge student is a hard one. It is no path of flowers; still less a bed of roses. The scholars at Cambridge are hard-working men, labouring for dear life to obtain prizes and honours offered, perhaps, in the ratio of one to every five competitors. Among these men there is no place for dabblers or dilettanti. With many of them their livelihood as schoolmasters, or clergymen, depends on their success in scholarship; with others, their early introduction into law or Parliament; and with all of them, that is, all the good ones, it is a real paramount business. For, of all things, an Englishman, and especially a Cantab, detests a Jack-of-all-trades,—a student who does a little classics and a little mathematics, a little rowing or a little debating.* If such a man, if any man, after taking up the regular studies in the place, begins to flag or fail, his private tutor will unhesitatingly inform him some day that their connection will terminate with that term. The tutors have no time to attend to

* This is right enough in the main, but we have known such a man taken for a Crichton, and made a hero of, by a large body of undergraduates, more than once. The authorities never like him.—ED.

men who play at studying; they want those who work at it. You may work up to as high or low a standard as you please; but there must be no falling off. Your little accomplishments, athletics, poetry, music, all done pretty well, with which you hope to set off your feeble scholarship, will only be despised, and you will be recommended to confine yourself wholly to them, and give up all idea of scholarship, or else drop them. "Will Perkins get his scholarship?" "Perkins; oh dear, no; he sets up to be a musical tip, you know. Then, he's always speaking at the Union; he's no chance to get a scholarship, even if he were clever enough." So far is this dislike to a variety of pursuits carried, so universal is the opinion that every man ought to have his specialty, that the prizes—for essays, poems, orations, &c.—are seldom objects of competition to the best scholars, and have fallen almost entirely into the hands of second-rate men, who devote their whole life at college to writing for them. It is considered no disgrace for the great men to miss them, nor an honour for the inferiors to get them. It is held that one man may take to prize-getting as a business, as well as another to prize-fighting. Another drawback to scholarship is, that your associates have no notion of your being at all sensitive about your successes or failures. Your prospects and history are habitually canvassed in the most open manner. You will find yourself dropped down or put up—the latter very seldom—two or three places from where you expect to be; your habits of wasting time, or injudicious exertion, freely talked of; and, if you have failed, your unsuccessful shots talked over and dilated on most unpleasantly. Scholarship is such a business, that a student must no more wonder at being told, he deserved to lose his first class, or that he can't begin to do Algebra, than a merchant to hear of his house being burnt uninsured, or his mortgage being foreclosed.

In this way the life of the scholar at Cambridge is, on the outside, void of all ease or poetry. It is a hard, up-

hill labour, a hand-to-hand fight—though the prospect from the mountain is extensive, and the conqueror's laurel a true evergreen. And one word let me say in mitigation. All that is wanted is, in spite of all this, that the prospective senior wrangler, or chancellor's medallist, should take a firm, manly stand at once. If he boldly announces what he can and will do, and then goes to work and does it,—be the standard ever so high or so low,—he will have every facility offered on the way, hearty congratulation if he succeeds, and kind condolence if he fails. If he have some little taste for music or debating, &c. if he stick to it, and do it well, he will be praised and shown off to his heart's content. And, finally, if he is a man of great general ability, if he can distinguish himself in several lines, he will be applauded to the skies, and his name handed down in the Freshman's Iliad for ever.

The same remarks that I have made about scholarship being a specialty and a business, apply equally to all the other pursuits of the University, to the rowing, the cricketing, and the other amusements. They are all taken up as by professionals and connoisseurs, are all worked on with might and main. The result of this is a tremendous development of activity among all the young men at Cambridge. I can truly say, that all the time I was there, I never knew but one English student whom I could really call lazy. There were plenty who did nothing but their own pleasure,—but they worked at that pleasure so hard, that to call them lazy was cruel injustice. This one individual would indeed be a model of laziness to any nation; but even he, after putting off the preparation for his degree far too long, took hold at the very last with an energy and concentration truly marvellous, and came to a very satisfactory result.

There are various disadvantages in this system which would be serious objections to its introduction into our American University; but they are disadvantages arising from the English character and habits, not recognized, and

perhaps not acting as disadvantages in England, and not peculiar to Cambridge. I shall, therefore, reserve the consideration of them till I speak in a subsequent lecture of the relations in which Cambridge stands to England. In closing to-night my account of Cambridge studies, and the first division of my lectures, I desire to end with words of commendation. The task is not difficult; it is rather difficult to know where to stop commending. But I believe I shall leave you with the most correct idea of what a mighty power Cambridge is, by pointing out three great advantages she has derived from her system of study.

From the subjects of study pursued in her halls have been moulded all her forms of thought and her tone of mind for many centuries. I have already endeavoured to bring out the admirable adaptation of Cambridge studies to strengthen and train the mind. But they are perhaps still more valuable as a means of directing the mind in its subsequent pursuits to a lofty tone of thought. The minds of men differ as their bodies,—marvellous genius, like dazzling beauty, may spring up in the rudest spots, and all the floods of study and sound learning may in vain beat on the rock of brutishness. But taking man as he is, it is impossible that any one of ordinary powers, brought up in a classic atmosphere, contemplating classic models, and taught in classic literature, should fail in refinement and purity of thought, in conciseness and elegance of diction, or that he should be habitually the victim of the crudities and shallowness that so infest our untrained modern students. And on the other hand, no one can have truly devoted himself to the immutable foundations, and the ever-rising structure of mathematics, without having his mind imbued to the end of his life with these two all-conquering principles,—stability and progress. Such has been the history of Cambridge. Firm in her basis, convenient and elegant in her design, she has been broad and high in her expansion; or, to change the metaphor,—in order to plant her pickets close, to dig her trenches deep, she has not dis-

dained the humble axe and spade ; the armour on her Amazonian limbs is bright with gold and jewels and sheeny steel, and plays and glances with every movement of her frame ; but when the day of battle comes, and she unsheathes her maiden sword, the lightning flash of its blade dazzles and blinds the trembling eyes of sin, and the trenchant edge deals wounds and death like hail among the alien hosts of Falsehood.

Again : the system of competition in all her studies has thrown into the men of Cambridge a common spirit and energy rarely seen even among young men. All the work is done in the eyes of a great cloud of witnesses by whom the scholar is encompassed ; they are marking every step of progress, and comparing it with their own. He is not studying alone and unnoticed ; he has a thousand lion-hearted youths to encourage, to sympathize, to assist, to conquer ;—their work is his ; their recreation is his ; their cares are his ; their warfare is his. And thus when Cambridge men act in the world, it is not as scattered individuals, not as divided factionists, miscalled confederations, but as one great band of brothers. They know each others' power, they have measured each others' strength, they have felt each others' blows ; each knows where his brother can assist him, or where he must assist his brother. And thus this great principle of rivalry, so in-rooted in all the great crafts where man is wont to exercise himself, not only stimulates and energizes the student, but unites and vivifies the great body of graduates, who, when their warfare is over, unite to carry through the world the honour and glory of their Alma Mater.

But it is from the last element in her system of study, —the element of individual action, that each student shall choose his own course for himself, and carry it out by himself,—that Cambridge derives her peculiar strength and power. It is by this that her student obtains a sense of personal duty in his work that nothing else can give. There is no compulsion on him ; no task-work. Silently

are the doors of the mother's temple thrown open ; if he will, he may enter, and take his place with the initiated. If, therefore, he choose to enter, rather than remain with the jesting throng without, it is for his honour and his conscience to carry out the noble work he has undertaken. If he fail aright to gain the mystic secret,—if, when the heavens are about to open, and the revelation of the tender goddess to descend, he mar the ceremony with words or acts of ill-omen,—when the minister thrusts him from the temple, he will see the sad faces of the worshippers turned to him, saying plainer than words, “Thou thyself would'st have it so.” It is this spirit of individual obligation that has carried the men of Cambridge to such glory. Whether it be Bacon, selecting all knowledge for his province ; or Cromwell, standing alone against the bigotry of the Commons, the plots of the Cavaliers, and the hatred of Europe ; or Milton, seeing in blindness, in poverty, in obloquy, the visions which none other saw, and making it his chosen work to justify the ways of God to men ; or Newton, dashing at a blow all the nice systems of the world concocted by French subtlety ; or Paley, alone daring to strike at the towering spires of serpentine infidelity ; or Pitt, holding to the supreme power, when yet a boy, against the incensed senate ; or Macaulay, fighting for truth and justice, against the entire fanaticism and malice of Scotland ; still throughout the earth are sounding the mighty footsteps of the sons of Cambridge, treading fearlessly in their chosen course, like the hero of old, for the star of their mother points the way.



V.

LIFE OF AN UNDERGRADUATE—REGULAR.

Trinity College selected as the Type.—Dinner in Hall.—College Kitchen and Courtyard.—Union Society.—Vespers on a Saint's Day.—A Student's Evening.—A Breakfast Party.—Treatment of Younger by Older Classes.—Private Tutor.—A Walk.



IN my lectures hitherto I have brought to your notice the objects, methods, and incentives to study at the University of Cambridge, and considered how far these were compulsory on the undergraduate, and—to a certain extent—what was their effect upon him. In short, I have tried to give the University from the point of view of the authorities. I propose in the five following lectures to take it up from the student's point of view, and consider what is the life of the young men at Cambridge, and what position they have taken in the world after leaving it; in other words, what manner of men are there now, and what manner of men have been there in years past.

If I were to attempt a theoretical description of student-life at Cambridge, laying down accurately wherein it resembles and wherein it contradicts the system of American or German Universities, I should be at a loss where to begin or end. The simplest method will be to take up the life of the student practically,—to pass a day with an

undergraduate. Let us, then, to-night see what a Cambridge man does in the course of an ordinary day's experience, and on Friday we will go with him to some of his more exceptional duties and pleasures, which, when they occur, rather conflict with the ordinary passage of events. In the course of this little friendly visit, the explanations of various technical points will occur more naturally than if we attempted to reduce them to a philosophical system.

Our new acquaintance, then, is a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his second year. Pensioner is the name given to the great mass of students who pay for their board and lodging, and are in no way on the foundation of the College. I have chosen Trinity as the typical college for several reasons. In the first place it is the largest, having more than twice as many residents as the next largest. In the second place, it contains undergraduates of all tastes; science and literature are almost equally pursued there, and, in almost all cases, it stands at the head of all the athletic and sporting interests. Furthermore, it was my college. The first thing every Englishman, and particularly every Cambridge man, does after you are introduced to him is to ask you to dinner. We will, therefore, take a plain dinner with our friend in the hall of Trinity at four o'clock, P. M. The hall is an immense structure, of the age of James I, a hundred feet long, forty wide, and fifty high. Its high-peaked roof shows exposed the quaintly-ornamental rafters of massive oak, and the open lantern at the top allows the pigeons to fly in and out at all hours. The floor is of solid stone, though raised many feet above the ground. The walls are wainscoted up to their full height, and covered with portraits of the great men and benefactors of Trinity. The lofty Tudor windows, especially where, at the upper end, a species of transept opens right and left into two gorgeous oriels, are decorated with coats-of-arms of the peers and bishops that Trinity has nurtured. Conspicuous at the upper end is blazoned, in gilded wood, the arms of

England, France, and Ireland, and beneath the motto of the Virgin Queen, the triumphant "*Semper Eadem.*" Right beneath this protecting ensign is raised a double dais, whereon athwart the hall are spread the tables for the high and mighty. Below, five ranges of tables extend the whole length of the hall, of oak, solid as the stone floor itself, with benches to correspond, while in the centre is the quaint apparatus for warming, an ancient open pan or brazier, piled up from November till May with live coals, and expelling the colder air from the whole vast apartment. Our friend is seated with his compeers at one of the benches in the centre of the hall. You observe that they have all placed their square caps beneath their seats,—not a very good place, it must be confessed, for an article easily bent and broken, and, indeed, the academic dress is seldom in good preservation. They all retain their gown, which here is made of serge, and of a deep blue colour, by which Trinity is distinguished, each college adopting its own form of the general type. At Oxford there is no such distinction. The gown is a graceful and light affair. A Bachelor of Arts in every college has a black one of a little fuller pattern, with two black ribbons in front. A Master of Arts has a gown more ample still, while a Doctor of Divinity or Law rustles in full-blown splendour like the head of the Church.

Our friend remains standing for a few moments while two of the authorities read alternately a Latin grace, and then the work of destruction begins. The dinner this day is rather better than usual, for it happens to be dedicated to one of the great saints in the English calendar, and on the saints' days poultry and ducks are immemorially added to the ordinary masses of beef and mutton. The carving, or rather the hacking, is very rough. Everybody is in a tremendous heat and steam, particularly the waiters, who are on the look out that too much shall not be eaten. For observe here one of the exquisite abuses and vested rights by which the English Universities are eaten

up ; the ample dinner in hall is not provided by the college authorities. The army of servants, gyps, bed-makers, &c, contract to supply so much meat to the college cook ; * he sends it up to table, and all that is left, which, properly husbanded by an intelligent *artiste*, would furnish half the next day's meal, goes back as perquisites to the original proprietors. So day after day you see on the table nothing but vast joints of beef, mutton, and pork, except when a blessed saint's day brings poultry. A few luxuries like soup can be had by paying extra.

The college is so immense, five hundred and twenty-five undergraduates, that even this monstrous hall will not contain them all. There is, therefore, two-thirds of the year, a second dinner for the Freshmen, equally hot and good, but at the less convenient hour of five. But even with this, the pushing, fighting, hacking over joints, in a scene where the attendance is of the roughest, the eating of the plainest, no regular seats are assigned, and such little niceties as napkins are unknown, make the college hall of Trinity pretty dismal, except for a very hungry man. If eight or ten friends, however, agree to be punctual, and always get the same places, they can do very well. On one side of the room is a table where the fare is a good deal neater, if not better, and the attendance more abundant and quiet. It is that of the foundation scholars, the best students of their year, who receive this dinner gratis on condition of extra regularity at chapel. Still further up on the same side is the table for the Bachelors of Arts. Here the fare and attendance are

* There is abundance; but served with savage roughness; and there can be no doubt that the whole system of the Trinity dinners is disgraceful, and demands a thorough reform. Consider the numbers who pay for their dinner every day whether they dine or not, and what Epicurean banquets a club or regimental messman would provide with such funds at his disposal ! Not that an undergraduate requires luxury, but he really ought to dine like a gentleman, not be fed like a pig.—ED.

very decidedly improved; wine is provided, and certain rules are adopted to secure order and quiet. And above, on the dais, at those tables athwart the hall,—contemplate with me, if you please, the magnificence of that dinner. It is the Fellows' table that you see; the table where those who are no longer undergraduates, no longer bachelors, but are resting in the unequalled glory of Masters of Arts and fellows of the college, in the plenitude of their full-sleeved gowns, are enjoying one of the very best dinners ever put on a table. On the festival of a saint, when it is known that the fare will be something quite surpassing, each fellow generally asks one or two guests, and happy are those who get such invitation. In sober earnest—since the fellows are a good deal shut out from the world and female society, and are living a regular monastic life, they are determined to have the very best dinner they can for their money. Notice those five or six young men in blue cloth gowns, ornamented with a profusion of silver lace, who are sitting with the fellows. They are undergraduates called fellow-commoners, who have the privilege of sitting in hall and chapel with the fellows on condition of wearing this very conspicuous gown, of paying nominally twice, and really three times as much for all college expenses, and of renouncing all claim to scholarships and fellowships. At the other colleges, the position of fellow-commoner is chiefly reserved for elderly men, who study for the Church late in life, who would not enjoy mixing with undergraduates, and who are very often married men. At Trinity, however, the fellow-commoners are generally young men of rank and fortune, who want to get the most for their money. You will notice also a couple of young men near the head of the table, evidently undergraduates, but still in the full master's gown. They are noblemen, or the eldest sons of noblemen, and have literally to pay four times as much for all regular college expenses, and are fleeced in a hundred other ways.

But your attention is attracted to the lower part of the

hall,—what is that large silver vessel going from hand to hand? It is an immense drinking cup, filled with a peculiar brand of strong ale, brewed by the college, and known as *Audit*, because every year a new tap is broached on the day when the accounts are audited. It is only produced on these few special days in the hall, and is greatly sought after. A slight scrimmage you will observe arises between our friend and his neighbour, founded on an accusation that our acquaintance had both the last draught of the exhausted cup and its first when replenished. The joints of meat and poultry are now cleared away, except where a few stragglers who have come in very late are endeavouring to extract some comfort out of a sadly torn and plundered leg of mutton. They are succeeded by a tolerable stock of plain puddings and pies,—the scholars having the glorious privilege of selecting their own second course. All this time two college servants have been walking up and down the hall, pricking off on two long written—not printed—lists the names of all present. Observe the gesture of the marker at this moment. There is an undergraduate at the open door of the hall, raising his cap to attract attention. The marker nods and marks him, as being there, though not wishing to stay and dine. Above where this youth has just appeared, our friend's notice is drawn right in the middle of his ale, by sarcastic remarks to the effect that he is under scrutiny. Sure enough, in the gallery opening into the hall above the door are a large party of ladies and gentlemen, paying a visit to Trinity College, and stopping to look down and see the animals fed. There, through at last. Our friend is off like a shot. He does not wait for the final grace. This is not read by the fellows themselves,—they are too much overcome by their exertions to be thankful, so two of the scholars are obliged to wait long after they have got through their own in order to return thanks for the fellows' dinner.

As our friend leaves the hall, he stops in the passage just outside the door to read the notices posted upon the open

screen that cuts off this passage. He sees that W. H. Stone has won the college prize for Alcaics ; the Professor of Moral Philosophy begins his lectures next Wednesday ; Professor Harold Browne of Emmanuel will preach next Sunday in Great St. Mary's, the University Church ; and the Trinity Cricket Club will meet for choice of officers. His next step is down a low archway into the great college kitchen. Here the old institution of a smoke-jack is in perfection, roasting scores of joints and whole coops of poultry at once. High up on the old stone walls are two insignia of the kitchen ; one apparently the shell of a vast turtle, presage of good cheer ; the other the ancient arms of the college, the English Lion and Roses, and the grand old motto, that has sustained the sons of Trinity through many a hard contest with wickedness in high places,—“ Virtue is the true nobility.”* Our friend steps into a little office at the side of the kitchen, and gives a modest order. The whole cookery business of a college at Cambridge is really an institution. Each college has its staff of excellent cooks who not only serve the public dinner in the hall, but also furnish meals and provisions ready cooked on any scale of magnificence or simplicity to members of the college. Considering the superior quality of the food and cookery, and the promptness with which it is served, the prices charged are by no means exorbitant. A graduate, bachelor, or master of arts, can order any amount he likes, merely by signing his name. An undergraduate is confined within certain limits ; but a special order signed by his tutor supersedes these, and these tutor's orders for breakfast, dinner, and supper are accorded with very great liberality. Having requested the cook to send in a pair of cold fowls and a tongue in the course of the evening, our friend retraces his steps, and passes out into the courtyard.

* “Virtus vera nobilitas.”

The Old Court of Trinity is one of the most splendid monuments at Cambridge. It is far the largest academic courtyard in England, being an irregular square of over two acres in extent. On the west side are the hall, with a few plain modern buildings, containing the kitchen, &c, in connection with it, and also a beautiful bit of battlemented Tudor architecture, the Master's Lodge, or residence of the head of the College. On the north is a small row of plain buildings, of the time of the Stuarts, occupied by some of the dignitaries, and a fine old gateway, whereon is a statue of Edward III, founder of King's Hall, the germ of Trinity College; beneath him is the motto, "*Pugna pro patriâ*," and still lower the proud announcement, "*Tertius Edvardus, famâ super æthera notus*." Above him is a clock, which strikes every hour twice. The members of the neighbouring College of St. John's complaining that Trinity clock struck too loud, a second movement was added which struck in a softer note, and they were perfectly satisfied. The chapel, a long, ugly piece of modern pseudo-Gothic, completes the side. The east and south sides are occupied by a long series of very comfortable lodging apartments, the main walls of the time of Queen Elizabeth, when all the students are understood to have had beds arranged throughout the length of one or two long dormitories; therefore the partitions are more recent. In the rear of one side is access to the lecture-rooms, and exactly opposite the Master's Lodge stands the main gateway, surmounted by Henry VIII. without and James I. within. Every one of these suites of rooms teems with recollections of the great men who have lived there. But suffice it to mention one single staircase, leading to six sets of rooms. In that have lived successively Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Lyndhurst, Macaulay, Thackeray, and Tennyson. The centre of the court is divided into six plots of the velvet turf of England, clipped and rolled to the last degree of softness. It is a high offence for any one under the degree of master of arts to walk on the grass. In the

centre is a grand old fountain under a magnificent canopy of ornamented stone-work, near it one of Troughton's curious sun-dials. But our friend has seen all these things again and again. He hurries through the gateway. As he stops to speak to the porter, does he reflect that the rooms over his head were Lord Bacon's?

He passes out into the crooked, narrow, busy Trinity Street. It is full of brilliant shops and dingy lodging-houses. Immediately opposite the gate stands the entrance to the last new Court of Trinity,—a gift of the present honoured head of the College. A few rods through Trinity Street bring him to Green Street, and up the steps of the Union Society. The Union Societies of Cambridge and Oxford are exceedingly characteristic institutions. They are open to the whole body of the University. Anybody can join who likes, without the formality of an election. That at Cambridge contains a very well stocked reading-room, good library, and convenient writing-room. All the popular newspapers and periodicals are found there. Its five hundred members making constant use of it from day to day, never, perhaps, writing a note out of its rooms, or reading for amusement anything not supplied by it, are yet to a vast extent wholly careless of who controls it, or what it does as a society. Its active working in all the points I mention is in the hands of two managing clerks. They are overseen by a board of officers, chosen every term from among the whole body of members, graduates and undergraduates. For these offices, in an American college, the competition would be terrific, the canvassing incessant, and the meeting for business most stormy. Scarce anything of this is known at Cambridge. All the officers are frequently elected without opposition term after term. A contested election twice a year is a very large allowance. And hardly anybody cares about the business-working of the society. When a contested election does arise, it is generally on some point like college rivalry, wholly apart from the real business.

The debates excite a little more interest. Every Tuesday evening a debate is held in the large reading-room, on some subject previously announced. Any one is at liberty to propose a subject; but there is so little eagerness to assume this post, that it generally falls on the officers to find somebody to bell the cat, or else do it themselves. I should very willingly give you a little abstract of one of these debates, if there were anything to abstract; but their general character is beneath contempt; once in a while there is an animated discussion, still less often a good speaker, and on very rare occasions a full house.* Englishmen are not commonly orators; they consider public speaking as much a specialty, a gift of individuals, as acting or concert-singing, and, in truth, the orator is put very much on the same level. Several causes have conspired to raise in Cambridge, more even than in the rest of England, a contempt for rhetoric. It is considered a jugglery, a cheat, something contraband, which a gentleman and a scholar had better keep clear of. Even when a Cambridge undergraduate does consent to express his views in public, it is in a deprecatory style, as who should say, "Don't tell of me." I have heard a man, acute, well-informed, lively, rise to speak on a question he understood and had studied, and on which he wanted and intended to speak, in a house that respected and liked him, with a subtle but shallow antagonist to oppose, and in the certainty of a strong cause; and his exordium was in this style. "Mr. President,—I didn't mean to speak to-night, and I haven't much to say. I don't intend to trouble the House long; but, really, the last speaker didn't seem to me to know what the discussion is about at all. I don't think he un-

* Mr. Everett must remember one or two exceptionally crowded houses, when he himself went down to denounce "The Times," or support the cause of the North. But the period of his residence was not a brilliant one for oratory; some ten years before the Cambridge Union could boast of several eloquent, and one most humorous speaker.—ED.

derstood the question, because," &c. &c. And all this is not like the phrases we are so much accustomed to: "Sir, it is with no premeditated speech that I rise to address this assembly," &c, which, delivered as glibly as a school-declamation of "Spartacus," causes about as much illusion in our minds. My friend really and truly hadn't prepared anything; he didn't mean to detain the house; his rising that night was merely because conscience, reason, sense, spirit, had temporarily prevailed in the life-long fight with habit and prejudice which bade him avoid all such public performances. But they could not prevail far enough to give dignity to his manner, life to his voice, and spirit to his diction. Therefore I can give you no better idea of the Union debates than by leaving them undescribed. In general, they are death itself. There comes every now and then a season when a few active souls stir the Union into life. But even then the animation cannot create the habit of good speaking, to which the whole genius of the place is opposed; and the most intelligent audiences of Cambridge young men, always professing the most thorough contempt for rhetoric, are habitually carried off their feet by the most worn-out claptrap. There are two subjects which never fail to rouse the flagging interest, and produce lively, if not eloquent debates. One is anything connected with the ecclesiastical establishment of England; the other, any question of the immediate management of College and University. The foreign affairs of Europe and America are tolerably suggestive; literature, science, and philosophy, dead weights.

But we have been leaving our friend an unconscionable time on the Union steps; to be sure he has been discussing whether Davis will win the University scholarship next year; and this all-absorbing topic of interest for the classical students at Cambridge is enough to excuse any delay or impoliteness. But now he bounds up, and rushes into the reading-room, for he missed the paper this morning. As he takes up the "Times," and subsides into a very comfortable arm-

chair, he casually asks his neighbour, "If the Yankees have got another drubbing?" but, before he can get an answer, his eye catches the telegram of the battle of Chattanooga, and he does not repeat the question.* The "Times" is soon discussed, a couple of other papers skimmed over, two or three magazines ditto, and a couple of letters written and posted. By this time, the deep-toned chapel bell of Trinity is beginning to sound loud in his ears, and he reflects that a slight neglect of the religious services, in the early part of the week, will necessitate attendance to-night. It being, as we have said, a saint's day, he repairs to his room. It is in Letter D, New Court. There are now four courts in Trinity,—the Old or Great, Neville's, the New,—about thirty-five years old,—and the Master's. He crosses the Great Court, defiles past the entrance of the hall, and emerging in the Neville's Court, slips through a portion of the cloisters, and under an archway into the New Court. Already he sees the stream of white surplices filing from every staircase; for at service on Saturday evening, Sundays, and saints' days, every member of the college, except the noblemen, has to appear in a white surplice, as though he were about to read the service. He enters the door over which the letter D is painted, the staircases, or, as we should say at Harvard, entries, being lettered. His room is gained, gown dashed off and surplice donned. Another run across the court; plenty of time, though, the service does not begin till a quarter of an hour after the bell. He enters the chapel, a narrow, inconvenient building, of very slight architectural merit. It is divided, like all the college chapels in England, into two parts, by a screen of oak, above which is the organ. The ante-chapel contains some fine stained windows: the memorial tablets of many fellows of Trinity who are buried there; and three glorious statues. Right and left of the passage, through the screen, are those of Barrow

* This Lecture was delivered January 26, 1864.

and Bacon, and near the entrance is Roubiliac's masterpiece—the statue of Isaac Newton, with the motto, “*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit.*”

But our friend has seen all this before. He does not stop to notice it; nor the beautiful carving of Gibbons with which the chapel itself is filled. At the upper end is the communion-table, raised on three high steps; along each side of the remainder run two tiers of raised seats, the masters of arts and fellow-commoners occupying the highest, the bachelors of arts, choristers, and undergraduate scholars the second. The seats for the body of the students are hard benches, with very flat apologies for cushions, not to sit, but kneel upon, arranged lengthwise throughout the body of the chapel and chancel. On one of these our friend seats himself, and watches the white crowd pour in. The bachelors of arts wear hoods, trimmed, with white swansdown, hanging down their backs; the masters, hoods, of black and white silk, and the doctors, scarlet. Presently pour in the two rows of chorister-boys, who take the treble parts; there are six of these on each side, together with half the number of adult male singers. The effect of these eighteen voices is very good, and the responsive parts are beautiful. There—enter the venerable head of the college, ushered to a high seat next the door; follow him the two deans,—officers who attend to the police-work of the college,—taking their seats on high, behind the choristers. The chaplain rises at the upper end. The evening service of the Church of England is performed, in a manner which seems very hurried to an American; but which soon appears in very favourable contrast to the drawl so common here. As the “General Confession” is begun, see how every undergraduate rises from his seat, turns round, and bodily *kneels*; neither sits nor bows, nor any compromising posture. The musical part of the service is very good. The Psalms are chanted responsively, and to very beautiful tunes. The lessons from the Bible are always read by some member of the college proper or foundation; to-night

being a saint's day, by a fellow, on Saturdays and Sundays by a bachelor scholar, on weekdays by an undergraduate scholar. This is a very pleasing part of the service, and greatly interests the young men themselves in it.* All this time the two markers have been pacing up and down the chapel pricking down those who are present. The general bearing of the undergraduates is orderly, except at the extreme upper end, behind the chaplain, which is infested with talkers, and called Iniquity Corner. There is always, at the appropriate part of the service, an anthem, adapted from some first-rate composer, and generally very well performed. But to-night it is one of those persistent ones where some refrain, as "Hallelujah," is repeated over and over again, till it seems as if it never would stop. At last,—no, just as the whole congregation is going to kneel, the tenor breaks out "Hallelujah" again, the counter-tenor catches it from his lips, follow the bass, and six trebles in full cry "Hallelujah" three times over; and then, after an interminable peal of "Amens," the chaplain begins hurrying through—truth obliges me so to say it—the last prayers. As the clock strikes seven, he concludes; and the white crowd pour out.

At the door of the chapel our friend meets one of his friends, a bachelor fellow. This gentleman was Senior Classic a year ago, and gained his fellowship the first time, so he is a model of scholarship and regularity to every one, and an object of great admiration to the younger members of the college. They stroll together to the fellows' staircase in the cloisters, and he says, "Come round to tea and whist this evening at nine." The invitation is eagerly accepted, and off runs our friend, for he must get through a good bit of work to-night, and it has struck seven. So, to secure himself from all interruption, he sports the outer door. These outer doors are tremendous constructions of hard wood, opening outwards, and so, when fastened by a

* We are truly glad to hear this.—ED.

spring-lock, absolutely impenetrable without a key. When shut to they are said to be sported. Within this barricade our friend's domain consists of a front room about fourteen feet by thirteen, looking into the court-yard, a back room not quite as wide, and a small dark cupboard called a gyp-room, where miscellanea are kept. Into this receptacle he carefully puts the fowls and tongue aforesaid, which he finds have arrived from the kitchen in his absence. As to the internal appearance of the apartment suffice it to say it is a college room,—though not, on that account, the carpetless, curtainless den of a bear as we are requested to believe before Gail Hamilton's errata came out. No, it is very comfortable, and all the more from having a good soft-coal* fire in an open grate, instead of that abomination, a cast-iron stove.

Our friend gets out his Plato and Dictionary, and also writing materials. His first work is to prepare some composition, as it is called. This does not mean an English essay. No, his private tutor has handed him, on a piece of paper, a copy of twenty lines from Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite." This, if you please, he is to translate into Latin Hexameters as near like Virgil as possible. And he will do it too, and it won't take him an hour and a quarter to do the rough copy. And the rest of the time till nine he'll have to read some Plato. And in doing these verses not a shadow of grammar or dictionary will he use, and yet the verses will be very far from bad. So he works away, cheerfully but silently. At about half past eight a rustling is heard in the back room; the door is opened, and slowly appears an aged grim figure, not unlike the witches in Macbeth, holding a dimly burning lamp. Yet the brave heart of a Cambridge youth never

* English comforts have evidently entered into the lecturer's soul. Is *soft* coal so called to distinguish it from the charcoal or coke burned in stoves, which remains hard and crisp during combustion?—Ed.

quails. He only says, "O, Mrs. Day, breakfast for six tomorrow at nine,—please order coffee and muffins at Hattersley's."—"Very well, sir;" and the bedmaker, who has entered by a door to which she alone has the key, disappears, laying a funny little twisted note on his table. It requires an immediate answer, and fearing to trust the venerable genius of the apartments with his message, he slips on cap and gown, and hies him to his friend's room just outside the gate.

As he is hurrying back, nine having already struck, behold a singular scene. A procession is seen advancing, consisting of a master of arts in full academicals, with white tie and bands, and behind two stalwart men, their coats ornamented with a profusion of buttons. The train moves speedily up to an undergraduate without a gown, and in a little jaunty hat. "Are you a member of the University, sir?" says the clergyman, raising his cap politely. "Yes, sir." "Why have you not your academic dress on?" No excuse is apparent. "Your name and college, if you please, sir." "Jones of Trinity Hall." "Jones of Trinity Hall; I fine you six and eight pence, sir; remember,"—to his attendants,—"Jones of Trin. Hall, 6s. 8d."—and the train goes on. This is *proctorizing*; the reverend one is a proctor,—the attendants are usually called bulldogs. There are two proctors, and two assistant proctors, chosen from the colleges by a peculiar rotation. It is their duty to attend to various University matters, but particularly to parade the streets in this way, with their attendants, reprehending all offences against University discipline or public morality.

Meanwhile our friend has slipped through the gate and reached his entertainer's rooms in the cloisters. There on the table are many loaves of bread, little pats of butter, each, according to the measure I stated, an inch roll, and sturdy white gallipots of jam, which is eaten wholesale on bread at Cambridge. All this is from the host's private stores. Two or three cups of strong tea are discussed,

and the party sits down to whist. I can't pretend to give you all their hands, or who won each odd trick; but I must, at the risk of shocking everybody, say that all Cambridge, including the steadiest and most religious men, plays whist and other games for money, though the stakes are generally small. As the night wears on, frequent peals at the gate bell are heard. To explain these it must be noticed, that at sunset all the various entrances into the colleges are shut and locked except the one at the great gate. At ten, this also is locked, but the porter is in his lodge, to let in every one that rings the bell. All entering after lock-up are registered, and a very trifling fine levied for all between ten and twelve. After twelve the chain is put up, and a terrible blowing up is the consequence of coming in later. If repeated, the results are serious, though in no way affecting the rank in scholarship.

As twelve approaches these peals come louder and thicker, —then voices are heard perhaps rather uproarious,—our friends break up their party. The night is so lovely, that two or three of them cannot resist pacing up and down the old cloisters, whose echo sounds like the step of a comrade, or along the flagged path in the great court, where the fountain splashes ceaselessly all night long. O these walks in Trinity Court at night! Those whose feet once kept pace with mine are pacing the deck of the Indian steamer, or mounting guard on the battlements of Fort William, or treading wearily the narrow rooms of many a school and parsonage all over England, and some have found rest at last. But never did lighter feet echo to lighter hearts than along the gray flagstones of the courts of Trinity. Our friend at length seeks his chamber,—the fire is happily not out, and he sinks upon an exceedingly comfortable bed.

At about half past six he is aroused to consciousness by allusions to the hour and morning chapel. It is from his gyp, who thinks it proper his master should attend. “No, thank you, Stacey,” is the groan from under the bedclothes. “Don't forget breakfast at nine.” Finally, after a roll or

two, about a quarter past seven he rises, and from his bedroom window contemplates the prospect. A beautiful old lawn, still of England's velvety softness, varied by broad walks under lines of old trees,—on the left is the college brewery, and on the right the Trinity bridge is visible. But what he thinks of is the December fog coming right up the river as thick as a Scotch mist, and freezing him to the bones to look at. In a few minutes, however, he is seated in his front room at a nice fire, duly made for him, observe, by the bedmaker. To her he hands a slip of paper,—it is an order on the kitchen. He then looks over and corrects the Latin verses of last night, and reads a little more Plato; thus securing a good hour and more of work before breakfast. At half past eight he moves his work to another table, for now his bedmaker enters and proceeds to lay the cloth, together with knives, forks, &c, all from his own stores. Nine o'clock strikes,—a great rattle outside; enter a boy bearing a waiter covered with green baize,—green baize taken off discloses cups, saucers, and spoons for six; large coffee-pot, full of first-rate hot coffee, cream, sugar, and hot milk to correspond, two covered plates of muffins. These, be it observed, are supplied from the grocer's, outside the college walls.

Knock,—“Come in;” enter first guest, who throws down cap and gown in a corner, and proceeds to warm himself, or look out of the window. Notice the court full of strong men clad in white, carrying heavy blue wooden trays on their heads. They are the cook's men, bringing the breakfasts from the college kitchens to such as order them. Observe, these hot breakfasts, ordered from the grocer's and kitchens, are exceptional affairs; generally, every one contents himself with bread and butter, from the college butteries,—a different place from the kitchens,—and coffee or tea made by himself in his own rooms. One of these cooks is seen approaching Letter D. Then tramp, tramp, like the horse in *Don Giovanni*,—and crash,—the heavy tray let down on the landing. Delicately are fried

soles, grilled fowl, and curried sausages extracted and set down to warm before the fire, where a stack of plates has been undergoing that operation for half an hour.

The rest of the guests soon assemble. They are five in all; two in their second year, like the host, and three freshmen. Three freshmen invited by a second year man! Yes. They are of course new to the college. And having some acquaintance with one of them, having been to school with the brother of the second, and having already met the third at a friend's rooms, the host thinks it his duty, as a gentleman and a student, to show them this hospitality and every attention he can. For the knowledge how to furnish his rooms, &c, a new-comer almost always depends on a friend of advanced standing; in a great measure his only acquaintances, except his schoolfellows, for many weeks, are older men, and in short, throughout his freshman year, an undergraduate looks to those of the years above him for assistance, advice, and attention of every kind.

Young men of Harvard! Do you recognize such a picture? Does a new-comer to your college,—just leaving home, just fresh from school, just quitting boyhood, thrown into a strange place, with a journey to pursue, a way to make he knows nothing of, among new faces, new scenes, new occupations,—does he find advice, assistance, attentions, friendship from those in the year above him? Do they seek him out on a slight acquaintance, and endeavour to make his path easier? I am ready to hide my face with shame, when I think of the contrast. I am almost ready to renounce my countrymen, when I think how I, and a hundred freshmen with me, and ten thousand before and after, have been received at Cambridge and Oxford by men belonging to the nation, whose shyness and indisposition to court acquaintance have grown into a proverb. For I remember, I see now the despicable substitute at our own colleges, for this truly gentlemanly, noble, Christian behaviour. I see the laws of politeness, of

decency, of the land itself, habitually broken ; sometimes ludicrously, sometimes tragically, but never from any better motive, than that which, beyond the college walls, condemns the character of a man in any society, fondness for practical joking. I have seen these silly, cowardly, blackguardly practices, known at one college or another by some miserable cant name, carried out year after year in one form or another, any one of which practised three miles from college would subject its perpetrator to fine and imprisonment ; and practised on the most defenceless, the most inexperienced, the most timid of the academic community, and because they are defenceless, inexperienced, and timid, not because they have raised a finger to provoke a single insult or outrage.

And yet our colleges claim to surpass the community in a high tone of feeling,—yet our students fill pages of a magazine, and spout reams of verses about “generosity,” “kindliness,” “the nobility of the student character,” and they leave their debating society, where these fine sentiments have been applauded to the echo, to indulge the pleasures of a baby, after the manner of a New York fireman. And I put together the two pictures of English and American students, and, with all my love for Harvard, my heart sinks in despair.

And yet, not so ; for I do believe the time will come when this shall be done away with ;* I believe there are to be students of our colleges, who, when they have ended their own course as freshmen, will begin a new era of protection, of generosity, of friendship, to their successors. If such there are, as I fervently trust there may be, within

* Mr. Everett has all the better ground for this hope, that a vast improvement has taken place in this respect at the University which he holds up as a model, within the last twenty years. We remember the time when practical joking was carried to great lengths at one or two of the smaller colleges, and even knew a morbidly sensitive man who pined and died in consequence of the treatment he received.—*Ed.*

the sound of my voice, let me urge them, as their sincere friend, as the friend of our common college, as the friend of our dear country, no longer, no longer to let the students of an English University surpass them in manliness, in generosity, in courage.*

But we have allowed our friends plenty of time to eat their breakfast, and it is getting near ten. On ordinary days, our friend would go to Lecture at this hour; but it is Saturday, a fact sufficiently shown by the freshmen being disengaged at nine, they having two hours' lecture, from nine to eleven, five days in the week. So, his friends slipping away one by one (but not before the large pewter mug of ale, with its glass bottom, has gone round) he secures another good pull at Plato, and then goes to his private tutor in the next college, that of St. John's. You have not missed much by not going into Lecture. It is held in a large bare room, with benches, and long tables covered with green baize. The students, in their gowns, in numbers varying from fifteen to one hundred and fifty, are seated; and the lecturer stands behind a desk, whence he discourses most abstrusely on some author, or branch of mathematics. Freshmen are occasionally asked to translate or demonstrate; the other years never. The lecturer may take notes, or not, if they like.

Our friend has by this time got to St. John's College. He finds his tutor, a gentleman of about the age and standing of his late whist-entertainer. He looks over and corrects the verses of last night, and gives our friend a model translation, either his own, or not, as the case may be. The Plato is then gone over for the rest of the hour, occasionally interspersed by general conversation. Eleven o'clock strikes. Our friend rises to go. "Will you give me another piece of composition, sir?" "O, yes; Greek prose this time, isn't it?" "Yes, sir." Out comes a

* Some further discussion of this point will be found in the Appendix.

piece of Butler's analogy, enough to make one turn blue: full of all sorts of technical metaphysical words. "There, you'll find that very good to put into Aristotelian Greek." Our friend takes it, quite as a matter of course, and off to Trinity again; he wants to consult a book in the college library,—not that of the University,—and thither repairs.

This library is over the west end of the cloisters, in a beautiful building, built by Sir Christopher Wren, of variegated red and yellow stone. The vestibule and staircase are full of choice inscriptions, &c. The library hall itself is a fine room, well lighted, with high windows right and left, book-cases up and down each side, and the floor laid in black and white mosaic, wherein, by the way, the chapel resembles it. At the south end is Thorwaldsen's beautiful statue of Byron, which the dean and chapter refused to admit into Westminster Abbey. Around in the room are various curiosities connected with eminent sons of Trinity,—Byron's first letter, Newton's telescope, Porson's Greek writings, and, most precious of all, Milton's original manuscripts of "*Lycidas* and *Comus*," and the original draught for a tragedy on the subject of "*Paradise Lost*." There are also several fine busts,—of Bentley, Barrow, Newton, Coke, and other great sons of Cambridge. Here our student remains, keeping his cap on, for the library is cold. His object is to consult some old scholarship examination-papers, to see what sort of things he is likely to get in the grand trial next April. As he expects to have something else to do this afternoon, he concludes to make his daily visit to the Union now, so he returns to his room, exchanges cap and gown for a straw hat with a blue ribbon, and sallies out to his newspapers.

The remaining hours pass glibly away in study, making a few calls, &c; and two o'clock arrives. Farewell all literary work, either for pleasure or profit. The hour for exercise has come, and rare-indeed is he who violates the Cambridge tradition of two hours' exercise before dinner.

So he turns out of Green Street into Trinity Street again, past the grey front of Caius and the gate of Humility, past St. Michael's and St. Mary's Churches, the Senate-House and the Schools, and turns towards King's College, where he will find a companion for a seven-mile walk or more. As he enters the gate he stops, as he has stopped a hundred times, to gaze on the glorious chapel. I am willing that a thousand Oxford graduates should write books to prove that King's College Chapel is all wrong—that it extinguishes the Lamp of Truth (spelt with a big T)—and that it looks like a dining-table turned upside down. If so, all I can say is, "*Malo errare cum Platone ;*" I'd rather be wrong with King's Chapel than right against it. The Lamp of Truth deserves to be extinguished in the blazing sunlight of beauty and grandeur, and a dining-table turned upside down turns out a much handsomer object than I had supposed. Still every visitor to Cambridge stops astounded before this grand mass of masonry that bears its heavy stone roof unshaken to the sky, and uplifts its heaven-kissing pinnacles one hundred and fifty feet. Still every child of Cambridge walks in delight before its peerless beauty by day, and trembles in its awful shadow at night, and still every traveller on the rising ground for miles away, sees looming up before him, sparkling like silver in the sunlight, the majestic proportions of the fairest temple in England.

Our two friends have met. They walk briskly down Trumpington Street, past half-a-dozen colleges, Catharine and Corpus and Pembroke and Peterhouse, past the Fitzwilliam Museum and the Addenbrooke's Hospital, past old Hobson's Conduit and the Botanic Garden, and out upon the London road,—they leave it at the well-known corner, turn through the Trumpington lanes and past Chaucer's mill, and accomplish a good long round of over six miles at least, in time for a stroll in the "backs" before dinner. This name is applied to the walks along the river in the rear of St. John's, Trinity, Clare, King's, and Queens'

Colleges. There is nothing of the kind lovelier in England. The velvet turf,—the ancestral elms and hoary lindens,—the long vistas of the ancient avenues,—the quiet river,—its shelving banks filled with loiterers,* its waters studded with a scene of gay boats, and crossed by light, graceful stone bridges; the old halls of grey or red or yellow rising here and there,—the windows peeping out from among the trees, and the openings into the old court-yard with their presage of monastic ease and learning,—the lofty pinnacles of King's Chapel o'ertopping all;—there is no such scene of repose and of beauty in Oxford or any other place of education. As our friends stroll about there, resting from the lively discussion with which their walk has been beguiled, new love for the home of their youth arises in their hearts, and new vows are interchanged for its defence. I do not believe a single student ever paced under these ancient trees without some word of praise bursting from his lips for the beauty and glory of dear old Cambridge. But the watches point to four, and the friends part, the Kingsman to chapel, and our acquaintance to dinner, and we wish him a good appetite and the first cut of the mutton.

* The lecturer forgot here that he had laid his scene in winter.
Ed.





VI.

LIFE OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.— EXCEPTIONAL.

Length of the College Course.—Vacation.—Taking the Degree.—Discipline.—Sundays.—Clubs and Associations.—Cricket and Rowing.—Description of a Boat-Race.—Trinity Boat Song.



IN my last lecture I put before you such a picture as can be drawn in the space of an hour, of the daily life of an undergraduate at one of the principal colleges in Cambridge University. In order, however, that you should approximate to a correct idea of this part of my subject, I must first offer an explanation of some technicalities occurring in the description, and secondly, call your attention to some special scenes of student life, not occurring in the course of every day routine.

And first: how long is this life led by the undergraduate? The University year begins on the 1st of October, with the first or Michaelmas term. This is said to divide at noon of the 8th of November. This is of course merely a nominal process. But instances have been known of inexperienced youths ascending the Castle Hill to see the term divide. The term ends on the 16th of December. The second or Lent term begins on the 15th of January, divides on the 14th of February, and ends on the 18th of March. The third, or Easter term, begins on the 1st of

April, divides on the 13th of May, and ends on the 24th of June. The Commencement is on the 21st of June, and all the year between the end of one term and the beginning of the next is vacation. But the American and English ideas of term and vacation by no means coincide. In the first place, the University is going on more or less all the time. The library is open, the museums and public buildings may be inspected freely. Various important religious and academic ceremonies are performed in vacation. In particular, if there is to be any scientific convention at Cambridge, or any installation of a Chancellor,—always a very imposing ceremony,—the effort is generally to have it in vacation, that the students being away, their rooms may be used for the occupation of the honoured guests. This is a curious phase in English University life, resulting from the large part of the year in which rooms are unoccupied. Whenever a stranger arrives to receive the hospitality of Cambridge, the first effort of his University friend is to get him a suite of rooms in college, which the tutor has a right to let him have, in the absence of the regular occupant, his prohibition to the contrary notwithstanding.

Again, a great many of the most important examinations are held in vacation. And this again is intentional, in order that the young men may not be interrupted in their regular courses of lectures, nor the examiners in the performances of their other duties in college or University, by having to attend an examination. And the result is very pleasant. For hereby those are attracted to Cambridge, at the time when others are absent, who have this one object to pursue, and each is sure of seeing none but those who are sympathizing to the full with his trials.

It might be then hard to say wherein consisted the difference between term and vacation. I presume if this question were actually put to an official martinet at Cambridge, he would be greatly scandalized, and reply with some academic technicality, making the matter no clearer.

But in general the distinction may be stated to be, that the vacations are times when all college and university lectures are intermitted. The regular college life, the hall, and the chapel, go on the same, at least in the large colleges; the students and officials come and go, and in the winter vacations there is not much less liveliness in the town. And this long period of nominal vacation, amounting to nearly thirty weeks in the year, is practically even longer. The University considers a term sufficiently kept, as the term is, by two thirds residence,—the college prescribe in what part of the term this two thirds is to be taken, and how much more residence they will require of their members for their own purposes of discipline. So that, in fact, any undergraduate may comply with all the requirements in the way of residence, and only be in Cambridge twenty-two weeks in the whole year, or less. And though the colleges may keep a member for purposes of discipline from the first to the last day of term, nobody can be compelled to remain a day in vacation.

But this is the minimum; such an immense amount of vacation is much more than any of the studious desire. In fact, it would be impossible to get any adequate preparation, for the final examinations, in only twenty weeks of study a year. Accordingly the hard students are exceedingly apt to drop up* to Cambridge some days before their attendance is required, and to stay after the rest have run down. They have their rooms and meals; their private tutors are generally quite ready to begin with them; they are not required to attend lectures, or chapel; and they have that great promoter of success in study—quiet. The summer vacation, in particular, which practically lasts from the beginning of the second week in June to the middle of October, is far too long for any one to pass in idleness. It is habitually spent in two ways. One is, to make up a reading party. A number of undergraduates, from four

* Authority for this phrase, Horace Walpole.

to ten, engage some tutor, and, in some cases of very large parties, two, who then pick out a pleasant, but not too pleasant, place to pass the summer. Scotland, the Lake District, Wales, the Southern Counties, Brittany, and the Tyrol, are all favourite resorts for these reading parties. Sometimes no tutor accompanies them; but, in all cases, their plan, I am bound to say, faithfully carried out by almost all, is, to pass six or eight hours* of each day in study, and the remainder in athletic pursuits. But a large number prefer at once to make a fourth term out of the long vacation. They return to Cambridge early in July, and remain till the end of August, or the beginning of September, reading for dear life with their private tutors. There are such unnumbered facilities for study, and so little for anything else, in the "Long," as it is called, that you have to study hard to keep yourself from dying of ennui, even though attempts are made at Shakespeare clubs, boat and cricket matches, &c. In fact, it is so desirable a place for a student in arrears, that the authorities at the larger colleges are obliged to restrict the undergraduates from residing in the long vacation, and make it a special privilege, consequent on obtaining high rank in the examination in May. Observe further, that the foundation scholars of the college have a right to stay at Cambridge in vacation as well as term time, and to demand rooms and meals, in virtue of King Henry VIII.'s will.

Of these terms, be they longer or shorter, the University requires nine to be kept, as the phrase is, before any one can receive a degree, and if it is a degree in honours, the candidate must have begun his residence in the tenth term preceding the examination. And as we have so often alluded to taking the degree, let us have an ocular demonstration of the process of taking a degree,—the operation to which the thoughts of nearly every undergraduate are

* "Like seeks like;" Mr. Everett's friends must have been exceptionally industrious and self-denying.—ED.

turned a thousand times in his career. Let us suppose, then, that we have a friend whose name has been announced as having successfully passed some examination, it makes little difference which, in virtue whereof he is entitled to a degree. The first thing you may be sure, considering the scene is laid in a University, and that an English one, is to pay, and pay well. The proctors, as representing the University, receive a handsome sum from every expectant bachelor for the University chest, as the treasury is called. The college dues amount to about three pounds more. His next business is to order the peculiar insignia of a Bachelor of Arts,—the black gown with its ribbons dangling in front, and the long black hood with its swan's-down trimming. He will also add a clergyman's bands, as a necessary part of full academic costume, if he have not already procured them for some other public occasion. The hood he will throw on over his undergraduate's gown,—the black gown he will intrust to his bedmaker, and so arrayed will make his way to the Senate-House. The galleries are filled with undergraduates, and the body of the hall below by officials and spectators of all kinds, and by the candidates themselves, often far exceeding a hundred in number. As there is a good deal of waiting on all such public occasions at Cambridge, the undergraduates in the gallery proceed to amuse themselves by cheering. This, as well as hissing, is commonly carried to a perfectly insane extent, beyond all bounds of authority. Proceedings are usually opened, as soon as the galleries are pretty well filled, with, "Three cheers for the Queen," given vociferously. Before any one can call anything else, somebody is observed below who has not taken off his cap at the instant of entering. "Cap, cap, cap, cap, cap,"* is at once the cry, and this is kept up till it is taken off. "Three cheers for Lord Derby;" "Hurrah, hurrah," or rather "Hurray," the

* Invariably directed at proctors and fathers of colleges, who are obliged, *ex officio*, to remain covered.—ED.

English form of a cheer. A few groans attempted by some liberal, who further proceeds to "Three cheers for Lord Palmerston;" a few spirited cheers, and a good many groans, which, however, are nothing to the bear-garden of growls that replies to the call of "Three groans for John Bright." Three cheers for something or other is drowned in "Cap, cap, cap," "Hat, hat, hat." A pause, for an instant, the individual summoned obstinately refusing to remove his cap, when one of the proctors' attendants, whom I have already introduced to you as bulldogs, appears below. "Stubboy, Boning, row, row. Take his cap off; bite him, Boning,—please remove your cap, sir," &c. "Three cheers for ——," in a feeble voice. "What is it, sir, speak up." "Three cheers for the Bishop of Oxford." Violent acclamations. The chief church dignitary in the Sandwich Islands having recently addressed a large meeting in Cambridge, was once irreverently summoned with, "Three cheers for the Bishop of Hullabaloo." I once heard the United States called for in the course of the last three years, when it was drowned with laughter, and calls of the "Disunited States;" and a proposal of cheers for the Confederates was received with equal derision.* A few more persons, obnoxious or honoured, are clamoured for, when a loud burst of cheering throughout the length and breadth of the Senate-House, calls our attention to a somewhat singular proceession that is walking in. Most of its members appear as ordinary Masters of Arts, in black gowns with white and black hoods thrown over them, but the proceession is headed by one, who, in addition to this garb, bears an enormous silver mace, looking very like a gigantic poker, and so usually denominated.

* The real humourists amongst the undergraduates seldom take part in these proceedings, and the jokes are terribly mild. The best we ever heard was at Oxford, when everybody was bored to death by a Latin address in honour of somebody or another:—"That will do, sir, now construe," cried a voice from the gallery. —ED.

There are three of these mace-bearers, known as the esquire bedells, who enclose a reverend-looking gentleman in a scarlet gown and ermine tippet. This is the Vice-Chancellor, the head of the University, and in all cases the greatest man there, except when the Chancellor himself takes it into his head, which is very seldom, to come down and administer. The Vice-Chancellor is chosen from the masters of the colleges annually, on the fifth of November, and goes out of office on the fourth; so that on the day of election there is no one in office,—but two proctors are considered as equal to one Vice-Chancellor, and get together bodily into his chair to preside at his election. This, as all other elections of University officers, is by the body of the Masters and Doctors, called the Senate,—the general affairs being managed by a smaller body called the Council, who propose all measures to be acted upon by the Senate, the enacting measure being called a Grace of the Senate. The night of the Vice-Chancellor's election being also the old day of the celebration of Gunpowder Plot, was formerly celebrated at Cambridge by the town and gown riots. I cannot say these are absolutely extinct. The townspeople, who have nothing else to do, come out a good deal. A certain number of students also come out and walk up and down the streets, where passage is generally freely conceded, though very opprobrious remarks are heard right and left. I have tramped through a town and gown row so called, and if I had desired a pugilistic encounter of any kind, I should have had to seek it.

The Vice-Chancellor, by this time, has taken his seat in the Senate-House. One of the esquire bedells has the lists of candidates in his hand. The undergraduates are ushered forward by some fellow of their college, who is called "the father," and presents his "sons" in squads of six or eight. If the Senior Wrangler or Senior Classic is to take his degree, he is led up alone, by himself, amid most vociferous cheering. What the students are supposed to do when they are thus led up I don't know. The father

says something in Latin,—I believe to the effect that he presents to the Vice-Chancellor this youth, whom he knows as well in morals as in learning to be a proper person for receiving the degree of B.A. Formerly, they were required to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. They are then directed to one side,—and the real process of conferring degrees begins. They take their station in a long queue, and come up to the Vice-Chancellor one by one, first laying down their caps on the floor, and then kneeling on the floor themselves. They fold the palms of their hands together, and the Vice-Chancellor takes them between his, and pronounces a Latin formula, giving them all the rights, privileges, &c, pertaining to the degree of bachelor of arts, “in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,” raising his cap before the sacred names. They rise, turn away, and the operation is complete. No part, no preacher’s gown, no diploma. As they go out, the bedmaker is in readiness to exchange the undergraduate’s for the bachelor’s gown, and to appropriate the former, in connection with a pound sterling.* “It’s the custom, sir. All the gentlemen does it, sir. It’s the bedmaker’s perquisites, sir,” is all the explanation I ever heard to be given,—and this is about all the explanation given for anything at Cambridge.

The age for taking the bachelor’s degree is between twenty-two and twenty-three. In giving the list of American errors with reference to English Universities, I believe I included the idea that the students were six or eight years older than ours. As a point of fact, they are about two years older. My own class at Harvard, of ninety members, averaged exactly twenty-one years and six months of age

* Surely Mr. Everett was imposed upon; many men keep their old gowns, not in very good condition by that time, as mementos, and we fancy that five shillings is the usual fee; at any rate, charitable as he is in almost all respects, he is terribly hard on the poor old bedmakers, who are not so black as they are painted.—Ed.

on graduation. I was twenty years old myself on the day I entered Trinity, and I could find no one of my own year in college that was not younger, and a great many in the year above me were younger also. I ought, perhaps, to have said something about the ceremony of entrance; but there is so little ceremony that I had forgotten it. The college being selected, application is made to the tutor; in a large college the particular tutor must be selected also. He will formally receive the undergraduate, and receive also a certain sum of money as matriculation fees, and another larger called "caution money," deposited like our bond, as a security for the payment of college dues, and returned when all connection with the university ceases. In some colleges there is an examination for admission, in others not; but whether there is or not, you begin residence and attendance on lectures, &c. at once, and are told, not if you have passed the examination, but if you have not. Anyhow, you need not be troubled; you can try two or three times more before the year ends, and each time the examination is easier. The fact is, at the small colleges they are only too glad to get any undergraduates, and at the large ones the college examinations will soon weed out all the poor ones.

The means of discipline are elaborate and peculiar. A certain amount of attendance at chapel and lecture is required; and, if not complied with, a graduated series of scoldings, rising from a simple printed notice, filled up with a name, as follows: "Everett, Junior Soph., irregular in his attendance at chapel, admonished by the Junior Dean;"—I did get one such notice once,—up through personal interviews with the Deans, Tutor, Master, and Body of Fellows. By this time, an undergraduate so persistently irregular will probably have brought matters to a crisis by some other more flagrant act, and be obliged to leave the college. Repeated absence from lecture is generally punished by "gating," that is, confining a student to the inside of the gate of his college, or street door of his

lodging-house, at an earlier hour than usual. I have mentioned that after ten the gates are locked, and no one can get in without ringing. I should add that, once in, no one can get out after ten, without a special order from a Fellow. Furthermore, no undergraduate can pass a night out of Cambridge or out of his own rooms without special permission from his tutor; and in all these cases the situation of the porter, bedmaker, or lodging-house keeper is made much too valuable, and the watch kept upon them much too strict, to permit more than a very rare infringement indeed of these rules. Any college windows that may look on the street are barred in the two lower stories, to prevent egress, and every college is surrounded with high walls, ditches, or iron fences bristling with a most dreadful array of spikes. I have often stood at some of these and contemplated the possibility of getting out, and have been forced to acknowledge that it is out of the question.*

Pecuniary fines, of small amount, are also very much resorted to; they are, in most cases, rather matters of course, than penalties,—such as for absence from morning chapel,—and go to increase the pay of the servants. In some cases, neglect, or infringement of discipline, is punished by “losing the week;” that is, if the student

* And yet a man of our year habitually committed this questionable deed, and only tore his clothes on one occasion. He loosened one of the bars of his window, which he could extract and replace in its socket at will; clambered over a *chevaux de frise*, and was free, and he returned in like manner. One winter's afternoon we called and found him gazing out with a melancholy and puzzled air. It had been snowing, and the freshly-fallen snow would betray his foot-prints. Presently he cried, “I have it!” took up a coal, and threw it at the window, and then called his bedmaker, and bade her fetch the glazier. The glazier came, and in mending the broken pane, trampled down the snow outside, enabling the too ardent lover of freedom to wander out without detection that night. But he was exceptionally daring and inventive, and the whole proceeding was a Jack Sheppard affair.—ED.

has already resided seven weeks, some misdemeanour will cause the seven to count only six, which would compel him to stay at Cambridge another, to make up the requisite number enjoined in the course of a term.

I have been thus minute on these matters of discipline, not in the hope of making them very clear, for nothing short of some weeks' residence there can effect that, but to illustrate the grand principle, that college discipline has nothing to do with college rank. I remember one instance, which will show more than a hundred systematic descriptions, where a young man was so notoriously irregular in his attendance at chapel, that the whole body of his college were determined to send him away for a term; but, as he was expected to take very high rank in an approaching examination, they allowed him, in consideration of that, to remain till the examination was over, and then forced him to "go down," at once.

Another point that may be interesting, is the variation adopted in this undergraduate life on Sunday. Sunday is very generally observed in England; but it is beginning to get somewhat the character which it has in France. There are long, cheap, slow trains running on the railways, which carry out the poorer classes of London, whose hands have been thrilling and brows straining with hard work, from Monday morning to Saturday night, and pour them out over the fields, to get a little taste of pure breezes, and expand the poor, pent-up, bruised mind in the light of heaven, and the all-refreshing air of society and rest; then gather them up again at night, tired and happy. At Cambridge, there is a great deal of church-going. All the college chapels have two, and some three, services a day; at some there is a sermon, at others not. It is, of course, at all of them the service of the Church of England. The whole University is supposed to go at two o'clock to the sermon in Great St. Mary's Church. It does not all go by any means. The reverend Master of Trinity has a

weakness for ordering such of his own subjects as he meets, about the hour, to go. This service is peculiar in many respects. The floor of the church, which, aside from its being the church of the University, has its own parish, is filled with graduates, the gallery with undergraduates. The clerk of the church gives out a portion of Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms; this is sung by one of the college choirs in attendance. This is followed by the preacher, who is appointed for every Sunday and holyday at the beginning of the year, and is always a man of note; he rises and reads the bidding prayer. This is not a prayer at all, but an exhortation to pray for "the whole state of the Catholic Church." From this pretty general exordium, it proceeds, by virtue of a series of especiallys and particularlys, to commend to the prayers of the congregation all the persons in England in any way distinguished in the Church or the State. Gradually working his way to the two Universities, the clergyman continues: "And herein for his Grace, William, Duke of Devonshire, our Chancellor; for the Right Worshipful the Vice-Chancellor; for the professors, proctors, and all that bear authority therein. For all particular colleges, and, as in private duty bound, I ask your prayers for the royal and religious foundation of Trinity College; for the reverend and learned the Master, the fellows, scholars, and all students in the same," and so on; till, at last, a call to pray for all the Commons of the Realm, and also to praise God for all His mercies, concludes this long introduction, to which is simply added the words of the Lord's Prayer; and at once every University man in the congregation, who are all standing, raises his cap to his face, which is a sight described as very imposing; whoever saw it must have neglected to raise his own cap, in order to notice those of others. The sermon, and the ordinary concluding prayer of the English Church follow, the sermon being always intensely learned, rather than interesting.

Sunday is a great day at Cambridge for very long walks,

often of three or four hours' duration. The boating men in particular, who are steadily engaged on the river every other day, vary their exercise always by a hard walk on Sunday. On Sunday afternoon and evening, if it is fine, the whole town, University or not, turns out into the walks behind the Colleges, making a very gay sight. Sunday is also a great day for early and long-protracted tea-parties and social talks. I was once asked if the young men were as ready to talk theology at an English as an American University. Of ecclesiastical talk, the management of religious communities, the temporal state of the English and other churches, &c, there is a great deal; but theology proper, all doctrinal discussions, they are very shy of. In fact, a Dissenter, a person not of the Church of England, they wouldn't dare to argue with, and they couldn't with any one else.

Another subject which is intimately connected with the life of the young men at Cambridge is the clubs and associations that they form for all manner of purposes. These are very numerous. That kind, however, which is most common in America, namely debating and library societies, is very little seen in Cambridge. There is the general Union Society for the whole University. There are also one or two minor societies for literary purposes; but they are either confined to a very small set, or only brought into a temporary life by a few stronger spirits. Neither debating nor reading essays are English characteristics.

There are also various scientific societies, some entirely confined to the undergraduates, others patronized and strengthened by the presence of the older men in authority. There was an entomological society that used to scour the plains and downs near Cambridge to make "captures," as they said. You generally knew the rooms of its members by a strong smell of laurel-water, ether, or sulphur, used to kill the unfortunate insects.

There were a great many religious societies for mission work of all kinds in the Church of England. Shortly be-

fore I left Cambridge, there was a terrible squabble at the Union, because a member of one of the High Church Societies had made extensive use of the Union writing-paper and its letter-carrier to send out circulars of his own club, contrary, as might be supposed, to the standing orders of the Union. It was furiously discussed, and all the High Church members of the Union voted for doing nothing to him, while all the Broad, Low, or No Church members wished him suspended from the club till he apologized, as was done. A great deal of very efficient work is done among the young men in collecting subscriptions for religious and charitable objects throughout the country.

There are several musical societies in Cambridge, with extensive ramifications among the town's-people. England is becoming more and more of a musical country every day, the works of Handel and Mendelssohn in particular being very much studied. The musical element was entirely too strong for me. My first set of rooms had a piano adjoining, in fact against the wall, and my second had a cornet underneath, and several other instruments at hand. At present, the generosity and tolerance I feel to persons of all other tastes than my own entirely vanish in the case of college musicians. The charms which soothe the savage breast split the studious brain.

There is at Cambridge a small, and pretty select society called the Athenæum, and modelled on the London clubs. That is, it takes in all the principal periodicals, has a good library for popular use, and is a grand centre for social gatherings of all kinds. It is in fact the head-quarters of the aristocratic, or, as truth compels it to be called, the fast element. It is pretty exclusive in its elections, and also pretty expensive. Its character varies from year to year, according as those who are admitted as a matter of course—all members of noble families, for instance—are men of refined tastes or the reverse. At the time I entered, there was just passing away a generation of members who would be an honour to any community, and had raised the club very

high in the estimation of the rest of the University. Before I left, a great many very desirable members had refused to join it, on account of the tastes and habits of many of those already belonging to it.

The Athenæum has under its wing two or three other societies of kindred character. One, the Amateur Dramatic Club, or A. D. C. as it is commonly called, gives excellent stage performances, open to all the University, for a few nights in every term. It is fortunate in possessing some members of very superior dramatic talent, who, though they have long ceased to be members of the University, make a point of coming back to Cambridge to act, and to assist in developing the rising dramatic talent. The acting is generally extremely good, and the society an agreeable one.

There are also several dining clubs, more or less composed of members of the Athenæum. Two of them, the True Blue and the Beefsteak, are of extreme antiquity,—the True Blue members still dine in the dress of the last century. The Beefsteak is governed by certain rules, doubtless established to check the profuse banquets and inordinate drinking of a hundred years ago,—viz. that there shall be no food on the table but beef in various forms, and that every member must drink a bottle of port. These rules, like the resolutions which Mr. Ticknor's admirable biography records in the college life of Mr. Prescott, have become an encouragement to the excess they sought to check.

Of all these societies the Athenæum is the only one that can exercise anything like influence. A man may get some notoriety in the Union,—but as anybody can belong to it, he can obtain no peculiar influence there on outsiders. In fact, most students at Cambridge fall at once into some line or other, either that of study, or athletics, or pleasure, and are then chosen into certain clubs as matters of course. It is only in those very rare cases of persons who take up two or more occupations, that the societies can be said to

exert influence outside themselves. The true type of a Cambridge club is one where a certain body of students, interested in one object, unite to carry out that object, and are ready to admit anybody who cares for it too, and want nobody who does not. And the perfect example of these is in the clubs for athletic sports, and chiefly for cricket and rowing.

If any one is interested to see what a nation can do as a nation, without any help from another, let him look at the game of cricket as played in England. I can no more undertake to give an account of it here, than I can of the House of Commons, or the Court of King's Bench. One might devote a course of Lowell Lectures to it, or write a college text-book about it. But I will say to you as Victor Cousin did to his class about the Buddhists,—“ I do not speak of the Buddhists, gentlemen, because I know nothing of them.” I know nothing of cricket. I used to see my friends, wearing caps and sleeves of all imaginable patterns, and was told that they were the badges of the “Perambulators” or “Quidnuncs.” I saw them start at unearthly hours in the morning, dressed principally in flannel, and come back pretty late in the afternoon, and hear that the Piffers had been playing Royston. I have moreover been to one or two cricket-matches, and seen some splendid catches at long-off. But of the mysteries of cricket and cricket clubs I know very little. They are very numerous; cricket players associating together for all possible and impossible reasons, and the best players belonging to several clubs at once. They are working hard all summer long, and rather tire one with their utter absorption in their favourite sport, which to an outsider is truly unintelligible. But it only lasts a few months in the year, and the rest of the time they can talk and act rationally.

Rowing is also carried at Cambridge to great perfection. It is a natural offshoot from the maritime character of the English. The best amateur rowing is at the two Univer-

sities, and their annual match in April, in which I regret to say Oxford has now won three years successively,* is a splendid exhibition of river rowing, and pretty rough rowing, too. But as eyewitness is always better than description, I will ask you to walk down with me to the last boat-race of the season at Cambridge, and contemplate what is perhaps the noblest of athletic sports in its highest perfection.

The principal University boat-races at Cambridge take place in the month of May, and surely if the Argonauts themselves were to select a time and place for the display of their strength, they could not choose better than the Cambridge May term. Mr. Warren Burton says that the wit of his district school described the fun of the winter school term as one long Thanksgiving Day, minus the sermon, the music and the dinner. One might describe the Cambridge May term as one long Class Day, minus the literary exercises, the dancing and the cheering. An army of Amazons take Cambridge by storm in the month of May, and grey old Alma Mater puts on her best dress, and sets her best parlour in order to receive her guests. But of all the attractions of that happy season, there is none more universally appreciated than the boat-races. We will suppose ourselves walking down to the last-one of the season.†

It begins at seven o'clock, just in the calm, clear, English twilight. We need not fear that it is too soon after dinner, for the authorities fully respect the value of exercise, and accommodate the boat-races by instituting an early dinner at two o'clock at this season. We put on our checkered straw hats with their dark-blue ribbons, to show that we belong to the First Trinity Boat-Club, stroll out of the great gate, past the church where is the monument of poor Kirke White, erected by our late distinguished

* Now, alas, five! (1865).

† All Cambridge men will recognize the following as a fancy picture, combined from the history of many boat-races.

countryman Dr. Boott, past the gate of St. John's and the Templars' round church, and through a few narrow lanes to a broad common, the pasture-ground of a hundred broken-down horses. Our path has been accompanied by crowds of men in boating rig, broad flannel trousers, heavy tanned leather low-heeled shoes, pea-jackets, and club-hats or caps, making eagerly for the boat-houses. These soon heave in sight on the farther bank of the poor little narrow river. All along the strand below them are the long, narrow, sharp club-boats, of which a new one is manned every instant. From the windows of the rooms occupied by the St. John's boat-club we can see the red flag waving, emblazoned with the arms of the Lady Margaret Somerset, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges. This flag being displayed shows that St. John's is at present head of the river. We stroll along the banks, now muddy and now sandy, watching the coal-barges trailing slowly up from Lynn and Wisbeach, and the light club-boats, bearing down crews of inferior oarsmen to witness the contests of the champions, and darting between the barges like flies in a cow-pasture. We are in plenty of time, for the grey old church of Chesterton, across the water, is ringing out a quarter to seven in its sweet chimes. But what is this that encounters us, breaking in rudely on all the pastoral and soothing thoughts of chimes and evening and what not? A boy, or a monkey? A boy, and a very dirty one, with a broom still dirtier than himself. With this he assiduously sweeps the coal-dust and mud left by the colliers right under our feet, and then calls upon us in an uncommonly cheerful voice, to "Give me a copper, sir, just one, sir, I've got no father, sir." Spurning him, his broom, and the ashes of his father, we press on, our path every moment getting more and more crowded with eager spectators. We soon arrive at a ferry, where are three or four very dingy craft, soliciting passengers, but getting none. No, we will wait till the regular boatman comes back from his last load, with his clean blue boat, and his

hat showing the ribbon of the head of the river. He is at once saluted as "Charon" by a dozen voices, and imploring us to "step steady, gentlemen," soon punts us over on the verge of foundering. A few moments more, and we are at the railway bridge. Here all spectators who have come down in boats disembark, and leave their boats to walk on to the racing ground.

This extends for about a mile and three-quarters from the railway bridge. In the great University races the boats take their stations at the farther end of it and row up towards Cambridge, ending at the railway bridge. The river turns and winds a good deal in this distance, giving scope for the most careful steering, as it is scarcely ever over twenty yards wide. At about the middle of the course is the Plough Inn, which can be reached by a very pretty drive, and is generally the rendezvous of those who do not like the idea of a run on the bank. We ourselves are on the towing-path the other side from the Plough. Just watch the crowd on the bank, oarsmen in their club flannels, Athenæum men with their faultless London garments, tutors and proctors in their clerical garb, and some very hard student, a prospective senior wrangler, who has accidentally come down for an evening stroll, and looks round bewildered, for he never heard of a boat-race, and can't conceive why he never met such a crowd here before. There—you can see the racing boats begin to come up the river,—not the best, however,—those before us will take their places at the end of the division. Each boat will row down to nearly the end, then turn so as to bring up against its proper post, with its head up the river. There it will be moored, and the crew step out. This is soon made apparent, as we see walking up to us the crews of the boats that just shot past us. There,—men are beginning to gaze eagerly on that next boat,—as the dark-blue uniform flashes into sight, "First Trinity Second" is the cry from the bank. There are three clubs in Trinity, of which the first is the largest, and it generally can muster three boats

among the first twenty. At present, its second boat stands ninth on the river. You will understand that all members of the college, irrespective of seniority, join the boat-clubs; the control and management being in the hands of the older members. These are very assiduous in practising the Freshmen and new-comers generally, and selecting the good oarsmen from them for the high boats. First Trinity Second has passed, and next is a curious uniform of grey and blue, which proclaims it to be Christ's. The next is the maroon-colour of Corpus, the next the rich rose-colour of Emmanuel, and the next the royal purple of Caius.

As fast as each boat turns, rows up to its post and stops, it is surrounded by a crowd of admirers from its own college, and some sarcastic outsiders, who exchange remarks of all kinds with each other on the event, and countless bets are made. The crews begin to feel cold, and start on a stroll,—gradually the crowds melt together, and the whole bank becomes alive with a thousand University men of every type of face, mind, and particularly costume.

Hush! there is a boat sweeping down, evidently far better than any that have gone before it. Its oarsmen wear black hats, with a black and white ribbon round them. They are a wiry, vicious-looking lot, and though a series of misfortunes has brought them down to fourth, yet no one dares speak slightly of Trinity Hall. They soon attract a great crowd, for Trinity Hall, besides its own peculiar fame, is the champion in general of the smaller colleges. But still greater excitement is manifested, as a plain grey uniform comes into view, and all eyes are turned to watch the most noted club of the University. It is Third Trinity, composed exclusively of members of Trinity College, who have previously been at Eton or Westminster schools, which, being situated on the Thames, are far ahead of all other schools in rowing. And now the tale of boats is nearly complete. The dark blue of First Trinity swings into the second place, and just as its adherents are eagerly pressing the question,—“ Shall you do it ? ” “ O,

shall you do it?" some one else shouts, "There they are,—there's the pigs." This coarse, but well-known name, calls all eyes to the St. John's oarsmen, in their scarlet uniform, proudly rowing to the first place. Night after night have they baffled Trinity in all attempts to bump them, and assume the head place. You will understand, that the Cam being wholly too narrow to permit of rowing abreast, it is the practice in all great races to draw the boats up in a line, with a boat's length between each, and the object is then to row over the distance so as to touch the stern of the first with the bow of the second boat. If this is effected, the first changes places with the second in the next race, or is dropped altogether, according to the terms of the match. Notice in many of the other boats oarsmen with the sky-blue caps, that marks a University oarsman, one who has been chosen to row against Oxford; but not in the Trinity boat. They have University oars, more than one, but not to-night. No; to-night all shall wear the dark-blue alike, for the honour of their dear old college. The St. John's men, who have at last won the head place, and held it triumphantly night after night, shall they be defrauded of the laurel on their very brows, and in one night be condemned to hold the second place for a whole year? Ah, but the Trinity men have been working together night after night; every race has put new vigour and unity into their stroke. Steadily have they worked up above all other rivals, and last night they pursued the Johnians, pressing hard up to the course's end. Well did Virgil know—and what did he not know—the passions that stir in the breasts of oarsmen,—

"These burn with shame to lose their hard-earned crown,
And life would freely barter for renown,
But those, with rising hope, their triumphs scan,
For they can conquer who believe they can."*

* Shade of Dryden! Forgive your humblest admirer for joining three feeble lines to one of your matchless verses!

Such are the contending thoughts in the minds of the countless admirers of either side that are strolling up and down the banks ; when, suddenly, they are recalled to their senses by a sudden bang. The first gun ; and the crews all make rapidly to their boats, and begin to embark. Eagerly the coxswain looks over his crew. " Now, then, who's number 4 ? O, Wright ; well, where is he ? Here, Wright, Wright. He'll be late, to a dead certainty." No ; there comes that hard, compact figure, and that generous face breaking through the crowd of grey jackets, for he has been exchanging a last defiance with the crew of the Third Trinity, who are insinuating, audacious mortals, that not only will First not catch John's, but will get bumped themselves. " Now then, 4, get in. Are you all ready ?" " No, no, not yet ; my stretcher's wrong." The dark-blue jackets are torn off, and thrown to the men on shore. " Now ; Sturge times us, doesn't he ?" " Ay, all right ;" and you see by every boat some sympathizing friend with a stop-watch. Bang ! the second gun. The last arrangements are hurriedly made. All along the banks eager partisans are just ready to begin their race with their favourite. " Push out," is the cry ; and slowly, steadily, the oars are raised, and the boat gently fended off. " Quarter of a minute gone ;" and all down the bank comes up the refrain from every boat,—*" Quarter gone."* The last settlement in the seats, the last jacket pitched ashore, the last firm grasp of the oar, never to be let go. " Half a minute gone ;" now the boats are all in the middle of the stream. " Back a stroke, 2 ; easy backing ; pull, bow and 3 ;" for the oars are numbered, beginning at the bow ; not, as with us, at the stroke. " Fifteen seconds left." All eyes along the bank are fixed on the watchmen, as their timing now comes more frequently. " Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one,—gun,"—bang !—splash. " Well started, well started," cry the partisans on the bank. " Well rowed, well rowed ;" for First Trinity has leapt ahead with a bound, as if she were on wings ; and all

the hopes of Third Trinity to bump her, with that headlong spurt so characteristic of Etonians, is nipped in the bud. "Well rowed, Trinity; well rowed, John's. Now then, take her along." See the headlong rush upon the bank. A thousand men, in every sort of dress or undress, tearing along at the rate of a mile in three minutes; now stumbling and falling, now shouting and pushing, now silent, with their lips burning, and their eyes starting, but all on fire with excitement. There, that fat little tutor is knocked down, and his pupils rush over him, all but trampling him to death; but never stop for anything like that. There a crowd have stopped to congratulate Emmanuel, which has succeeded in bumping Caius. Victors and vanquished haul off to the side and let the hind boats come up. Far down you see evidences of other bumps; all of which attract weary admirers, thankful to get a respite from running. But still, all the real interest is with the head boats. As the tortuous track winds by Grassy Corner, a broad green peninsula, covered with spectators, the excitement is fearful. "Well rowed, well rowed, Trinity. Well rowed, 4," as Wright's broad back comes leaping forward and springing back, like a three-ton trip hammer. "Well steered; O, well steered, Trinity," as the little spectacled coxswain, well known all over England, swings up his boat close to the corner, gaining several feet at once. "Well rowed, well rowed; half a length more." "You're safe, John's, you're safe; they'll never do it." There, the Plough Inn is coming in sight; pass that corner, and it's all a straight reach,—no more room for picking up there; no more fine steering. But see, the Trinity stroke bounds forward with an effort to which all his former exertions were child's play; and the dark-blue oars leap in their sockets till their blades seem like a single broad flash of light along the gunwale, and the shout rings like a volley of musketry;—"Well rowed, well rowed, Trinity;" and, as they swirl round Ditton Corner, once more that deft pull on the strings, and the sharp bow comes flashing up into the stern of the Johnians; and, like

a peal of thunder, bursts forth the thrice re-echoing, "Hurrah for First; well rowed, First, well rowed." "Quick; here, bring the flag." The grand old standard, the Golden Lion with his three crowns on the dark-blue field, is raised by the coxswain; and, as the boats row home in the thickening twilight, it will trail from their stern along the dark green waters, and wave triumphantly from their boat-house window. Loud and deep is the rejoicing among the sons of Trinity, as they walk back to their dear old halls; hearty their praises of the valiant oarsmen that have worked so long and so well; and especially their choicest encomiums will rest on the stroke, an American,—God bless him,—and a scion of the old Gardiner stock on the Kennebec. And in their loud rejoicings to-night, at supper, their songs will swell in praise of Trinity in strains not unlike those which follow:—

BOAT-SONG FOR TRINITY.

Raise the shout of glory!
Tell once more the story
How her forehead hoary
 Shines with laurels new.
From the banks rebounding,
Every foe confounding,
Peals the triumph, sounding
 O'er the royal blue.

Long the insulting foemen,
Like the haughty Roman,
Dared our valiant yeomen,
 Sneering, to the fight.
But in vain they vaunted,
Not a moment daunted,
All on fire we panted
 For the latest night.

"Now each eye be steady,
Every oar be ready,

On the Cam.

We shall triumph," said he,—
He our leader true.
Then, the last shot parting,
With one impulse starting,
Like an arrow darting
From the bow, we flew.

Every glad shout feeling,
From our comrades pealing,
All our sinews stealing,
Surged our heart's best blood.
While the rhythmic chiming
Of our tough oars rhyming
To the steersman's timing,
Swept along the flood.

Hark ! the shout rings clearer
From each hearty cheerer,
Nearer fast and nearer
Our brave craft doth go.
Then, together dashing,
All our oar-blades flashing,
Like an earthquake crashing
Burst we on the foe.

See, ye brave who man her,
See, ye hosts that scan her,
How her ancient banner
Far resplendent streams,—
Where the haughty scion
Of King Edward's lion,
Glorious like Orion,
Treble crowned gleams.

Raise the shout of glory !
Tell once more the story,
How the mother hoary
Hails each victor son.
Peals of joy attend her,
Stalwart arms defend her,
Loyal hearts befriend her,
Trinity has won !



VII.

SURVEY OF THE DIFFERENT COLLEGES.

St. John's.—Magdalene.—Sidney Sussex.—Jesus.—Christ's.—Emmanuel.—Downing.—St. Peter's.—Pembroke.—Queens'.—St. Catherine's.—Corpus Christi.—King's.—Clare.—Trinity Hall.—Caius.



IN my last two lectures I introduced you to the life of an undergraduate of Trinity College, both as it exists every day, and with certain exceptional scenes. This pre-eminence may be fairly accorded to Trinity, as being the largest, the richest, and the most versatile of all the colleges. Every one is partial to his own, out of a great many; but no one can have lived long at Cambridge without noticing not only that Trinity has the pre-eminence in the points just mentioned, but also that the public favour has been steadily setting to it for many years above the other colleges. It numbers at present over five hundred undergraduates, more than double the number of St. John's, which is the next largest. It would be, however, very unfair to represent Cambridge without taking any account of the other colleges whose members together constitute at least two thirds of all the University, and have each and all of them its own share in moulding the University to its present form and so retaining it.

It is impossible to give any general rules why a student coming to Cambridge selects one college more than another.

If the two largest did not either of them please him, with all their manifold advantages, one would think that among the five or six of the richest and most favoured he must surely find the right one. And yet you see every year, men of all possible powers and tastes, turning up at one or other of the smaller colleges, entirely happy there, as eager for the honour of their dear little hermitage as all the Trinity men and Johnians for their great barracks, and you labour in vain to discover why they selected as it were this country town rather than either of the great metropolises of learning. In some it is family association, in some an old friendship with one of the authorities, in some a preference for the peculiar hours and accommodations. There were formerly—they are breaking it up very fast now—at different colleges rich scholarships and funds limited to young men from particular schools. For instance, Wakefield, in Yorkshire, a large, dingy manufacturing town, wholly given to its country staples, has an ordinary grammar-school, where there are not a great many of the farmers' and mill-owners' sons who care to pursue high classical or mathematical study. Now Clare College, at Cambridge, has three or four rich exhibitions, as they are called, for students from Wakefield school. Consequently, every year, the three or four rough, stalwart young Yorkshire farmers and manufacturers, who have been willing to apply their canniness to collegiate studies, walk up to Clare College, one of the most elegant and exclusive of all at Cambridge.

I propose to take an hour's walk with you to-night round the various halls and colleges of Cambridge, spending a few minutes at each to study their peculiarities. We will start from the great gate of Trinity. Turning up Trinity Street, and passing the end of Trinity College Chapel, we find Trinity Street becoming St. John's Street, which shows us that the rich antique gateway in red and white brick before which we stand is that of

St. John's College. It presents three courts extending in a straight line up to the very bank of the river. They are all plain, but the second, a piece of red brick Tudor architecture, with high gables all round, is remarkably neat, compact, and homelike. The general plan of all the colleges is much the same. In the first court you find lecture-rooms, a chapel, and a Master's Lodge. At the side opposite the gateway you pass into the second court through an archway which has on one side the door of the dining-hall, and on the other the passage to the kitchens and butteries. Further on will be the library. These are not invariably the relative situations, but more common than any other.

After passing through the three older courts of St. John's, we come suddenly out on a very pretty covered Gothic bridge, spanning the river between the third and fourth courts. To look out from the airy and elegant mullioned windows down the river, with the buildings coming down close to the water, in their rich red and yellow, and the heavy black silent barges forcing their way slowly up, gives a silent picture of a perfectly Venetian character; while looking up the river, there is a view of some of the rooms in Trinity, their windows just peeping out of clusters of ivy, and all along the banks smooth lawns shelving to the water under venerable trees, and the grey old bridge of St. John's, all telling you you are in dear domestic England. The new bridge is poetically called by its owners the Bridge of Sighs. But the profane, remembering the term pigs so commonly applied to Johnnians, have denominated it the Isthmus of Suez. So when the Johnnians ordered a new organ, a great local wit called it "*Bacon's Novum Organon*." The fourth, or new court of St. John's, is a magnificent structure, or rather half a structure. It is said that the architect, a very zealous reviver of the Gothic style, on seeing an undergraduate in the court shut his window on a very cold day, rushed

up to his room, and begged him never to shut both halves of his window, because the true effect of the building depended upon one half being open.

St. John's is the great mathematical college. It has always sent out more senior and other high wranglers than any other. Not that it has failed to educate fine classical scholars also, but the very decided preference is for mathematics. It is also the great Tory college, and can always produce a high conservative candidate at all elections to oppose the liberal candidate from Trinity or some other college.

Let us walk out into the beautiful grounds of the college and look at the new court from them. Its proportions are truly noble, but may be best observed from the bridge of Trinity. It is said that an undergraduate of St. John's was once lounging on Trinity bridge just before dinner, when the reverend and learned the Master was returning from his daily canter. He rode up to the youth with the remark, "Sir, this is a place of transit and not of lounge." No attention was paid to this, and the remark was repeated with yet more force. "Sir, are you aware what the bridge of Trinity College is made for?" "Yes, sir, to see St. John's new buildings from." And the Master rode on to dinner.

Passing out of St. John's College grounds we come through a handsome iron gate upon the road leading back of the college. We see before us the racket courts, built by subscription in the college we have just quitted. This fine sport, giving excellent training for eye and hand, and hard work for every muscle, is greatly esteemed at English schools and colleges. Beyond it is the cricket ground for Trinity. Passing up the road to the northward, we see on the right a very quaint old building already alluded to, now occupied as a farm-house. It is of the Norman period, and known as the School of Pythagoras. The ground around it belongs, curiously enough, to one of the colleges at Oxford. A tortuous

street leads us into one of the great arteries of the town, the high road coming from Huntingdon on the west, and Ely on the north, and turning down it in an easterly direction we soon come to Magdalene College.*

This college is small, and of no very great interest. It was founded by Lord Audley, one of Henry VIII.'s magnates. He was also the founder of Audley End, a magnificent mansion in Essex, now owned by a descendant of the proud baronial family of Neville, and the well-known parliamentary house of Grenville. To this seat of Audley End, Lord Audley attached the mastership of Magdalene. So that whoever owns Audley End, by descent or purchase of any kind, owns also the right to appoint the head of Magdalene College. It is of course generally given to some Rev. Mr. Neville or other.

Magdalene possesses one invaluable treasure, the library and manuscripts of the celebrated Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty to the last Stuart kings, and author of the well-known Diary. This beautiful collection is preserved with considerable jealousy, but is always accessible to proper persons desirous of consulting it. There is little remarkable about the Magdalene buildings. The college is small and not wealthy. It has of late had one or two distinguished scholars; but it is famous for a luxurious table, and very lax discipline. So that it is a favourite home for young men who are of the opinion, either from conjecture or experience, that other colleges are too strict for them.

Continuing past the front of Magdalene, we soon recross the river by an ugly iron bridge in the busiest part of the town, where coal-barges deposit their loads. We

* In Nichols' "Progresses," p. 45, it is stated that Magdalene College is called *Maudlin* after its founder, thus M— Audley—n. But if this is the case, why is Magdalene College, Oxford, also called Maudlin?—ED.

pass the fronts of St. Clement's and St. Sepulchre's Churches, and shortly after arrive at Jesus Lane. In the corner which it forms with the street in which we have been walking stands Sidney Sussex College. It consists of two courts in a combination of the Elizabethan and Renaissance styles of architecture, having no buildings, but instead, a high wall on the side towards the street. There is nothing peculiar or interesting about it, except an original portrait of Oliver Cromwell, and the gardens, which are laid out with unusual taste and skill.

We accordingly leave Sidney on our right, and turning down Jesus Lane, pass a perfect nest of small houses, all let in rooms to undergraduates, mostly Trinity men. I should have said that at the large colleges, especially Trinity, the number of resident students is much larger than that of the rooms, and, therefore, at least half live out of the college buildings, while all the really first-rate sets of rooms are appropriated to the authorities, who, instead of being interspersed among the students as policemen, generally congregate together in the best quarters, and leave the undergraduates to themselves. In the smaller colleges, on the other hand, any undergraduate can get an excellent set of rooms. It will be understood that every undergraduate, however limited his means, has two rooms to himself, and that the system of chums is unknown.

We leave this little colony of Trinitarians, and pass the opening of Park Street, wherein are the rooms of the A. D. C, or Acting Club, and soon there rises on the right the long garden wall of Jesus College. A broad bricked walk leads us from the street to its massive stone gateway. It is one of the most interesting and beautiful colleges in Cambridge. There is a single little court entirely surrounded by cloisters, the only complete one in the University. From this extend lines of buildings, open on every side to the free air coming across gay gardens and broad meadows. The chapel is of church-

like proportions, and is considered, next to that of King's, the most beautiful in Cambridge. Gregorian chants are introduced into the service there, which are considered to belong peculiarly to the High Church ritual, and indeed the whole college is given to the study of Divinity of the most Anglican, or even Anglo-Catholic kind. Jesus College is founded on the site of an ancient nunnery, and most romantic stories are told of the fair nuns who once were sheltered there. The monastic vows of damsels could not long remain in force while a flourishing University of young men was growing up all around them. And the students of Cambridge having gained entire possession of the hearts of the nuns of St. Rhadegund, it was determined to give them possession of their house also, and the ruined nunnery became Jesus College.

Passing on from Jesus we turn to the right and cross a broad open plot of ground, surrounded by handsome houses. It is called Christ's Piece, and a few steps farther brings us to Christ's College. This college was founded by the Lady Margaret Somerset, Countess of Richmond and Derby. She also founded St. John's College, in whose boat-club her name is perpetuated, as well as in two professorships. She seems to have been a most benevolent and honoured personage in the latter part of the fifteenth century, though her position was somewhat singular. Her son, Henry Earl of Richmond, claimed a right to the throne, derived through her, and actually became King Henry VII. more than twenty years before the death of the mother by whom he claimed. We pass through the ancient gateway of Christ's College into a very airy and bright but irregular court-yard, thence into a second open space, called the second court, but of a very park-like character, with only one elegant row of Palladian buildings. At an archway barred by a gate we stop, ringing a large bell, and admiring the arms of Lady Margaret, the old lilies and lions, over the grating. A venerable gardener soon answers the summons, and as

he knows me of old, lets me walk in without a question. We are now in the fellows' garden of Christ's College. These fellows, shrewd men, among their other advantages, manage to secure a fine piece of ground to themselves, within the college precincts, where they have a nice garden to stroll in after dinner. Generally these gardens are not accessible to the public except when thrown open on great occasions, but Christ's always is. We compliment the old gardener on his velvet turf and hoary walnuts and elms, but we do not stop for them. Neither do we linger long in the pretty summer-house, embowered in trees, with the alcove behind it, and the wide and deep bathing-tank, fed with an ever-running spring of pure water, and its banks surrounded with busts and memorial urns to the great men of the college. Here, come through the shrubs by this winding path to the open grass, and look before you. What is it? A mound of earth four feet high, covered with turf, and a decaying limb of a mulberry-tree growing out of it, and propped up by stakes all around it? Yes, this is what we have come to see. This decaying mulberry, over two hundred and thirty years old, is watched and tended in Christ's with the utmost care. Years ago, when it was falling from age, and props became of little avail, the turf was banked up around its stem. Its chinks are sealed up with lead and canvas like the old elm on Boston Common; if a bough breaks and falls it is instantly divided with religious exactitude among the fellows of the college. Well may they watch it, well may they treasure it, well may pious pilgrims year after year seek it out and save its leaves as precious relics. For it stands as the record how the wayward, proud college-boy became the statesman, the philosopher, the poet. It stands as the record how a mighty genius, broken by calamity, oppressed by bigotry, tortured by fanaticism, could yet triumph over all opposition, and bring a world in homage to his feet. It is the mulberry planted by the hand of Milton.

Retracing our steps through Christ's College, we turn down St. Andrew's Street, and presently there rises on our left a well-proportioned range of Palladian buildings ; they are the front of the two courts of Emmanuel College. With the exception of a large pond where swans swim in the rear, there is little remarkable about the internal arrangement of this college. But about its history there is much to notice. It was founded by Sir Walter Mildmay, a statesman of high eminence in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and just at the time when the Puritans and the Bishops were involved in the fiercest controversy, which had recently resulted in the acts of uniformity, and other confirmatory acts, endeavouring to force the Puritans into unwilling allegiance to the Church of England. Sir Walter Mildmay was strongly attached to the simpler forms of worship, and it was understood by all his contemporaries that his college was for the special education of the Puritans. The Queen herself met him soon after the college had gone into operation, and said,—“ So, Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation.” “ No, Madam,” was his reply ; “ far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws ; but I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof.” “ And,” says Fuller, who tells the story, writing in 1634, “ sure I am at this day it hath overshadowed all the University.”

This, my friends, is why Emmanuel College is of such tender interest to us. This it is which makes every New England visitor to Cambridge hurry away from the hall of Trinity, the library of Magdalene, the chapel of King's, to gaze with pious reverence on the ancient halls where his sainted ancestors stood forth against the bigotry and intolerance of the whole University, and the Virgin Queen herself, to worship God after their own fashion. The Romanizing traditions of Whitgift and Bancroft had prescribed that all churches and chapels must be built in a line east and west. But the founder of Emmanuel had learnt from

his Euclid, that a limited straight line can be produced in a straight line in any direction, and, determined to give not the slightest countenance to superstition, he drew the line of his chapel north and south, for he knew that too could be produced from earth to heaven. It was at Emmanuel that were educated most of the learned ministers who exchanged their dear native country, their parsonage houses peeping out from among the beeches, and their ancient ivy-grown parish churches, where men had worshipped for eight centuries, for the trackless forest. It was from Emmanuel that there went forth Hooker and Shepard and Higginson and John Cotton, to carry the lamp of the Gospel and the scarcely less glorious lamp of liberty all over the wastes of New England. It was from Emmanuel that John Harvard came to make his will in favour of the college at Newtowne and then die. These were the children that Emmanuel sent forth to help the struggling colony of the Massachusetts. They knew how to stretch the transepts of their chapel east and west from the Atlantic to the Pacific; they knew how to extend their nave and choir and chancel north and south from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf; that when hatred and strife had vanished, there might rise in one chorus from every aisle of the nation's vast cathedral, the universal song to the Lord Jehovah.

“ Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.”

But how is the beauty of Israel fallen upon her high places! After the restoration of Charles II, William Sancroft was appointed Master of Emmanuel, and the work of “purification” began,—the chapel was turned into a library, and a new one duly built east and west. In 1753, Carter exultingly states that the “leaven of Puritanism has been happily purged out a good while since,”

—and now, Emmanuel, the home of Harvard, and Jesus, the college of the apostle John Eliot, contend for the honour of being the most Puseyite College in Cambridge.

Passing through the gate of Emmanuel, we continue our walk down St. Andrew's Street. We see on the left the passage to a large square, called Parker's Piece. It is not in any way fenced in, and is occasionally used for military or agricultural shows, but mainly for cricket and football. It is really a work of danger to cross it, for if you do so in the spring, after you have narrowly escaped tumbling over a wicket on one side, and a small boy acting long-stop on the other, you will find one very hard ball come *bang* against your shin, and another *thud* against your hat, two or three more bearing down upon you with more than Folly Island accuracy, and your ears deafened everywhere with the cry, "Thank you, ball;" "Ball, if you please!" "Ball, sir, thank you," &c. &c. In the winter Parker's Piece is given up to football.

Continuing on our way, we arrive at a large iron gate, through which we turn, and arrive at the only place in Cambridge which looks to an American anything like a college yard. It is, indeed, a finely situated piece of ground of about thirty acres in extent, a portion planted with trees, and in the centre a wide velvet lawn, right and left of which stand two rows of buildings, which will eventually be connected so as to make three sides of an immense quadrangle. This is Downing College, founded, as I mentioned in my first lecture, by Sir George Downing of Gamlingay, a descendant of Sir George Downing, a graduate of the first class that ever left Harvard, that of 1642. He was appointed minister to Holland by Cromwell. By dint of the most arrant knavery and treachery, he contrived to retain the appointment under Charles II, and add to it considerable wealth and a baronet's title. The second or third Sir George Downing drew up a long and elaborate will in 1717, bequeathing all his property, after the death of the last heir to the title, to found a college in the University

of Cambridge. The history of the foundation is an interesting commentary on the text, "How hard it is to do good." Sir George died in 1749, and the last heir of his race in 1764. For four years the estates were held by persons who had no right to them. In 1768 the opinion of the Court of Chancery was given with great minuteness unanimously in favour of the foundation. In 1769 a decree was obtained in favour of it. But the original trustees had died in the lifetime of the founder, and the execution of the trust devolving on the heirs-at-law, a series of oppositions and litigations delayed all definite action till 1800, when the privy council recommended the foundation to the king. The charter was granted Sept. 22nd in that year. The statutes for the government of the college were framed in July, 1805; the first stone laid on the 18th of May, 1807; and the college finally opened for the residence of undergraduates in May, 1821,—fifty-seven years after the death of the last person who had any legal hold on the property, seventy-two years after the death of the original founder, and one hundred and four years after the will was drawn, creating it. Downing College has never been largely attended. The University teems with unnumbered jokes about the one student there,—how, when he is ill, he lets the tutor off from lecturing, &c. But of late, the funds have been put more actively at work, and the college authorities have acted very wisely, in offering liberal inducements for the pursuit of those studies not generally favoured in other colleges.

Crossing the court and grounds of Downing we come out by a small iron gate through Fitzwilliam Street into Trumpington Street, and find ourselves opposite the glorious Corinthian front of the Fitzwilliam Museum. This splendid building contains a large and exceedingly valuable collection, but as I never saw it, I cannot describe it to you. Passing up Trumpington Street, immediately beyond the Fitzwilliam Museum we come to St. Peter's College, always called Peterhouse. This is the oldest

college in Cambridge, having been founded in the year 1257. It consists of two very elegant courts, the first open toward the street, the chapel standing half way between the two sides, and connected to them by light galleries. Through a gate on the left we have access to the spacious and elegant gardens of Peterhouse, one of the prettiest resorts in Cambridge, the first of them stocked with beautiful deer. The first window on the street as we turn into the college is in the room inhabited by the poet Gray. He is well known to have been of the most sensitive, morbid, and fastidious disposition, which rendered him a mark for the other students to play tricks on. In particular he had a tremendous dread of fire, and had rigged a fire-escape connecting with this very window. His fellow students went beneath one night and raised a terrific cry of "fire," and poor Gray, hastily getting his fire-escape in order, descended, and found ready to receive him a tub of cold water. These and other tricks so disgusted him, that he migrated, as the term is, to Pembroke.

The chapel of Peterhouse, though not very striking outside, has some great attractions within. The east window, representing the Crucifixion, is a very fine specimen of the ancient style of coloured glass, and the eight side windows are equally beautiful examples of the elegant Munich glass, so brilliant in colour, so lifelike in design, so vivid in conception, and of which such an attractive specimen has recently been presented to one of our most ancient and honoured churches by the munificence of our esteemed fellow citizen, by whose authority these lectures are addressed to you, the Hon. John A. Lowell.

Crossing the street from Peterhouse, and going a little farther on, we follow Gray in his migration, for we are now before the old front of Pembroke College. This was founded in the fourteenth century by the widow of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, a distinguished hero in the times of Wallace and Bruce, and well known to all who

have ever waded through Castle Dangerous, that sad monument of the decay of the transcendent genius of Sir Walter Scott. A large part of the original buildings still remains, and is nearly tumbling to pieces. The little retired second court, and part of the first, are wholly covered with ivy, forming a lovely picture on the outside, but painfully suggestive of damp within. Pembroke is famous for possessing some curious waterworks in the fellows' garden, and also a hollow sphere capable of holding several persons, and made to illustrate the mechanism of the earth in its daily and yearly path. It has educated a very large number of distinguished men, among whom are the martyr Ridley and William Pitt the younger. It has also done itself honour by bestowing its fellowships in many cases on distinguished members of other colleges, among whom the poet Gray, as aforesaid, and Professor Adams, "the other discoverer of Neptune," are among the most renowned. It is one of the pleasantest and most respectable little colleges in Cambridge, and its fellowships, though very few, are among the richest; but the fellows prefer, year after year, to enjoy these large funds as they are, to dividing them into a greater number of less value, and thus providing the means of rewarding a greater number of students.

Recrossing Trumpington Street, we soon come to the handsome front of the Pitt Press. This is one of the most prominent buildings in Cambridge, and, like King's College Chapel, may be seen from a long distance on a clear day, gleaming like silver in the sunlight. It is merely an ornamental front to the printing-office behind, and was built with the surplus of the fund raised for erecting a statue to William Pitt. This press enjoyed for a long time, and to a certain extent does still, in common with the University Press at Oxford, and that of a single publisher in London, the exclusive right of printing and publishing English Bibles and Prayer-Books. The printing at the Pitt Press, especially the Greek, is of re-

markable beauty. In fact the air of Cambridge University, whether in England or America, seems favourable to the production of beautiful press-work.

Turning to the left down the street at the corner of which the Pitt Press stands, and taking the first turn to the right, we find ourselves opposite the front of Queens' College. This college was founded by the haughty and unfortunate Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI, and her foundation was patronized and enlarged by her successor, Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV. These two lovely and unhappy queens, who will for ever live to assail each other in the burning lines of Richard the Third, are here united in the noble work of charity. The college by them jointly founded is one of the most curious, and to many, the most attractive in Cambridge. The first court is a fine specimen of the architecture of the Renaissance; the chapel is filled with curious monumental brasses. On the right opens a broad, sunny court, with well-arranged flower-beds and a noble walnut-tree in the centre. Behind the hall is the second court, a quaint old pile of buildings surrounded by a low cloister, where the sun seems to lie all the day. On the right is the lodge occupied by the President; for Queens' is the only college at Cambridge where this term is used instead of Master. It contains an old picture-gallery of rare attractions. The buildings in this court touch the river, and you emerge from them upon a very quaint wooden bridge of one arch, carrying you over into a lovely garden or rather wilderness, where there is a broad gravel walk along the bank of the river, with a view opposite of a smooth shaven bowling-green, backed by many a range of majestic and quaint buildings, while through the arch of the next bridge a glimpse is offered of the rich masses of foliage along the Cam, overtopped by the majestic towers of King's. Returning to the court we see in one corner the tower from which sounded the blasts of that silver trumpet that blew down the accursed wall that mediæval schoolmen had built up

around the treasures of learning. Often and often have devout scholars gazed with reverence on the

“ lamp at midnight hour
Seen from that high lonely tower ;”

but even in the affection they bore its master, hardly dreamed that it was indeed a light shining in a dark place, which should shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day of truth and science and liberty,—for that room was the home of learning when learning seemed lost to Cambridge, that lamp was the lamp of Erasmus.

Passing out of this most interesting college, which of late, though it has produced some splendid mathematicians, has for some unexplained reason been greatly lowered in general estimation, we come to the front of St. Catherine's College. We enter and find ourselves in a very large court, surrounded on three sides by ordinary brick buildings, and open on the fourth to Trumpington Street, into which we pass, for there is nothing in St. Catherine's, or Cat's, as it is commonly called, to detain us. On the opposite side of the street is the imposing front of Corpus Christi College, a building in the impurer style of modern Gothic, but very effective from the magnitude of its proportions. It admits us into a very spacious court, one of the most ambitious in the University, but inferior in picturesqueness to the second court at the side, which is wholly embowered in ivy. From this we pass out by a side entrance, leading us to St. Bene't's Church,* from whose contiguity the college was often called Bene't College. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, the master was Dr. Jegon, a man of considerable strictness. Some

* The lower archway of St. Bene't's, one of the most perfect bits of Saxon architecture in England, has till lately been concealed by a barbarous gallery, which has now however been taken down ; and when the clearing away of the whitewash and plaster, the pointing of the stonework, &c. at present going on is completed, there will be no lion more interesting to the visitor of architectural tastes in England.—Ed.

of the foundation scholars having committed an offence for which they were heavily fined, Dr. Jegon devoted the proceeds to various needed repairs of the buildings. Soon after he found pasted up a paper whereon was writ—

“Dr. Jegon, Bene’t College Master,
Broke the scholars’ heads, and gave the walls a plaster.”

The Doctor wrote underneath,—

“Knew I but the wag that wrote this verse in bravery,
I’d commend him for his wit, but whip him for his knavery.”

Corpus Christi is now a flourishing college, distinguished for educating poor young men, especially from the great cities. Its members, consequently, take a strongly radical, all but agrarian tone, in debates at the Union.*

Passing by St. Bene’t’s Church into Bene’t Street, we turn into King’s Parade, which, however, is only a wider portion of the one main street of Cambridge, which we have already known, in parts, as Trinity, St. John’s, and Trumpington Streets. The whole space on our left, from the opening of Bene’t Street to Senate-House Green, is occupied by the buildings of King’s College. It consists principally of a long ornamented wall, called a screen, in the worst style of the modern Gothic, and exhibiting in its centre a vast gate-lodge and archway, surmounted by a mass of pinnacles, which look like nothing but a wine-bottle between four glasses. Passing through this marvellous structure, we enter a vast quadrangle. On our left, is a range of buildings in the same style of architecture as the screen, containing rooms for the undergraduates, the hall, library, and provost’s lodge. In front are the fellows’

* We are inclined to dispute this “consequence,” having observed that the pecuniary position of undergraduates exercises little or no effect on their political opinions. Trinity men are, as a rule, richer than Johnians, yet Johnians are the Tories, *par excellence*, while the Trinity tendencies are liberal. However, Corpus men have a reading-room, provided with papers, &c, in their college, and are therefore no great frequenters of the Union.—ED.

quarters, a Palladian structure, very well proportioned, and elegant in itself, but wholly out of keeping with the older and newer parts of the college. On the right of the quadrangle is the chapel.

I have already alluded to this more than once in terms of the highest praise; but I might allude to it again and again, and never exhaust the subject. The first feeling that strikes you is the perfect proportion of the whole structure; and this is an impression which every subsequent examination serves to confirm. The next is its vastness. As you contemplate it from the other side of the court, you notice all along the sides, built in between each pair of buttresses, what seem like small nooks, or cellar windows, and are amazed to find on approaching them that they are three or four times higher than the passer-by. Externally the building measures three hundred and sixteen feet by eighty-four. Its height to the top of the battlements is ninety, and to the top of the four heaven-kissing pinnacles one hundred and forty-six. These dimensions are greatly lessened internally by the tremendous thickness of the walls. It is one vast nave, divided in the centre by a heavy oak screen, above which is the organ, the chapel proper being raised two steps, paved with black marble, and filled with splendid oak carving. On each side, twelve magnificent windows of the finest stained glass of Henry VIII.'s time, and at the end a still more splendid one of grander proportions, cast an awful glory over the whole. All around, the solid stone is wrought into ten thousand decorations, where reign pre-eminent the rose, the porteullis, and the crown, badges of the unhappy house of Lancaster. Far above, the solid stone roof descends into a hundred pendants, all, together with the massy columns that uphold it, sculptured into countless fantasies, and bringing most vividly to mind the exquisite conceit of Scott, how

“ You would have thought some fairy hand
’Twixt poplar straight the osier wand

In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

And when the anthem is rising and swelling in floods of harmony through all the resounding vault, the still more entrancing picture of Milton bursts upon you, as he wrote it in the glory of his matchless youth, and full of the recollections of his Alma Mater,—

" But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embow'd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

Having finished—but ten years would not complete—the survey of this glorious chapel, let us ascend the turret, and pass between the roofs. Over the solid stone roof we have just admired, is a passage the whole length of the chapel, four or five feet high, beneath the outer roof. Ascending to this, a most magnificent view of Cambridge is before us. You can look down into the court-yards and see everything that goes on,—for there is not a place in the University of which the majestic towers are not watchful guardians.

King's College, one of the very richest in the University, has, till lately, been of a very exceptional character. When King Henry VI. founded it, he founded also, as Gray has let us know, the great public school on the bank of the Thames, commonly known as Eton College. At this school, which generally numbers in all more than 700 boys studying there, a large number, called King's College, are educated free, from King Henry's founda-

tion.* Every year one or more of these, not generally more than three or four in all, were chosen to the scholarships of King's College, and in time advanced to fellowships. And all this magnificent foundation was entirely for the fifteen scholars, and sixty or seventy fellows,—there being no pensioners or ordinary undergraduates at all, and no members on the foundation coming from anywhere but a limited part of one school! King's College, however, has already been put on a more liberal footing,† and it is supposed in time will be thrown open to all the world, like the other colleges. This Eton preparation makes admirable classical scholars of the King's men; but it is only till lately that they had a full opportunity to show it, for, according to the old constitution, a King's College man received his degree from the University without an examination, and was, in other ways, not amenable to University authority. But all this is now changed.

Let us go to the back of King's College, and stand on its ancient bridge. The view is indeed beautiful. You have in front the whole range of buildings,—Queens' College, King's College, Clare College, St. Mary's Church, the Senate-House, all peeping out of foliage, or standing proudly on their smooth lawns. At your feet are the spacious grounds of King's, shelving down to the stream dotted with a score of gay pleasure-craft. Down the river the graceful stone bridges of Clare and Trinity hide between them a monstrosity belonging to the town, and still lower down the vista is completed by the rich front of St.

* We never heard the foundation at Eton called "King's College," though the boys on it are "King's Scholars." The original name of the school was "The College of the Blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor." The boys on the foundation are termed Collegers, the others Oppidans; the latter numbering nearer 900 than 700.

† Under the new statute of 1861, the foundation of King's College, Cambridge, consists of forty-six fellows, and not less than forty-eight scholars, governed by a provost. Twenty-four of the scholarships are appropriated to the scholars of Eton College.—ED.

John's new buildings. Crossing the bridge we pass for a moment along the road running behind the colleges, and turn into the ancient avenue of Clare, one of the prettiest walks in Cambridge. It ends on the very elegant bridge just described, by which we recross the river and soon stand in the single court of Clare College. This college is one of the most ancient, but its buildings are a very choice specimen of the architecture of Inigo Jones's time. Everybody is struck with the neatness, finish, and perfect respectability of Clare—but there is nothing very remarkable connected with its history. Passing out of Clare, we see before us a very ancient gateway of Gothic architecture, through which there is now a passage to the Woodwardian Museum of Geology.* It is part of an ancient building, called the Schools, containing rooms where the public instruction and examination of the University was formerly given. A little farther on, is the entrance to Trinity Hall. I have already spoken to you of this college as at one time entirely given to the study of the civil law. It was then in a very lax state, hardly acknowledging any rules at all. Of late, however, it has taken a great start. The Senior Wrangler of the last year—1863—was from Trinity Hall, and though it is very poor, it is making glorious exertions. It is, at present, very much distinguished as a boating college. It is said that one or two summers ago, a gentleman called at the gate with a view to placing his son there. He asked the porter for the tutor, Mr. Latham. "O, he's gone down to see the boats, sir!"—"O, well, Mr. Stephen."—"O, sir," with a look of utter astonishment; "why, he's a-coaching our boat, sir." Coaching is the regular term for all instruction. "Well, then, I suppose I must ask for the master, Dr. Geldart."—"Well, sir, I think Dr. and Mrs. Geldart has driv down to the boats, sir." Further cross-examination

* Since this was written an entrance to the Woodwardian Museum has been opened in Senate-House Passage.—*Ed.*

demonstrated that there was nobody in college but the porter himself, and another college servant who was paralytic. The gentleman concluded he would go on to some other college, where they didn't go in for things with quite so much energy. Trinity Hall is indeed a hearty, jolly place, governed and inhabited by a splendid set of men, whose main fault is that they are given, after very noisy suppers, to going out at nine or ten o'clock into the courtyard, and shouting for half an hour, on the slightest provocation, and frequently on none at all. At least, I have known them do it the night their boat became head of the river, and the night she was bumped as well.

Cambridge has long been celebrated for the number and excellence of its mixed drinks and possets, brewed on a basis of generous wines, admirable hot in the winter evenings, and still more admirable cold after breakfast, or during whist. The very best of these, in fact the only ones deserving the name,* are brewed at Trinity Hall butteries, and furnished in glorious old silver craters. The Greek word is the only exact one. If you doubt it, go there and order a Madeira cup.

The buildings of Trinity Hall are in no way remarkable, but they have a lovely fellows' garden along the river.

Passing out of the second court, we see in front of us a heavy pile of brick buildings, evidently new. It is the hall of the last college on our list, Gonville and Caius, always called by a peculiar mispronunciation of the last name, Keys. To enter it to our own satisfaction we must pass down the lane to the left, and turning into Trinity Street, we soon arrive at a very low archway. When Dr. Kaye Latinized his name into Caius and increased Edmund Gonville's foundation, he established three

* Has Mr. Everett ever tasted the 'milk punch' at King's? or the 'Cup' at Pembroke? Trinity 'Silky' he must have tasted and forgotten.—Ed.

gates, each with an allegorical meaning. The first is the one by which we enter. One of the last times I went in was with a Boston friend, well known in editorial circles. "This," said I, "is the gate of Humility;" and as I said it, my editorial friend, not understanding the full force of the remark, hit his elegant beaver a most fearful smash against the low arch of the gate of Humility. You come into a curious irregular shaped court-yard, with a few strange old buildings in it, roughly paved, and planted with trees. In front a more imposing gateway greets you, and as you pass through its ample arch, you see, by the Latin inscription, that it is known as the gate of Wisdom and Virtue. It leads you into the second court. Both this and a third court on the right are extremely common in their appearance, and quite unworthy of the college, which ranks as the third in size at Cambridge, and is much resorted to by two sets of men. First, persons preparing for the medical profession, for which great incentives to study are offered at Caius; and, second, persons of the Low Church party. Of these Caius is the stronghold in Cambridge. The new hall is very fine, quite worthy of the college which had the honour to educate William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

Finally, we turn to the left from the second court and leave it by Dr. Kaye's third gate, that of Honour. It is elegantly decorated, and one of the prettiest of the smaller objects in Cambridge. You have now completed with me the rounds of the colleges, and should you feel fatigued, we are at the entrance of the University Library, where you can go in and rest; and I will leave you there for the present, as you will hardly be able to read through all the two hundred and odd thousand volumes before next Friday night.



VIII.

GREAT MEN OF CAMBRIDGE BEFORE 1688.

Erasmus and early Scholars.—Reformers.—Elizabethan Statesmen and Poets.—Sir Edward Coke.—Translators of the Bible.—Bacon.—New England Puritans.—Strafford.—Cromwell.—Milton.



IN my last three lectures I have endeavoured to fulfil my promise of giving you some insight into the actual condition of the Cambridge students, their ordinary and extraordinary mode of life, as it is in the largest and most important college, with a glimpse at the peculiarities in colleges smaller, but not on that account of less marked individuality. But you will see at once that if we stopped here, we should obtain but an imperfect idea of what the Cambridge man truly is. The undergraduate life, though a picture singularly curious, interesting, may I not say lovely to any warm-hearted observer, is yet rather the promise than the reality. The young men themselves, exercised in college studies, excited by college amusements, absorbed by college companionships, realize but little the influences they are going through. The lessons learnt at Cambridge, about the age when the law allows the privileges of manhood, are often not put in practice till many years, and perhaps many miles, separate the graduate from his Alma Mater. And since the University is confessedly and avowedly a training

school, we must look to those who have been her sons, rather than those who are, for the full value of her lessons. For instance, if a Bostonian sought to impress a stranger with the value of the education given at Harvard, he would not dwell so much on the varied and interesting and improving course of study pursued there, or on its administration by a most intelligent and conscientious body of instructors, or on the annual resort made there by the most promising offspring of the most honoured families. No; rather on its past history,—on its having been the mother of so many renowned sons,—on its having sent forth the fathers of the American Revolution, Otis and Warren, and the five brave men of Massachusetts whose names stand on the charter of '76; that it was the home of our great historians, Sparks and Bancroft and Prescott and Motley,—that the long series of the Massachusetts Chief Justices, that have placed the decisions of her courts at the very head of the common law authorities, went forth from its walls,—that in the space of one hundred and ninety-three years it has not once had to go out of its own graduates to seek a presiding officer over the gallant youth intrusted to it.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, you will at once recognize that I shall present to you a most important view of the value of Cambridge life and education, when I recall to you in this lecture and the following the names and services of the great men of England that have been educated at Cambridge, and thus fulfil the second part of my engagement of the other night, to show you what manner of men have been inmates of her halls in times past.

In this investigation I shall not attempt to trace the sons of Cambridge into the Middle Ages. True that it was even in those misty times one of the few places where the rays of the sun of truth did penetrate the gloom, but its history is too uncertain, and the part played by University men in the struggles of those

stormy times too insignificant, to detain us long. The Reeve's tale in Chaucer presents us with a very lively though very coarse picture of the manners of the undergraduates. That, together with the tradition that Chaucer himself studied there, must suffice us till we come to the period of the revival of learning and the Reformation of the Church.

And these two great movements of the human mind furnish a most appropriate introduction to the history of the great men of Cambridge. From the moment that the torch of truth was brought to the shores of England, the sons of Cambridge leapt forth to seize the precious flame and bear it on, blazing brighter and brighter, to generations of Englishmen yet to come. The greatest name connected with the revival of learning—in some respects the greatest name in modern literature—is indissolubly associated with Cambridge, that of the mighty Erasmus. He is not the earliest of all the scholars in the new field of Greek literature,—possibly not the most learned. But no one man ever did so much to spread such a wealth of learning over such a great part of Europe as Erasmus. After his fame had become established throughout the Western world, after he had finished that long and laborious course of study that made him master of the treasures of all ancient lore, he came to reside at Cambridge, in the second court of Queens' College, and was appointed to the professorships of Greek and Divinity. The arrival of such a man, with such a reputation, at once struck the death-blow at the monsters of mediæval quibbling that had so long held undisputed pre-eminence in the schools at Cambridge, and the new study of classical literature began its triumphant march. Erasmus himself did not remain more than a few years at Cambridge. It was not for the Coryphæus of literature to give his whole life to any one place. But his spirit remained and a brilliant race of scholars succeeded, the worthy precursors of the great lights of later days. Of these the most dis-

tinguished were three, who were selected as tutors to three grandchildren of Henry VII, Sir John Cheke, tutor to Edward VI, John Aylmer, tutor to Lady Jane Grey, and Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth. It is beautiful to notice in the lives of these men the softening influence of a new and free course of study, a protest against the verbal formalities of an earlier age. In the "School-master" of Roger Ascham, we find an eloquent denunciation of the cruel usage of scholars by their teachers; and in the letters of Lady Jane Grey it is related how engaging was the gentleness of John Aylmer as opposed to the severity of her parents,—the "pinches, nips, and bobs" with which Lord and Lady Dorset sought to train the tenderest soul that ever died to appease a woman's hate. Alas! three hundred years have had their effect, and even Latin and Greek masters in England now avail themselves too often of these same "pinches, nips, and bobs."

Nor was Cambridge behind-hand in the work of the English Reformation. Sad indeed it is to think that the glorious reviver of literature, so nobly qualified to be also the reviver of Gospel truth, should have let himself be retained in the ranks of superstition, against which his heart and his mind alike revolted. But the spirit of free inquiry which he had planted at Cambridge could not be destroyed. The names which we are most accustomed to associate with the fires of martyrdom, the learned and energetic Ridley, the politic and adroit Cranmer, the honest and intrepid Latimer, all testified to the value of Cambridge training by their deaths in the market-place of Oxford. In the succeeding generations, the haughty prelates that upheld the hands of Elizabeth in her struggle with Puritanism, Whitgift, and Grindall, and Parker, were all faithful sons of Cambridge. Again and again raised to positions of authority in Church and State, yet their proudest titles are written in the books of their mother's colleges, where their constant transfer from one

fellowship to another shows how eagerly the halls that knew their early promise vied with each other to do honour to their majestic maturity.

We may hesitate before we accord high praise to the characters of those divines who attempted to force the hated yoke of an alien religion on the necks of the dauntless confessors who paid, with country, liberty, and life, for their adherence to a simpler worship. A much more ample meed of honour are we ready to bestow upon that wonderful group of civilians and courtiers that surrounds the throne of Elizabeth:—

“Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear.”

There we behold Walsingham, the accomplished, the adroit, the high-minded, upholding the interests of the cause of liberty, and the United Provinces, against all the parsimony and coquetry of Elizabeth; there is Nicholas Bacon, the great father of the greater son, the faithful friend of England, ever in advance of his age, steadily rolling back the waves of Scottish force and Spanish fraud, still holding to the golden mean, still faithful to his motto of “*Mediocria firma* ;” there is Hatton, called to a lofty station, because his grace and elegance had captivated the woman’s heart, yet sustaining himself in a manner not unworthy of her chancellor, who stood alone against Guise and Farnese, and Hapsburg; there is the still more accomplished, the still more elegant, alas, the too unfortunate son of glory, as daring as Frobisher, as far-seeing as Mildmay, as fascinating as Leicester, yet a perfect gentleman, a true friend of the people, a loyal subject of the Queen, the brave, the high-minded, the thrice unhappy Essex; then, lastly, surrounded by a throng of disciples inferior in skill, in reputation, in foresight, to him, but to him alone, stands the ancient treasurer,—the minister for

forty years, the one man for whom this queen forgot alike caprice and haughtiness,—the intelligent, the judicious, the honoured, Burghley. And all these men, and those who sat at their feet, and drank of their wisdom,—all these men who sustained the English state so long against the Escorial, the Louvre, and the Vatican combined,—all were loyal, devoted sons of Cambridge. So she responded to the call of literature; so she responded to the calls of the Church; and so, with tenfold energy, she responded to the call of the state. One name, indeed, is wanting to the glory of Cambridge,—the only one that could have raised its glory higher,—the man whom no University educated, because no University could educate him as well as he educated himself,—the peerless star of poetry.* Yet, in that bright constellation, which seems to turn round that one constant, spotless orb, there are other stars, of less magnitude indeed, but sparkling with a tender lustre all their own, that we never could spare from the intellectual heavens; and that one whose light is the purest, whose twinkle is the merriest, whose blaze is the most constant,—who but he is a son of Cambridge?—who but he drew in the breath of poetry on the banks of the Cam?—who but the laureate king of fairy land?—who but Edmund Spenser?

In the next age, when for the pure, breezy air of the Elizabethan period, there comes over us a sweet but sickly perfume, fit introduction to the deadlier blast of war, that is soon to scorch us,—Cambridge sends forth many a gallant son, whose fresh inspiration of genius and sound learning blows cool and pure in the heavy air. Hers are two poets, the best of their age. Jonson,—glorious Ben,—rough indeed, and rushing into wild vagaries, but ever weighty, manly, and teeming with true wit and humour; and likewise that gentle soul, fettered by the heartless

* Would that Shakespeare had been educated at one of the Universities! it would probably have been better for his own happiness, and we should have known more about him.—ED.

conceits and fancies of his time, but dear to every pious heart for his heavenly resignation, his spotless holiness, his unfeigned love to God and man, the Church's poet, George Herbert. Hers likewise are the masters of the three great arts that rule the world. From her halls came forth the true founder of modern anatomy, William Harvey, whose wonderful insight first caught the electric flash of truth that in one blaze joined together all the scattered discoveries that men had been painfully struggling to make out for centuries, and placed on an irrefragable basis the philosophy of the fountain of life. Hers is the mighty Coke, whose name, in spite of his harshness, his perplexities, his arrogance, must ever be held up to the Saxon world as the great master and expounder of that wondrous system, the common law of England as founded in remote ages by Gascoigne and Littleton, sons of Cambridge, and who deserves still greater honour, in spite of still greater harshness and arrogance, because he alone stood up against king, lords, and commons, to stigmatize by their right names the vices of the chancellor, and alone, in a corrupt age, never sullied the purity of the judicial ermine. And to her, above all, belongs the largest part of those sainted fathers, who, in an age of senseless quibblings, of nauseous bombast, of barren wranglings, gave to the English world that stupendous work, which for two hundred and fifty-six years has stood forth the noblest specimen of our noble language, and oh, a thousandfold better praise, has been the solace of hundreds of millions, the guide of youth, the friend of manhood, the staff of age,—the English Bible.

But in this age, so interesting and yet so painful, there is one name that arrests the attention of every one with a peculiar fascination, because it is one of those names to which we refer immediately the great movements in the human mind that have made our age other and better than those before it. I mean, of course, Francis Bacon. It is much to be like Erasmus, a great leader in a great time, standing confessedly far in advance of it. It is

honourable, like Burghley, to take a position slightly in advance of the age, and when seeming most to yield to its influence, really to be carrying the age itself onward little by little. But there is a peculiar glory belonging to that man, who before all others, contrary to all others, can feel in his own soul the divine message which calls him to be the one deliverer from bondage, the one guide to a promised land; to see what other men have not seen, and cannot see, except he reveal it; to proclaim to an enslaved and superstitious world a new prospect of liberty, a new name of God; to "speak to the children of Israel that they go forward,"—to assert a new law above superstition, above tradition, above long-established custom; to mount to that summit, which is to others but a weary, barren peak, and raising his eyes northward and southward and westward, behold the fields standing thick with corn, shouting for joy and singing, white with harvest and waiting but for the labourers to thrust in the sickle,—the lakes and rivers flashing in the noonday, and waiting for the fishers of men to launch out their ships and let down their nets for a draught,—the hillsides clothed up to their summits with thick vines teeming with the dark, full-orbed clusters, bursting with the juice of life, and needing but the manly feet to tread the ensanguined wine-press,—the hill tops shouting from every cleft for the cities to be set on them that cannot be hid,—he who can do all this, see all this, declare all this, he is the offspring of gods,—he is the King of men.

It is interesting to mark the soil in which the seeds of greatness are sown. In the latter half of the sixteenth century the whole continent of Europe was torn by the strife of two opposite factions, Rome and Geneva,—the bigots and the fanatics,—the first incapable of producing a reformer, the second equally incapable of producing a philosopher; and when the time came that the philosopher and the reformer must appear in one person, there was in all Europe but one place and one body of men

wherein he could arise. In England, in that company of grave, studious, enlightened statesmen, equally removed from bigotry and fanaticism, equally friendly to progress and philosophy, seems marked by the finger of Providence the fit nidus for the imperial seed. I have shown the share that Cambridge had in forming the minds of Elizabeth's counsellors. It is at Cambridge then that their great inheritor must be trained, he must learn at Cambridge the same lessons of gravity and progress that his fathers learnt, and bring forth from them that stupendous work, the revolutionizing of human knowledge. Yes, a statesman of Elizabeth must furnish the stock,—King Henry's College must train and water. The son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the son of Trinity College in Cambridge, is Francis Bacon, the parent of the new philosophy.

It must be in truth stated, that the benefits rendered to the mind of Bacon by the studies of Cambridge were rather by inspiring a disgust of the wrong mode of training than love of the right. The exertions of Erasmus for literature had not penetrated to the bottom, and the sciences it need not be said were in bondage. Hence Bacon left Cambridge with a disgust at the whole system of the schoolmen's Aristotelianisms, which led to the determination to find some new field for human thought. This was well. The emancipation of the sciences might have been delayed for many years, had not their liberator been given the strongest proofs of the trammels in which they were held in the most liberal institution in the world. It is no disgrace to Cambridge that before the new philosophy was born she was faithful to the old; but if her head was still untutored her heart was sound, and no child of hers would ever have inaugurated the great reform, if she had not been the asylum of liberal principles and generous impulses.

It is impossible, while we are extolling Bacon to the skies as the founder of a new system of intellectual activity, and holding up his name as an honour to his Alma Mater,

to avoid some notice of his political character, and give our answer to the question that has exercised so many minds, whether the Chancellor is to sink the character of the Liberator in a black slough of odium, or merely stand by as a man of his age, amiable but not perfect, leaving the Philosopher to shine with untarnished glory. A most ingenious attempt has recently been made by Mr. Hepworth Dixon to clear Lord Bacon's character from all odious imputations. The spirit in which such a work is conceived is a tender one, but not on that account necessarily a right one. Macaulay has shown great reasons for thinking that spotless integrity in high places was in that age not so wholly despised as is commonly supposed,—that many vigorous protests had for at least a century been fulminated in the ears of the most servile courtier; and that the public mind was awake to the beauty of purity and the foulness of venality. On one occasion I heard one of the most distinguished English philosophers admit this, and urge that a man who received the unheard-of honour of being elected to Parliament for three constituencies at once, cannot have been notoriously corrupt in the face of the English people. I reminded him that this identical unheard-of honour was conferred on Admiral Russell ninety years afterwards, merely from the ebullition of party feeling, at the time when he sat in King William's Council with a letter from King James in his pocket. But in the examination of a character like Bacon I am content to waive all this. Grant that the age was hopelessly corrupt, was Bacon to be bound by his age? When struggling in chambers in the Inns of Court, coldly patronized by his powerful cousins, he had the magnificent boldness to assert that he had taken all knowledge to be his province. Acting up to this declaration, he carried out his new system of philosophy against England and the Continent, against Oxford and Cambridge, against Leyden and Padua. Knowing that he could not be appreciated in his own day, knowing, it would seem, that it must take fifty years for Newton to—

“ Let down the golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main;”

that it must take a hundred and thirty years before Franklin could draw the lightning from heaven; that it must take over two centuries before days of ceaseless observation and weary toil, and nights of exposure and chill on the inhospitable Alps, should permit that the colossal mystery of these Titanic currents, driving their crystal mountains across the length and breadth of nations, should be revealed to the piercing eye of Agassiz,—Bacon solemnly bequeathed his works to the judgment of posterity. And such a man is to be judged by the age, such a man is to be pardoned because the times were corrupt! The philosopher could tear to rags the flimsy subtleties of Aquinas, and wrench away with unlineal hand the sceptre from the grasp of Aristotle. But the Chancellor is to receive a compliment after the manner of Cecil, and accept a consideration by the pattern of Egerton! Yes, Duns Scotus gave no pounds or places if his works were spared; Aristotle offered no lands or peerages in pawn for his crown; and the scapegrace of Trinity combination-room hurled them from their seats of honour. But Buckingham spoke a gracious word, James slobbered a fulsome compliment, and the son of the Hertfordshire baronet bowed to the dust before the favourite of the Austrian and the Solomon of Scotland. O, if that transcendent mind had but “armed itself to bear” a single reverse, to stand by a single unfortunate friend, to turn from a single bribe, we might have lived a few years more in syllogisms and quibblings, we might have had Halley and Hunter each a century later; but England would not have had to wait two centuries before the morality of the woolsack became as pure as the morality of the fireside, nor would a Dixon and a Montagu have had to exert all their ability to apologize for venality against the indignant reclamations of a Milman and a Macaulay.

Lord Bacon, Chancellor to James I, died in 1626. In

1632 terminated the University life of Milton, who was Secretary to Cromwell. The intervening six years, belonging peculiarly to the reign of Charles I, are signalized for England by the foundation of the Massachusetts colony. Without detracting the least from the sacred devotion of the Plymouth pilgrims in 1620, or the enterprise of the Salem pioneers in 1624, we must yet look to the expedition of 1629 as giving its real character to the settlement of Massachusetts as she now is. Observe then, my friends, how, at each successive stage in the ever-renewed necessities of human progress, Cambridge stands with the men. Did the literary tastes of England need reformers? Cambridge has them ready. Did the Church of England need learned and devout men to strengthen it? Cambridge has them ready. Did the statesmanship of England need reorganization or rather creation? Cambridge sends forth a brilliant body of men to do the work to the admiration of the world. And now that Providence has brought the time for a new work of grace, now that the oppressions of the Non-conformists have come to that point of cruelty that they cannot be borne in England, and yet have not so interwoven themselves with political affairs that they can be forcibly resisted in England; now, in short, that the "three kingdoms are to be sifted to plant the wilderness," it is at Cambridge that the plan of the new colonies is laid; it is from the graduates of Cambridge that the new colonists go. These facts, long known to diligent antiquaries and historians, are too much forgotten by the descendants of those men, to whom the name of Oxford, the stronghold of intolerance, is more familiar than Cambridge, the mother of their ancestors. They have, however, been lately recalled to us by that most interesting monument of the piety and reverence of a descendant, who has embalmed for ever, by the rich adornments of typography, and the still richer adornments of taste and genius, the cares, the struggles, the affections, the prayers of the most honoured of the founders of Massachusetts, and added a new leaf to the

laureate crown that encircles the name of Winthrop. To the original documents incorporated in this most interesting record we owe our knowledge of the fact that John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, by many supposed to have been unconnected with either University, was in fact a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, and, though his academic course was prematurely closed, always retained a friendly intercourse with the old halls. And of the brave, the learned, the pious men who accompanied or immediately followed him, by far the majority were graduates of Cambridge; and it is truly a delight to me to recall some of their names to you, and if I can, forge another link in that golden chain whereby I seek to connect indissolubly my country and my University.

Of the brave and wise laymen, who assisted Winthrop in laying the foundations of the infant government, few had a college education. Few civilians had adopted the doctrines of the Puritans in that class which attended the Universities. There are two names, however, distinguished in the administration of affairs;—the venerable Simon Bradstreet, the last of the colonists, whom the people of Massachusetts chose for their governor, in place of the tyrant imported by the Stuarts; he was a son of Emmanuel College;—and Hugh Peters, who, casting in his lot for some years with New England, returned to his own country to share in yet fiercer troubles, and was one of those fearless men that signed the death-warrant of the public enemy and traitor Charles Stuart.* But it is chiefly in the list of reverend divines that Cambridge furnished the strength of New England. Even in the Salem company, before Winthrop left England, Francis Higginson of Jesus Col-

* The defence of the regicides lies in the difficulty we have at the present time in judging of their position, their motives, and the passions which swayed them. Surely it is a dangerous thing to applaud them for the deed itself; the scholar may amuse himself with a theory, but the practical man may make it a precedent. —ED.

lege went out to be the first minister of Salem. There are those who excuse the treatment of the Puritans, and attempt, in this day of enlightenment, to obtain popularity for that poor senseless bigot, Archbishop Laud,—let such listen to the words of Higginson, as he departed on his tempestuous voyage to Salem. Calling up his children and other passengers into the stern of the ship, to take their last sight of England, he said,—“ We will not say as the Separatists are wont to say at their leaving of England, ‘ Farewell, Babylon ! Farewell, Rome.’ But we will say, ‘ Farewell, dear England ! Farewell the Church of God in England and all Christian friends there ! We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England . . . but we go to propagate the Gospel in America.’ ” And so he concluded with a fervent prayer for the king and church and state in England. His successor in Salem, Skelton, was likewise a son of Cambridge from Clare Hall. Two progenitors of honoured races in New England, Ezekiel Rogers of Rowley, and George Phillips of Watertown, were both sons of Cambridge ; the former from Corpus, the latter from Caius. But the great strength of ministers was from Emmanuel : Maude of Dover, Whitney of Lynn, and Ward of Ipswich, all were children of her vigorous youth. From her were the two valiant pioneers, Hooker and Stone of Cambridge, who had scarcely brought that settlement to a state of prosperity before they resolved to penetrate yet farther into the wilderness, and pitched their tent on the lovely river-side at Hartford. From her, too, was Shepard, the chief glory of the early church at Cambridge. These names alone would be enough to entitle the ancient halls on the Cam to the eternal honour and love of the people of New England, and of all the States of the Union, whose pioneers were New England men. But there are yet dearer names. From Jesus College came that most devoted of men, who, when hundreds around him, of those whose piety was most renowned, were thinking of nothing

but their own prosperity, gave the whole force of his faithful, his energetic, his well-trained mind to casting, if possible, a single ray of light on the poor, neglected, outraged children of the forest, and completed, without assistance, that superhuman work, the translation of the whole Bible into the Indian language,—the Apostle John Eliot. From Cambridge, also, I need not say again, for it formed the theme of my first lecture, came the fathers of our thrice-honoured home of learning,—our dear Alma Mater, our peerless Harvard. From the walls of Emmanuel came that gentle divine, who just lived to be admitted a freeman of Charlestown, and then closed his youthful eyes in death, but not before he had bequeathed half his slender fortune, and though he knew it not, his name, to the New England college. From Cambridge, also, came the first two Presidents of Harvard, and the only two which have not been her own children,—Henry Dunster of Emmanuel, and Charles Chauncy of Trinity. So that, indeed, Cambridge in America is the child of Cambridge in England, bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, and that strong, deep, rich stream which flowed through the heart of Burghley and Spenser and Coke and Bacon, is the source of that proud current, which, after nerving the hearts and hands of so many statesmen and counsellors and divines, is now, with its holy dew, moistening the worn-out fields of Virginia, in the hope to prepare it for an unwonted harvest of Freedom.

But our obligations to Cambridge are not yet concluded. For it is you and I, fellow-citizens, we men and women of Boston, that have reason to be proud of our sainted ancestors, who came forth from the walls of Cambridge. Who, with his eye, sharper than any diviner's rod, detected the lovely springs of water that flowed into the defiles of these hills, and turned the Shawmut peninsula into Trimountaine?—who but William Blackstone of Emmanuel? The faithful ministers of the First Church, that, it must be confessed, waged rather unsparing war against those who

did not agree with them, but still were learned, just, and holy men,—do we owe no debt to them?—John Wilson of King's and John Norton of Peterhouse? And him who was selected from all England as the chosen pastor of that old First Church in Boston,—him, the scholar, the preacher, the father,—him, in whose honour the beloved name of Boston was given to Trimountaine,—him, whose blood is in the veins of hundreds, far and wide, in New England,—shall we not shout for his name, our honoured patriarch and exemplar,—John Cotton?

John Cotton was, indeed, a true son of Cambridge. He was educated at Trinity College, winning the esteem and honour of all who knew him. Under ordinary circumstances he would undoubtedly have been a fellow of Trinity; but, in the year for his competition, the expenses entailed by the erection of the hall I described to you the other day broke in on the distribution of fellowships. He, however, received a fellowship at Emmanuel, and gave himself zealously to the work of preaching. His style of oratory was brilliant and captivating; and was wont, as was the custom of the English Church down to the reign of William the Third, to draw forth the loud hums of the assembled undergraduates. But several days of serious thought led our modest and reverend patriarch to doubt the propriety of this Periclean oratory, as his grandson Mather calls it; and, when he was appointed to preach at the University church, a large auditory, which had assembled to hear a mouth-filling piece of rhetoric, were astounded by a plain, trenchant discourse on the duty of repentance. Such Puritanism they would not hum. But Cotton cared not for hums nor hahs. He soon received the invitation to preside over the parish which is overtopped by the majestic tower of Old Boston, in Lincolnshire; and, after serving in patience and fortitude against all the thunder of the petty Vatican set up at Lambeth, he left his noble church on the German Ocean, and his loved resort by the Cam, and sought peace and freedom in the New Boston. Here he died,

full of years and full of honour. Here his name stands for ever, a beacon light to all Christians and freemen; and here his descendant rejoices, to-night, that he can make the name of his venerated ancestor a bond between New England and Old.

To Old England our attention is now again attracted by the tremendous crisis which overwhelmed her, and threatened, at times, to subvert all order and law in her state; but which developed in her sons a genius for oratory, for statecraft, for battle, inferior to no nation in the world, and to which we cannot but attribute most of the blessings that, after the overflow of the torrent of revolution had gone by, sprang up from the enriched soil of freedom. It is needless to say that both the Universities, when the final appeal to arms came, ranged themselves on the side of the king. From both were derived abundant contributions of plate and money; from both many a gallant young student went forth in what he deemed the cause of right. From Cambridge came the two extremes of the Cavalier party,—the two men that might be esteemed each as expressing in himself, the one all the crimes of the tyrant, the other all the virtues of the party. It is the questionable glory of Cambridge to have educated that loveliest of serpents, that most honied of traitors, the apostate friend of liberty, who, after making his name honoured as the defender of the people, sold this glorious birthright for a title, and enrolled himself among the evil counsellors, whose advice the tyrant loved to take, because it suited full well the dictates of his own heart. False to liberty, false to the people, false to himself as he was, Cambridge cannot but sigh for the learning, the eloquence, the courage, that perished with her unhappy son,—Thomas, Earl of Strafford. And, while he was breathing his accursed poison into the too willing ear of Charles, another son of Cambridge, who, in his ardent devotion to the throne, never lost his love for the people, was pleading and praying that gentle measures, and unbroken faith, might be the monarch's guide. It is

the old story of the two angels, on the right and the left. But, though the demon's counsels prevailed, and though even his headlong fall from earth in a cloud of lurid flame could not deter his infatuated master, still that gentle spirit kept by the side of his monarch ; and, when all had been tried in vain, he sealed his devotion with his life,—the loveliest, the truest, the tenderest soul of men. And over his grave we feel our hearts half drawn to the cause from which our minds revolt, and drop a memorial tear for the son of Cambridge, Lucius, Viscount Falkland.

But in this great cause, where mighty principles of law and government and morality are at stake, let us not be misguided. Sons of the Puritans, let no considerations of mere sentimentality or personal attractions lure us from admiration of these mighty heroes, the champions of English liberty. Those whom the influence overshadows of a throne, an aristocracy, an established church,—those may refuse, from conscience and timidity, to espouse the sterner but the juster side. But we,—we can weep over Falkland, but we recognize with pride that on the list of the sons of Cambridge there stands next to his the name of the scion of nobility who dared to be faithful to the people, the ancestor of a noble race who still remain in our own borders, and in whose honoured home the Father of his Country loved to find hospitality and affection,—the leader of the armies of the Parliament, Thomas, Lord Fairfax.

But Cambridge has another name that at this period won far greater renown. In the little college of Sydney Sussex, there hangs an original portrait of one of the very first men who ever studied there. It is said that the contemplation of this portrait afforded to David Hume the materials for that elaborate character he has drawn of the greatest man that comes into his history. In the case of Hume there was every passion at work to lead him to vilify unsparingly the mighty subject of his portraiture. A Scot, he had doubtless been satiated at his nurse's knee with songs that cursed the conqueror of Dunbar field. A

devoted adherent of monarchy, he detested the founder of the Commonwealth. A professed deist, he was incapable of sympathizing with the leader of the Puritans. A practical infidel, his whole nature was alien to the man who was so tremendously in earnest in all his actions. Yet even he, from a calm study of that nervous face, that the flattering painter received such imperative directions to leave in its native plainness, is obliged to acknowledge the injustice of the abuse lavished on his subject by the Stuart partisans; is compelled to temper every censure with a compliment, and finally to award him that splendid praise, which he shares with our peerless Washington, a perfect self-control of a fiery and haughty nature. Such is the verdict of an enemy. But for us, fellow-citizens, for us, children of the Puritans, for I love to repeat the name, there need be no hesitation. We do not need the lofty verses of Milton, the rugged logic of Carlyle, the matchless eloquence of Macaulay, to change our hate into love, or quicken our cold encomiums into heartiness. The traditions of our ancestors call upon us to admire the Puritan; the recollections of '76 appeal to us not to falter in our admiration of him who crushed the tyrant; and our brethren, falling every day in defence of their country's outraged laws, cry to us from the ground to raise the shout of glory for the mighty leader who could see through the bloody cloud of civil strife the pathway to peace, and strike a crushing blow at the crest of the despot, who set up the standard of battle rather than abide by his faith and the laws.

Yes, bigots may defame him, tyrants may insult him, but when the hosts of God rise for their great review, and the champions of liberty bare their scars, there shall stand in the foremost rank, shining as the brightness of the firmament, the majestic son of Cambridge, the avenger and protector, Oliver Cromwell.

It would be delightful, if in the case of all these men, so renowned in their various ways, we had full accounts of

their college life. A few traditions have been preserved, but only a few. One of the most important personages at Cambridge in the first quarter of the seventeenth century was old Hobson, the carrier. In the year 1625, a plague in London obliged his regular trips to the metropolis, with letters and parcels, to be suspended. His regular work being thus interrupted, he sickened and died. A young student of Christ's College, then only seventeen years of age, composed a couple of epigrams on this irreparable loss, and I read you a compilation from both, to give you a little idea of Cambridge wit at that time.

“Here lies Old Hobson ! Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath ;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
Fainted and died, nor would with ale be quickened ;
'Nay,' quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
'If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched.'
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness, that his cart went light ;
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome.
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
His letters are delivered all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.”

It would, perhaps, require some perspicacity to detect, in these reiterated conceits and rough verses, the gravity of thought and melody of diction that entrance us in the pages of “*Paradise Lost*.”

In no part of history, ancient or modern, is there a life of such intense though melancholy interest as that of Milton. His course at college is represented by old tradition to have been a contest, and a bitter one, with the autho-

rities. It is not unlikely that that fearless spirit, that dared confront the direst anathemas of church and state, may have incurred the censure of some *academie martinet*,—but it is impossible that the college life of so good a scholar, and so pious a man, could have been a series of rebellions and punishments.* For the ten years after leaving Cambridge, the life of Milton is like his own Eden, a living garden of all the fruits most exquisite to a young man; personal beauty of an enchanting perfection,—the devoted friendship of some of the choicest spirits of the age, and experienced in all the delights of a tour in Italy,—a welcome at the delightful country mansions of the English nobility, where the art of living is understood as nowhere else in the world,—the attention of all observers, attracted more and more each year to the exquisite beauties of his occasional lyrics. Had Milton died at thirty, he would have been universally esteemed one of the happiest of men. In 1641, his life changed. Liberty and truth were assailed by tyranny and bigotry, and calmly this young and elegant poet comes forward to grapple in the death-struggle. For ten more years his life is given to a defence of the great principles on which he believes justice and truth to rest. He knows full well what the issue of such a fight must be, and what the world would require at his hands, and not for an instant does he falter in his great work, till he has won a name, as a statesman, that sounds through Europe. Had he died in 1652, twenty years after leaving college, he would have lost some private happiness, but he would have died in the full enjoyment of well-earned fame. But for twenty-two more years he must struggle with all the ills that flesh is heir to. First went those rich dark eyes, that had won the heart of the Italian princess,—still he could bear to

* By no means “impossible,” though it may not have been so in fact. The energy and force of character which, virtuously applied, render a man notable for good, may have caused the errors of his youth to be equally conspicuous. History teems with examples.
—ED.

lose them in the cause of liberty, as long as his mighty protector, the protector of England remained. But the Stuarts returned, and to the sting of blindness, and of that slow but too often sure-footed guest, poverty, was added a storm of obloquy and contumely for what they were pleased to term heresy and treason. The Duke of York, afterwards the last and worst of the Stuart kings, who loved to see the Covenanters put to torture, and stood silent while his own nephew crawled in chains to his knees and begged for life,—delighted to expend the energies of his narrow, superstitious, bitter mind in insults and injuries on the poor old man. The sweet presence of woman's love, that has so often breathed consolation to a hundred wretched hearts, was poisoned for him by countless trials. But all availed not to slay that immortal soul. Blindness could not check the keenness of that vision, to whom myriads of

“Starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky,”—

who beheld the angelic squadron turning fiery red at the insults of the enemy of God. No poverty could check that boundless imagination that built up the opal towers of heaven and adorned its battlements with living sapphire, that laid out the walks fragrant with cassia, nard, and balm, that raised Seleucia, Rome, and Athens, from their ruins by the splendour of his descriptions. Servile parliaments and haughty princes might revile or torture the breaker of the golden image and the assertor of the liberty of the press. But what cared he, who had but to dictate five words in his majestic picture of the sun in eclipse, and straightway monarchs were perplexed with fear of change. The fanatical Sherlock and the bigoted Sancroft might fix on him a thousand charges of heresy, but it was nothing to him who felt himself already admitted within the veil, and holding communion with heaven itself in the solu-

tion of its eternal history, and its transcendent mysteries. The frigid conceits of the past age, and the senseless bombast of his own, could not break one of the thousand strings in his heavenly harp; the servility and fanaticism of a whole nation could not shake one lofty and free thought in his breast; the bestial licentiousness of the sons of Belial that thronged the court could not cast one spot on that snow-like purity. All honour then to the defender of liberty,—reverence and homage to the champion of religion. Thrice echoing shouts of glory, and ever-blooming showers of laurel to the profound statesman, the elegant scholar, the consummate poet, the revealer of Hell and Heaven and Paradise! And let no meaner name sully our lips to-night than that of the greatest son of Cambridge, John Milton.*

* Poor Charles I! Unhappy Laud! After having served as the favourite themes of virgin essays and speeches in England for so many years, there seems to be a prospect of America taking them in hand; and they are probably destined to excite unreasonable admiration, or equally unreasonable hatred, in the breasts of posterity, while the Anglo-Saxon race shall last. Yet they were very average and respectable individuals, and it was not their faults that they were made to represent principles. Charles I. was not a tyrant, nor yet a martyr; he was a king who naturally wished to retain his power, and had no idea of being made a nonentity of. It may be all the better for us that he was the loser in the struggle; we believe that it is: but surely it was hard enough upon him to lose his head, without being spattered with more abuse than Nero or Louis XI, and that throughout all ages. As for Laud, he thought he was upholding the interests of true religion, and his warmest opponent can say no more for himself.—ED.



IX.

GREAT MEN OF CAMBRIDGE SINCE 1688.

*Mathematicians.—Scholars.—Divines.—Lawyers.—Statesmen.—
Authors.—Newton, Bentley, Barrow, Lyndhurst, Pitt, Mac-
caulay, and others.—Song for Cambridge.*

IN my last lecture I recounted to you some of the principal great men educated at Cambridge from the time of Erasmus to the time of Milton. And I think the propriety of thus terminating the series of the earlier worthies at this point will readily be recognized. Milton was one of the last educated under the old system of the Aristotelian logic. The next generation began to turn its attention to the new sciences, to discuss the discoveries of Galileo and the reasonings of Kepler, and to elaborate or refute the systems of Descartes. In the year after Milton died, a special dispensation—the legality of which we will not here consider—was granted by King Charles II. to permit Isaac Newton to hold his college fellowship without taking holy orders in the Church of England. Newton, when at the zenith of his reputation, became master of the mint to William III,—and thus the next set of men after Milton at once introduces us to the new order of things, the new world created in England, by that estab-

lishment of the constitution more firmly on the basis of law, which she owes to the revolution of 1688.

In the present lecture, therefore, I shall call your attention to the great men of Cambridge, who, though in part educated earlier, yet nearly all flourished and made their mark in the world between the expulsion of the Stuarts and the present time. In a period so long and of such a character, the method I pursued last Tuesday of dividing the whole into generations or epochs, and showing the part Cambridge played in each of them would be wholly impracticable. I shall, therefore, rather take up several of the great departments of human knowledge, in which the sons of Cambridge have excelled, and recount to you the services rendered in each by her more illustrious children.

And first let us consider what Cambridge has accomplished in the two great divisions of learning which she calls her own; mathematical philosophy and classical scholarship. And in the first of these departments the name I have already mentioned at once places Cambridge ahead of all other institutions that have made the mathematical and physical sciences a part of their training. In Isaac Newton all men of science are ready to recognize their superior, and proud to be thought his pupils and followers. Pope's well-known epigrammatic statement,

“ Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, ‘ Let Newton be,’ and all was light,”

though, like all epigrams, hyperbolical, is, like all Pope's epigrams, true, though not perhaps in exactly the author's sense. The application of the principles of law to the phenomena of nature was not originated by Newton. The ancient mathematicians, Euclid, Archimedes, and Apollonius,—those of the Middle Ages, Stevinus and Commandine,—and still later, Galileo and Kepler, had made many invaluable generalizations from most admirable experiments. The imperfection of the early telescopes had been in part regulated by the micrometer, that beautiful invention of Gas-

coigne, the too-early lost, the youthful astronomer whose studies were untimely broken by Marston Moor. At Cambridge, particularly, the work had been nobly inaugurated. Wallis and Barrow had all but developed the great principles of modern mathematics, they had all but solved the problem of the Universe. But still the laws themselves lay hid in night; and till the sun arose, nothing satisfactory, nothing certain could be told. That sun was Newton. As soon as he appears there is a scattering of mists and darkness, never again to gather in like force. After him there is light, not always the light of noonday, or of the summer solstice, nor yet a light of any magic power that enables us to see everything just as it is,—many of Nature's laws are yet to be known,—but yet that light without which the most brilliant discoveries serve like diamonds by their very brilliancy only to heighten the surrounding darkness, in which they flash out, reflecting the glory, and adding to it their own.

In discussing such a man as Newton, it is best at once to speak of his discoveries in terms of perfect truth, or even to leave points uncontested of which the truth may be in his favour. Let us then avow freely, that his great mathematical system was discovered by Leibnitz almost simultaneously; that in the opinion of many distinguished mathematicians the theory of Leibnitz is the more philosophical, and the methods pursued by him more rational than Newton's; that the theory of light proposed by his contemporary Huyghens commands at the present day the universal preference of the most distinguished *savans*, unless possibly Sir David Brewster. But all this is as nothing to the main question. Even where Newton was erroneous or unphilosophical, his errors and his confusion have led ultimately to higher truth and purer truth than the barren exactitudes of others. And the great theory on which all his discoveries depend, the law of universal attraction, has not only remained irrefragable, but is every day confirmed in the most surprising manner. Again and

again, when some new irregularity in the heavenly bodies has caused the superficial mathematicians to declare that now at last the Newtonian system would not hold, a closer investigation has proved that the supposed objections were only striking demonstrations of its truth. It is the Newtonian theory of attraction that gives the stand-point Archimedes sought to move the world. It is this that verified every figure in the incomparable calculations of Bradley, this that nerved the all-grasping sinews of the celestial mechanic,—this that winged the thought of Leverrier into the sightless depths of the Uranian abyss,—this that gave our own matchless Bond the confidence and the power to seize the fiery tresses of the trailing wanderers, to make the rough dull cloud-mass of Orion blaze with the sparkling glories of the perfect gem, to unbridle the oceanic ring of Saturn from the curb the ages had thrown over it. And if the time should ever come,—and who, considering the infinity of creation and the might of science, shall say it will not come?—when a system of the Universe is demonstrated in whose mighty generalizations Newton's is a mere special case, still shall grateful learning pay honour to the rising sun that shone through the mists of her natal hour, still shall Cambridge do honour to her noblest son, trained by her counsels, nurtured in her walls, honoured by her culture.

It is no vain boast that Newton was trained at Cambridge. Had he other masters than Barrow, he might have waited long for his discoveries; but Barrow, and his great contemporary, Wallis, had already brought mathematics to such a state, that the Newtonian discoverers must come soon. Contemporary with Newton at Cambridge was Flamsteed, the first astronomer royal, and the great illustrator of the laws of the tides, and Roger Cotes, a name too little known in the world, but appreciated by all mathematicians, of whom Newton himself said, "If he had lived, we might have known something." At a later period we find the blind mathematician, Saunderson, Vince,

and Taylor, who added many important formulæ to practical calculations. Still later, occur the names of Wood and Peacock, hated by youthful students in Algebra; of Sir John Herschel, the worthy son of a worthy father; of the astronomers royal, Maskelyne and Airy,—and, finally, in our own time, of that wonderful genius, John Couch Adams, who, in the same year as Leverrier, made precisely similar calculations on his own account, demonstrating the existence of another member of the solar system.

And then in the other chosen branch of Cambridge studies, the Classical Literatures and Languages. If our age begins with the prince of mathematicians, it also begins with the prince of scholars. Never since Greek learning was revived, not in Erasmus, its great parent,—or More and Cheke, his coadjutors,—or Casaubon, the patient student,—or Spanheim and Grævius, the elegant imitators;—not in Wolf, the arch heretic, nor Hermann, the all-correcting, nor Lobeck, the omnivorous,—never, perhaps, except in the unmeasured learning and magnificent intelligence of Scaliger, has been found such a scholar as Richard Bentley. He was one of those men to whom ordinary Greek and Latin is like a child's primer, and who has only a slight chance of making a mistake when he comes to those tremendous passages where all the concentrated obscurity of the author is darkened tenfold by all the diffused stupidity of the copyists. In his hands the vast mass of rough and unexplored Greek literature, which men had been content to pass by as hopeless, became a great mine of rich jewels, which indeed needed labour to dig, to wash, to polish, but which repaid that labour by a lustre far more glorious than those of the well-known pebbles to be found in every river's bed.

Richard Bentley was a member of St. John's College, Cambridge. In the latter part of the seventeenth century he was involved in what the learned know as the "Phalaris" controversy with some of the young wits of England, which resulted in a nominal and temporary success of his

adversaries, but really and ultimately in the establishment of Dr. Bentley as the greatest of English scholars ; and if he only did justice to himself, one of the greatest of English wits and critics. In this discussion, he was brought into collision with Atterbury, Swift, and the other wits, and they communicated their enmity to Pope, who has filled whole pages with abuse of Bentley, a little more virulent and a little less true than Pope's satire generally is. The reputation thus acquired procured Bentley the appointment from the crown of Master of Trinity College ; as there is only a single wall of brick between Trinity and his own college of St. John, he is reported to have quoted somewhat profanely, " By the help of God I have leapt over a wall." Though not originally a member of it, his whole soul and energy were given to the college of his adoption, but his ideas for increasing it provoked the resentment of the existing fellows, particularly Dr. Conyers Middleton, the author of the *Life of Cicero*. He was at once involved in new controversy with them, wherein his excessively imperious and overbearing temper doubtless did him no good ; but which ended in his appeal from the petty jealousies and scholastic insolence of the University to the justice of the king and council being triumphantly sustained, and now, while Conyers Middleton's servile biography of Cicero is daily less and less esteemed, and his really valuable theological essays are hardly read, his rival is rising every day in the reputation of scholars, as the great founder of classical criticism.

Second to Bentley, but second to him alone, is Richard Porson. This glorious interpreter of the Greek drama, gifted with memory, with wit, with acuteness, with vigour beyond almost any man, who, if he had no other merit, would be immortal from the beauty of his Greek manuscript, is a lamentable instance of transcendent powers joined to almost irresistible failings. Porson was probably the brightest wit in a generation of humourists, and the hardest drinker in a generation of drunkards. He would

drink anything, even the alcohol set aside to fill a lamp. This at once plunged him into debt and sloth, from which even the necessity of earning his bread hardly extricated him. Had William Pitt—a Cambridge man and a devoted friend of the Greek classics—done his duty by literature and given Porson a pension, he might have been raised from the necessity of associating with hack-writers, and his orgies deprived of half their coarseness, or perchance broken up for ever. But in spite of poverty, of idleness, of vice, the splendour of his wit, the soundness of his mind, the sweetness of his disposition, have left to those who study him attentively a memory they must love while they censure. His researches in the ancient drama have placed the whole criticism of its masters, so difficult yet so delightful, on a new basis, while his letters to Travis have demonstrated beyond power of refutation that the so-called “proof-text” so often cited, viz. 1 John v. 7, has no place whatever in the Bible.

A little prior to Porson was another great Cambridge scholar, a perfect mine of erudition, the learned Samuel Parr. Had Dr. Parr devoted himself wholly to what he was best adapted for, namely, the editing of the classics, he might have made himself a great name. But in an evil hour he made it his business to be a great conversationist, like Johnson, whom he imitated in little but rudeness. Yet some good jokes are told of him. He was once present at a dinner in company with Sir James Mackintosh, whom Parr and his party always accused of apostacy from the true cause of liberty. The conversation turned on the Irish rebels of '98, and Mackintosh said of one of them, “He was the worst of men.” Parr looked fixedly at him, and in a spiteful voice, almost unintelligible from a peculiar lisp, hissed out, “No, Sir James, he was a very bad man, but he was not the worst of men. He was an Irishman, he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor, Sir James, he might have been an apostate.”

It is to the exertions of Cambridge men that we owe that accurate and beautiful knowledge of the spirit of Greek poetry that so distinguishes the English scholars. They not only understand how to sift the endless chaff of German erudition from the wheat, and to work up the latter into the purest flour, but to flavour the bread of learning with an ambrosial gusto all their own. The names of Dobree, of Elmsley, of Monk, of Blakesley, of Long, of Paley, of Thompson, of Munro, of Vaughan, of Lyttelton, of Merivale, are familiar to all scholars as those of accurate, of elegant, of acute interpreters of the treasures of ancient lore.

Next to the study of the learned languages and mathematics, unquestionably the greatest attention is paid at Cambridge to Theology. In the period selected for this evening, the greatest name as well as the first is that of Isaac Barrow, the preceptor of Newton. Distinguished in the early part of his life for his mathematical skill, his fame now rests on his theological works, and chiefly his sermons. I might do worse to-night than stop my lecture and read you a sermon of Barrow ; but without going that length, let me advise any young preacher, who thinks his last discourse, intended for some special occasion, has completely used up the subject, to take down his grandfather's old copy of Barrow's sermons, only to find every one of his own thoughts much better expressed, and a great deal more he never dreamed of, and all penetrated by a combination of intellectual mastery, of chastened eloquence, and of pure Christian holiness, that must carry conviction to the hearts of even such godless audiences as Barrow was wont to address.

In Barrow's own time, the popular preference was decidedly given to Tillotson. His sermons, though now less read, deserve to be revived for the exquisite spirit of love and gentleness breathing through them all. When Tillotson died, William III, not given to demonstration, and not fond of Englishmen, wrote to his most intimate corre-

spondent, that he had "lost the best friend he ever had and the best man he ever knew." Cambridge is proud to rank Tillotson of her sons.

In the same age are Pearson, whose treatise on the Creed is held to be a chief stone of the foundation of English theology; Cudworth, the author of a vigorous intellectual system, and Burnet, of the "Theory of the Earth," the latter renowned also as a devoted friend of liberty; the eloquent and virtuous bishops, Stillingfleet and Beveridge, Patrick and Tenison; the grave and pious Calamy; Lightfoot, the greatest English Orientalist; and Jeremy Collier, who, in spite of his bigotry and his absurdity, deserves the thanks of all lovers of literature and morality, for having been the first to strike a blow at the impurity of the English drama. But, perhaps, none of all these is so entitled to the respect and love of Christians as one who, though belonging to an earlier generation, may well be considered the father of Christian instruction in modern England, whose books are daily republished as surpassing all others in the value of their precepts and consolations, the sainted Jeremy Taylor.

In the next century the list of Cambridge divines is swelled by Sherlock and Hoadley, fellow-students and fellow-bishops; Horsley, one of the most energetic controversialists and one of the best of men; Samuel Clarke, so long the leader of the liberal theologians; and Paley, who, though his *Moral Philosophy* is justly superseded, and his *Horæ Paulinæ* is fast giving way to better books, must stand for ever as an honest, a vigorous, and a pious opponent of the sloth and infidelity wherein the religion of England appeared irredeemably plunged.

In the last two generations the divines of Cambridge have not fallen from the reputation of their predecessors; but I omit their consideration till a later lecture, when I shall discuss the whole subject of the connection of Cambridge with the Church of England.

Next in estimation to the profession of Divinity, un-

doubtedly stands that of Law. The science of the laws of England formed no part of the instruction at Cambridge till Sir George Downing included in his gifts to Downing College a professorship of the laws of England. Civil law, as I have already explained, formed an important branch of Cambridge study. But although not directly connected with the University, the Inns of Court, in London, where chiefly the Law was and is studied, always accorded great privileges to persons coming from the University, shortening the time required for residence to such as had taken the Master's or Bachelor's degrees. And in England, as here, the best training for the legal studies has always, and rightly, been considered to be the education given at college. A distinguished member of the English bench, who had himself taken the highest honours of his year at Cambridge, admonished his young nephew, who proposed studying there, that he must "be sure and get a Wranglership," such an unfailing prestige did it give among the retaining attornies to have stood high at the Universities.

About the time of the revolution of 1688, the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Sawyer, one of the ablest of all the English counsel, was a son of Cambridge, and represented her in Parliament. From his time there has always been a supply of distinguished members of the Inns of Court from Cambridge ;—the virtuous Camden, the faithful friend of Chatham ; the unfortunate Charles Yorke, who put an end to his own life the day after he had received the wool-sack on which his father had sat before him ; and that truly Christian knight, Sir Eardley Wilmot, whose modesty shrank from the honours of the great seal. Two chancellors of still greater fame join the list,—Edward Thurlow and Thomas Erskine. Thurlow, it may well be supposed, was a sadly unruly member of the University. It may not be amiss to recall some of the anecdotes of his college course which Lord Campbell has preserved. For example :—There was a stringent law at Cambridge against any garments except those of a black or "subfusk" hue ;

and especially against any cuffs of a gay colour being attached to the coat. Thurlow was reprimanded for transgressing this rule. He denied the charge altogether. "What, sir," said the college functionary, indignantly, "am I not to believe my own eyes?" "No, sir," said the future chancellor; and, stripping off his coat, showed that the sleeves, terminating in the gay cuffs, were attached to the waistcoat. On another occasion, the dean of the college imposed upon him as a punishment,—according to a practice given up entirely at Cambridge, but not wholly at Oxford,—to translate a paper of the *Spectator* into Greek. Thurlow performed the task with a good deal of skill; but, instead of taking it to the dean, who was not a very learned man, took it to one of the tutors, a splendid Greek scholar. This was considered a piece of impertinence; and being interrogated by the body of the authorities as to his excuse, he replied: "Sir, I have all possible respect for the dean, and therefore took my imposition to the tutor, as a person who could inform him whether or not I had done the task satisfactorily." For this exquisite piece of insolence no punishment seemed suited, rustication being too lenient, and expulsion too severe; but, in compliance with the advice of the tutor, Thurlow voluntarily left the University. I refer you to Lord Campbell's "*Lives*" for the sequel to the story, which shows that Thurlow, though a perfect bear, had a good heart as well as a sound head. I own more authentic anecdotes quite refute the supposition.

The advantages which Lord Erskine derived from Cambridge were peculiar. It was after having tried unsuccessfully both branches of the service that he determined to go to the bar. Any one who had taken a University degree could be called to the bar in three years, instead of five, after entering the Inns of Court.* Erskine, therefore, en-

* Any one, whether a graduate or not, can now be called in three years, and the ancient privilege is therefore void.—ED.

tered his name, and kept his rooms, at Trinity College, Cambridge; and, being the son of an earl, was admitted to his degree after two years' residence, and without an examination. This privilege of the nobility is now disused; but it might well have been continued if it were always the means of smoothing the passage to legal honours of such a man as Erskine, the most consummate forensic orator of the age, and one of the truest friends of liberty that ever lived.

Another most eminent lawyer, who owed his education to Cambridge, was the great Ellenborough. His proficiency was such that he was expected to take the first honours of his year in both classics and mathematics. He was disappointed in the latter, being only third wrangler, instead of senior; but he was easily first in the classical department; and thus continued the fame of his family, his father and two brothers having all three graduated with distinction at Cambridge, and all three risen to bishoprics. Many years after, when the examinations had much increased in difficulty, Sir E. H. Alderson, afterwards greatly distinguished as an Exchequer judge, actually obtained the highest honours of his year in all the possible subjects of competition,—a case of which only three instances have ever occurred since the records begin in 1752. Two other renowned lawyers, Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, and Sir Frederick Pollock, whose recent decision in the *Alexandra* case has rather shaken the value placed by Americans on his legal acumen, obtained the highest mathematical honours of their respective years. Cambridge also was the mother of a judge, now retired from the bench, but esteemed as few ever have been, and especially honourable for his steady friendship for America—the learned and virtuous Parke, Lord Wensleydale. And finally, within the last few months, his friends and relatives in Boston have received the melancholy tidings of the loss of one of the most distinguished English lawyers and orators, the veteran among them all, who, at the age of

eighty-eight, when scarce able to move, still could protest in Parliament against the supineness of younger leaders,—the faithful and honoured child of Cambridge, the son of the distinguished artist, whose speaking portraits are among the choicest decorations of our mansions and halls, the Boston boy, John Singleton Copley, Lord Lyndhurst.

But there are two callings, which, in the end, will arrest the attention of the world, and show the value of education, above all others. The profession of arms, indeed, may, for a few years, be all-important, and its heroes may stand highest in the world's opinion; but it is for a few years only. We ourselves, who are at this moment offering our richest treasure and our best blood to the god of war, do so because we hope by these offerings to secure generations wherein a free and united nation may exercise the arts of peace. It is to Statesmanship and to Literature that we must look to know if Cambridge has done her part for England and the world. I have already given proofs of her pre-eminence as a trainer of politicians and authors in the earlier times; but the annals of her later age will equally show that she has never failed to yield her quota of those who rule the state of England, and form the mind of her people.

The greatest real statesman at the time of the English revolution was beyond all question Sir William Temple. It is not to be supposed that he understood all the turns of an English parliamentary contest as well as Halifax or Shaftesbury; but he alone understood what was the true position England should occupy in the family of nations, and he alone had the adroitness to carry through a treaty by which this position might be secured. He was too timorous and too selfish to be a great man; but when he chose to forget himself in his country, or rather when he could do his country service without endangering himself, he performed services of really great value, without ruining her either by his ambition or his avarice;—and the side he espoused has received the subsequent commendation of

all true patriots and wise men. He was a member of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

But the next generation was to develop a race of statesmen, perhaps even superior to Temple in ability, and at all events, far before him in spirit, in generosity, in energy. No statesman of the reign of William III, not even Somers himself, showed such marvellous genius for founding a new national glory on the ruins of the old as Charles Montague. He was one of the earliest pupils of Newton at Cambridge, and originally looked forward to little more than the life of a college fellow or a country rector. But the Revolution, that brought forward all the talent of the Whig party, called Montague from his retirement. His inventive genius, sharpened by the differential calculus and the dynamics of a particle, threw itself into the mysteries of finance with an energy that startled the old exchequer-men. When the credit of the crown was shaken to the utmost, and Louis XIV. was congratulating himself that the last piece of gold must win, Montague brought it up from the dust, by the then novel expedient of creating a funded debt, and issuing treasury notes, an interesting precedent for ourselves.* In a still darker hour he created the Bank of England, an act alone entitling him to the highest praise as a wise statesman; and finally, when the whole country was tottering under a debased currency, his admirable system of recoinage revived and strengthened it as it never had been strong before. And here was shown the wisdom of the man; he knew that the best man at a college will, other things being equal, be the best out of it, that he who can calculate the thickness of a soap-bubble to the millionth of an inch, could calculate how many million shillings the mint could issue in a day; and the complete success of the recoinage is chiefly due to his filling the place of master of the mint by Sir Isaac Newton.

* Highly; and we hope our cousins will never regret having followed it.—ED.

Just as Montague felt that the Parliamentary sceptre he had earned so well and held so long was quivering in his grasp, the House of Commons received a new member, also from Cambridge, whose original ideas, like those of Montague, had been to remain all his life a country clergyman, with some assistance from his college. But the death of his elder brother, and his marriage with the daughter of a rich city magnate, procured him a seat in Parliament. For a few years he was engaged in the injudicious prosecution of the foolish Sacheverell, and the prominence he took therein never ceased till he became Prime Minister, till he became all but sole minister, till he had silenced opposition so long that men recurred to it merely for variety, till having begun Parliamentary life in opposition to Bolingbroke, he ended it in opposition to Chatham; till he and his great rival, Pulteney, having had all eyes concentrated on their Titanic contests for years, sank into the obscurity of high rank; till in the year that the Highlands and the Continent burst into one furious blaze, the grave closed over Robert Walpole.

In the year in which Walpole died, the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, one of the most important offices in the gift of the crown, and attended with some privileges known to no other, was given to another graduate of Cambridge, Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. We are accustomed to think of Lord Chesterfield only as a model of politeness; as the supercilious patron that excited the enmity of Johnson; as the author of a volume of letters dictated apparently by fashionable infidelity. Such may be all the legacy he could leave, but such is far too little in justice to his life. The same sweet grace of manner, the same soft tones of voice that captivated the drawing-rooms, rose in Parliament to the very heights of eloquence; the same dignity which knew how to maintain the place of a gentleman in all circles taught him how to hold high office till the arrogance of the minister allowed it no longer, and then to part with it only to receive it back

when Walpole was no more. And what may appear to us through the mist of a century but the airs of a courtier, were in truth the adroitness of a diplomat and the ability of a statesman. It is enough glory for one man to be considered the best lord-lieutenant of Ireland through all the last century.

Chesterfield died at the age of seventy-nine, in the year 1773. In that same year a sickly boy of fourteen was entered at Pembroke College in Cambridge. His feeble frame, unable to bear the hardships of a public school, had been scarcely sustained by inordinate doses of port wine, not generally employed as a medicine by the Englishmen of that period. At college he was not only unusually skilled in mathematical science, but a consummate master of ancient literature. Shy, retiring, implicitly regular in his devotion to all college requirements, he seemed the very man to end his days as tutor of his college, with perhaps the prospect, if he lived long enough, of becoming its master. But the feeble-framed youth strangely enough resolved to quit this life of academic ease so well suited to him, and study law. Nor did he appear to have made a mistake. Some friends of his father's, particularly the great Dunning, complimented him highly on the success of his maiden pleas. Relying too much on his precocity and his descent from an earl, he ventured—such is the audacity of youth—to offer himself as a candidate for Parliament from the University of Cambridge, when only twenty-one. It may be supposed such a demand was at once rejected by the magnates of learning. How did they feel when only three years later they saw the sickly boy, at the age of twenty-four, Prime Minister of England, and heard the whole nation ringing with shouts of praise at the lofty eloquence, the acute management, the undaunted bearing of William Pitt the younger!

Yes, Pitt is a true son of Cambridge. No mere nominal member like Erskine, no unruly scapegrace like Thurlow, no unwilling and disgusted student like Bacon, but faith-

ful, diligent, regular, till the licentious age made his virtue a laughing stock. It was from his Thucydides and his Conic Sections that he learned to rule the Parliament and encourage the nation. Poor, proud, haughty, youthful, he secured the personal respect of all classes of Englishmen, such as was never accorded to Walpole or Pelham, or even his great father; he defied the desperate fury of France under Carnot, and the concentrated magnificence of France under Napoleon; his very name was for years a mystical bugbear to the Jacobins, for generations a mythical watchword to the Tories. And now that senseless hatred and senseless love are alike passing away, the great son of Cambridge shall shine forth year after year the parent of reform, the abhorrer of the slave-trade, the friend of religious liberty, the splendid orator, the undaunted patriot, the incorruptible minister. After not only Pitt had passed away, but also the modern Hannibal himself, whose victory at Austerlitz had slain, together with thirty thousand troops of the allies, the great Englishman whose counsels moved them, Lord Byron, not politically a friend of Pitt, pronounced on him and his great Parliamentary rival a sentence which should be remembered by all who would exalt the present at the expense of the past.

“Reader, remember, when thou wert a lad,
That Pitt was all,—or, if not all, so much
His very rival almost deemed him such.
We, we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans face to face,—
Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between, which flowed all free
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they,—the rivals? A few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.”

Nor can I, in closing this section of my lecture, omit to call your attention to a son of Cambridge, who, called into political life at the time of Pitt's death, continued in it over fifty years with the respect of his rivals, the admira-

tion of his allies, the devotion and love of his friends,—who, such was the confidence in his abilities and his probity, was constantly included in the cabinet by special preference, after all the offices were assigned ; who, gifted with rank, with wealth, with talent, with power, won to himself a yet richer glory by being the constant fosterer of genius, the patron of literature, the friend of his country, the loyal child of his University, and left, when he died, in extreme old age, preserving his intellectual energy to the end, no name more honoured in England than that of Henry Petty, Marquis of Lansdowne.

But it is to the devotees of literature, the essayists, the historians, the poets, that every nation looks for her most lasting honour, and every college for her brightest glory. When Milton died in poverty and obscurity, leaving his great works to posterity, there was perhaps but one man, and he a Cambridge man, who had both the ability and the will to come to anything like a just appreciation of their value. He could do it, because, though a loyalist, he was no bigot,—because, though a sovereign of literature, he did not “bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.” Above all, he could do it because he was a poet himself. This was John Dryden,—“Glorious John,” as his contemporaries loved to call him, who still, though times and manners and tastes have changed, must preserve the admiration of all real lovers of stirring thoughts set forth in sounding verse. I know his rhymed tragedies are fustian and bombast,—I know in the delineation of character he falls far short, I do not say of Shakespeare, but of Nat Lee, Southerne, Congreve,—I know his religious poems are more absurd than that of Lucretius, and his panegyrics more fulsome than those of Southey. But let any one, however prepossessed in favour of the ultra modern or ultra antique poetry, read through nineteen of his lines, with all their conceits, their bombast, their nonsense, and the twentieth shall burst upon him, stirring his heart like the sound of a trumpet, with its sonorous melody, its kind-

ling energy, its manly plainness, and above all by its pure native nervous English. For in his management of our noble old language, Dryden knew, as no other man knew or knows, how to sound the deeps and mount the heights of poetry, with scarce a line that a rustic could not follow, or that a Bentley would not praise. When all the nerveless jingle of the past age, and all the tortured vulgarisms of the present are extinct in oblivion, the mighty strains of Dryden shall still sound a clarion pealing through the ages. There is no one from whom I could read to you with more satisfaction than Dryden, but I must content myself with a very few lines, a part of his translation of the noblest passage in Latin poetry. Listen to them, Americans, as addressed to you,—for you are to inherit the glory of the nations.

“ But, Rome, ’tis thine alone with sceptred sway
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Controlling peace and war, thine own majestic way.
To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free,
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.”

Immediately succeeding Dryden are two poets, one the most successful tragedian of his age, indeed the best since Shakespeare, poor Otway, who finally died from the reaction of a sudden supply of food arriving too late to save him from starvation; and Matthew Prior, who, with not half the genius of Otway, was placed in several very important diplomatic posts, and lived in the richest and best* company for many years. They were fellow-students at St. John’s College, Cambridge.

The best poem of Prior’s is a satire on Boileau’s bombastic ode on the siege of Namur. In the next generation, a son of Cambridge introduced, with exquisite humour, a veteran of that siege as the prominent person in the finest specimen of English prose wit that appeared between *Gulliver’s Travels* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*. And

* And worst.—Ed.

every year is adding new laurels and new plagiarists* to the captivating works of Laurence Sterne.

In the year after the admission of Sterne to Cambridge its gates opened to receive another guest, the painful side of whose college life I have already portrayed to you,—Thomas Gray. I need not enlarge to an audience like this on the merits of his poetry. The same fastidiousness that disgusted him with the rude mirth of Peterhouse, refined and polished his poems to the last pitch of elegance and beauty. Tantalizing us by writing so little, and still more by the lovely fragments that he left incomplete, he has yet given to the world a few pieces absolutely perfect of their kind, and I cannot resist reading to you his noble description of academic duty and pleasure, the exordium of the ode from which I quoted in my first lecture:—

“Hence! avaunt! ’tis holy ground!
 Comus and his midnight crew,
 And Ignorance, with looks profound,
 And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
 Mad Sedition’s cry profane,
 Servitude that hugs her chain;
 Nor, in these consecrated bowers,
 Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers,
 Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain
 Dare the Muses’ walk to stain,
 While bright-eyed Science watches round,
 Hence, away, ’tis holy ground.”

In the same year with Gray, there entered at Cambridge his intimate friend, the celebrated Horace Walpole, whose eccentric talent has preserved to us so much curious and valuable information of his own time; and in the year after Gray’s *Elegy* was published, the wayward genius of Churchill sought admission at Cambridge, but he never resided there.

Horace Walpole died in honour, wealth, and peace, con-

* We are somewhat at a loss to understand this allusion. The opening chapters of “*The Caxtons*” form the only approach to an imitation of “*Tristram Shandy*” that we can remember.—ED.

siderably over eighty years of age, in 1797. In the next year, the coronet of a long line of ancestors, whose fate seemed a tissue of madness, slaughter, and sorrow, descended upon that brilliant, wayward, ill-starred son of Cambridge, George Gordon, Lord Byron of Newstead.

This is not the place for a discussion in full of the character and writings of Lord Byron. The taste of the immediate generation is turning from his poetry, as it does also from that of Scott. But we cannot judge of a poet by the taste either of his own age or that immediately following. The time has doubtless ceased when Lord Byron is to be the model for all young men to imitate in their management of verses or reverses. But I trust the time has also gone by when his poems are to be shelved contemptuously as wanting in vigour, originality, and sweetness of diction, —or his character sent with a curse from society as his statue was from Westminster Abbey. To those who spurn alike the man and his works I have nothing to say. To those who can love and forgive, I commend the last stanzas he ever wrote,—composed on his thirty-sixth birthday, on that distant shore where in less than a year he died. They are all noble, but I select the last four.

“Awake—not Greece—she is awake!
 Awake, my spirit! think through whom
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!
 Tread those reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood! Unto thee
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.
 If thou regret'st thy youth, *why live?*
 The land of honourable death
 Is here! Up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath.
 Seek out, less often sought than found,
 A soldier's grave,—for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.”

Two of the poets with whom Byron quarrelled all his

life, though he had more points of resemblance with them than he would have allowed,* were sons of Cambridge, William Wordsworth, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The life and the poetry of both are familiar to every one here, but I cannot resist extracting a sonnet of Wordsworth's, on the noble picture by Holbein of Henry VIII, in the Master's Lodge at Trinity, for it is precisely the thought that every loyal son of Cambridge has of the stern old monarch.

“The imperial stature, the colossal stride
Are yet before me ; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
The vestments broidered with barbaric pride ;
And lo ! a poniard at the monarch's side
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
Below the white-rimmed bonnet far descried.
Who trembles now at thy capricious mood ?
'Mid those surrounding worthies, haughty king,
We rather think with grateful mind sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
Which neither force shall check, nor time abate.”

I should weary you, my friends, were I to attempt to relate all the ingenious, the eloquent, the learned writers that have gone forth from these ancient halls. Take one of the last of them as a picture of what a great institution can do, what a faithful pupil can be. In the same year that Lord Byron closed his brilliant and fitful career, Trinity College admitted into her society Thomas Babington Macaulay, and throughout his life he lost no opportunity,—and who had more or better?—of exalting the name and honour of his dear Alma Mater. I cannot enter

* We wish that the lecturer had found an opportunity of illustrating this idea, which never struck us. Byron's best style is startling, epigrammatic, and scornful ; Wordsworth's, soft, calm, philosophic ; Coleridge's, weird, musical, and dreamy.—Ed.

here into a discussion of his merits or quote from his works. I cannot even, what I should gladly do, pronounce a panegyric upon him. For when, after long, long years of eager expectation, I was at last admitted to his acquaintance, and to gaze on that face which seemed to have been at my side from infancy, the interview, too short, though he accorded to me his kindest words and his richest stores of intellectual wealth, was but thirteen days before the news fell upon England like a thunder-clap that he was no more. Fellow-citizens, think what you will of the historian, set up, if you will, your knowledge against his, the most vast and profound erudition of the age, but dare not think that there ever lived a loftier intellect, a nobler love of right and freedom, a purer soul, a tenderer heart, than animated the clay that now lies at the feet of his beloved Addison in the Poets' Corner.

Such, my friends, is a list, most fragmentary, most imperfect, of a few of the great men of Cambridge. Is not such a line of sons an honour to any institution, and is the institution that can send forth such sons not entitled to our heartiest and warmest praises? O, believe it! Those ancient halls still keep pure the sacred flame. The appointed ministers feed it with purest food and guard it with unremitting care; and year after year there go forth from it the noblest children of a noble race, to strive, to suffer, to conquer, in the cause of right and justice, for the sake of the dear old mother, so kind, so true, so generous.

If you can bear, after hearing some specimens of the finest poets of England, to listen to the feeble strains of Apollo's humblest votary, let your hearts rise with mine in a

SONG FOR CAMBRIDGE.

All hail, thou mother of our sires!
Hail, home of learning, pure and free!
Thou altar, whence the sacred fires
Have leapt to us across the sea!

E'en as they knew thee, still the same
Our hearts would know thee now ;
Still rest the glory on thy name,
The laurel round thy brow.

O home, where Bacon's eagle sight
Saw realms of wonder from afar ;
Whence Newton's lamp of heavenly light
Streamed through the ages like a star ;
Where seraphs brought the hallowed fire
That blazed in Milton's song,—
Whence hosts have struck the prophet's lyre,
Or swelled the statesman's throng ;—

O halls where virtue's armies true
Have seen their fight with sin begun ;
Where freedom's flag, of gorgeous hue,
Is handed on from sire to son ;
Where ancient Honour ne'er shall fail
Though Shame and Falsehood frown ;
Where holy Truth shall aye prevail
To crush confusion down ;—

O take our greeting ! from the sons
Of those that left thee for the wild !
Still in our veins the current runs
That kindled then each pious child.
And still for all thy triumphs past,
In all thy strife to come,
God's love and grace on thee be cast,
Our fathers' honoured home !





X.

DRAWBACKS OF THE CAMBRIDGE LIFE.

Favourable Opinion heretofore expressed.—Abuses and Extortions by Servants.—Expense of Living.—Position of the Aristocracy.—Hardships of Average Men and Advantages of Specialists.—Strong Nationality of the University.

IN my lectures hitherto I have endeavoured to describe to you the present condition, and, as far as the mention of distinguished names can indicate, some of the past history of the University of Cambridge. We have gone through the objects, means, and impulses of study, the daily and exceptional life of its undergraduates, and the history of some of its more celebrated pupils. If you were actually with me at Cambridge, we should very probably, after such a walk round the colleges as I described to you in my seventh lecture, retire to my rooms in the Old Court of Trinity, and, while the fountain plashed unceasingly, and the old clock struck out every quarter of an hour, sit down and talk over what we had seen. We may very appropriately do something of the same kind here, and having passed nine evenings together in using our eyes about Cambridge, employ three to think over what and where she is in her relations to England, to the world, and to the general interests of Truth and Learning.

But in the same way that, in taking a real walk, we do not confine ourselves to the mere contemplation of the

objects, but likewise to the discussion of them, it has been impossible for me to avoid interspersing my description of Cambridge institutions with some reflections on their value. Nor have I been careful in this matter to refrain from hearty commendation. I have lived at Cambridge not as an outsider, but a member of its very inmost system, and I could no more give you a cold, uninterested account here, than I could take a walk through its halls with you like another stranger. Nor would you expect it. You would not think it right, that any man should, of his own choice, against the wishes and preferences of many friends, deliberately connect himself for over three years with an institution, and leave it with no more respect and love than a stranger.

Hence I do not seek to excuse or defend the praises I have at various points in these lectures accorded. I do believe that the Cambridge studies have been well selected originally, and added to judiciously,—that the means of study are in their design wise, and in their operation thorough,—that the course pursued with the different classes of undergraduates is far superior to that at most other Universities with which I am acquainted,—that the estimation in which scholarship and the rewards and incentives to scholarship are held, is more philosophic in theory and infinitely more generous in practice than that to which we are accustomed. For the life of the young men, I do not know that it is more thoroughly enjoyed than college life is anywhere else.* I suppose the un-

* If students at Oxford or Cambridge have a joy unknown to the American, it probably consists in that air of romance and poetry which clings to the old cloisters, converts the rooms into something different from all other apartments, divests the commonest things of their vulgarity, gives a peculiar zest to pleasure, and robs work of half its sting. The freshman feels, on first going up, as if he were a character in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and the sensation is indescribably pleasant. But alas, it soon wears off with use; and work proves to be work, though medieval

dergraduate always has the perfection of enjoyment as far as a mortal can look for it. But I do believe that at Cambridge it proceeds on a more rational basis, and is tempered with far less jealousy and heart-burnings than that life we are so proud of at our colleges. In particular, I think that the whole problem of the proper combination of study and exercise has been better solved, though not perfectly, than anywhere else. Lastly, I believe that the character of the graduates at Cambridge, who have distinguished themselves in public or private life, speaks in the highest terms for the quality of the education given there, and more particularly for the spirit of liberality and progress which they seem to draw in from the thick and dank atmosphere of the Cam.

If I were to rest my judgment here,—if I were only to give you such opinions of a commendatory strain, with occasional touches of the ludicrous, as have presented themselves in the course of our examination, I should leave you with a most incorrect idea of what I thought, and probably a very erroneous view of the subject itself. I have urged the merits of Cambridge, and I hope to have a still further opportunity to urge them the more strongly, because I know that there are certain faults in its system, which it would be alike unjust and ungenerous to other institutions to slur over or omit. It was my happiness, before going to Cambridge, to pass four years at our own matchless college, and hence, having an equality of filial interest at the two Cambridges, I am impelled to seek out the virtues of either as having belonged to it, and the faults of either as having belonged to the other. I should be very sorry to have you think I endorsed an institution in which I constantly found much to reprehend,—and in particular, I should be exceedingly sorry if any

scholars did undergo it in the same room; and bad wine gives you a headache in the morning, whether you drink it in an old oak panelled apartment at Cambridge, or an unstable villa in Brompton.
—ED.

young American, actuated by my own enthusiasm, should rashly connect himself with an English University without knowing something of the difficulties he would have to encounter.

The most agreeable part of English University experience, beyond a doubt, is the undergraduate life that I described to you in my fifth and sixth lectures. The difficulties of prosecuting a successful course of study are obvious, from the intensity of the competition, and the high standard of the examinations,—and in the case of a foreigner there is added to this, his inexperience in the previous training of the young men, so peculiarly English in its character. But the amusements, the convivialities, the enjoyment of all kinds of the undergraduate life, seem beset with no such thorns, and in point of fact, many who cannot, by hook or by crook, work themselves up to any understanding or appreciation of the system of study, slip easily, with hardly a previous acquaintance, an element of *prestige*, or an hour of exertion, into the pleasantest rut of Cambridge life.

Now it is just in this bed of roses that the sharpest prickles are found; and I feel it, therefore, my duty to allude, first of all, to the faults of Cambridge as exhibited in its daily life.

The first drawbacks which any resident at Cambridge, but especially an American, must feel very keenly, are the vested rights, privileges, perquisites, with which he is surrounded as in a perfect network. I have said everybody is left free to choose his own way of spending his time. So he is by his compeers, but not by his inferiors,—not by those appointed to wait on him and help him. There is connected with an English college a perfect army of servants, marshalled in *corps d'armée*, divisions, regiments, and battalions, and all with an amount of vested rights enough to stifle one with the bare enumeration. In the first place, there are the bedmakers; nominally, there is one assigned to every eight rooms, and

she has one assistant under her. Practically, a person once appointed to this seriously lucrative and responsible place never gives it up, although utterly superannuated, toothless, and tottering. Accordingly her one assistant will grow into two, and the two will have three or four extra miscellaneous ones generally floating round, to do everything that their chiefs are too lazy to do themselves. On my own staircase, the bedmaker in chief, a hearty young woman of thirty-five or six, employed her old father, at least seventy-seven or eight years old, to do all her hardest work, in the way of drawing water, &c. Now, these good ladies are much more in possession of your premises than you are yourself. They have a key to get into your room at all hours, even when, as in some cases of peculiar locks, the regular custodian has not. According to their taste or fancy they are more or less on the staircase; but generally, you are sure to see them from early dawn till noon, from four till six, and a good bit in the later evening. They constitute themselves inspectresses-general over all your belongings and arrangements, and know all about you much better than you do yourself. You are hopelessly in their power, and have your choice of submitting quietly to their ultra-despotic rule, or of carrying on a constant warfare. In this you have only one advantage, a superior command of language, for the population of Cambridge is very slow of speech, and wholly uninventive. But as they have the whole charge of everything, as their places are very valuable, and they are exceedingly ready to perform extra services for extra pay, they can make you very comfortable or uncomfortable if they will. For instance, they attend to setting out the breakfast and tea in your rooms. For this they order from the butteries every day about twice as much bread and butter as a man wants, and at the end of the day all that's left goes to them, by immemorial custom, as perquisites. And any meats left from a dinner, breakfast, &c, unless specially mentioned by you, go to them as perquisites;

and so on. You not only are charged a handsome sum in your bill for their care of rooms, but another separate charge for their beer money; and over and above all this, every undergraduate, not professedly a beneficiary, is expected to pay a good sum more at the end of every term as a pure gratuity. They form an immense body,—several score, all banded together by common interest,—grown old in the college, and handing down their power and property to their nieces and daughters, so that they come, no doubt, to regard it as a perfect family mansion, and hold the undergraduates, and fellows too, completely in subjection. Their honesty is quite above suspicion—in some cases.*

Strictly allied to the bedmakers by tenure of office, by identity of interest, and often by real affinity or consanguinity, are the gyps. I have already explained this word to be from the Greek γύψ, a vulture. The gyps form a principal division of the grand army. They are engaged in waiting at the high, and some of them at the low tables in the hall, though the body of the waiters are of a lower grade, and each one of them acts as servant to as many undergraduates as choose to engage him. The principal duties which we conceive as belonging to a servant in college, viz. making fires, bringing water, and blacking boots, are performed, the first two by the bedmaker, the last two by the brigade of college boot-blacks. The gyp calls you in the morning, brushes your clothes, cleans your lamps, runs your errands, and waits at your entertainments. The last two duties he performs when you can get him to, when some other of his multifarious duties to other masters does not call him off. For all this you pay him a regular sum, pretty high when you consider how many masters he has, and for any extra demands on

* One can easily imagine how a foreigner would be annoyed by these little things, just as English travellers are by the vagaries of Yankee "helps;" an American undergraduate would certainly be more comfortable in lodgings.—ED.

him you are expected to pay him extra. You are not at Trinity obliged to employ him if you think you can dispense with his services, but at some other colleges the gyps, like the Oxford scouts, are attached to particular sets of rooms. The character of the gyps is still less honest and acceptable than that of the bedmakers; most of them are either entirely too old and worn out, or young, impudent, and thievish. I had three, one who was tremendously passionate, and all but unmanageable, though a good servant; another so wholly old and fussy that nobody could do anything with him; and the third one fine day was dismissed on a charge of assisting some of his masters in disreputable practices. The whole set may be defined as leeches.

After the gyps come the porters. Of these there are five employed at Trinity, who have an interesting tax appropriated peculiarly to themselves. The government of England undertakes, in consideration of the established rates of postage, to deliver all letters to their exact address. Each college in Cambridge is regarded, very properly, as one dwelling, at the gate of which the government would naturally agree to deliver letters. The porters then, at the monstrous charge of a halfpenny apiece, half as much as the whole postage on any ordinary letter from one end of England to the other, agree to deliver each one at your rooms. In case you should wish to avoid this portentous and illegal tax, and desire to have your letters left at the porter's lodge, or the post-office, you can't do it, for the porter goes every mail to the post-office with his bag, and by immemorial custom takes all the letters addressed to your college, and you can't get them except through his hands. And this extra postage all goes to the porters.

We have also the boot-blacks, who, in their blacking, cut your boots to pieces with a knife,* the window-cleaners

* We give up the shoe-blacks, who are drunken vagabonds, some of them, though they do not habitually carve one's boots.—ED.

and glaziers, and an army more.* There are several servants belonging to the college somehow whom the officials don't know what to put to. I saw one day an old creature performing the very tedious process of scraping out the grass and weeds from between the paving-stones of the court, with great labour and to very little purpose, as the scraping turns up the earth, and fertilizes it for the reception of new weeds. I asked a friend in authority why they didn't employ some of the chemical destructive agents, with which agricultural science is teeming, which would do the work in a few hours, and with much more lasting effect, and save all this tedious picking. "Why," said he, "that's just what we don't want to save; we've got these men on our hands, and we must give them something to do."

And this is the way an English college is eaten up. At every stage of your course, bed, board, chapel, amusement, you are beset by a crowd of servitors, who, under the name of waiting on you, while they are officiously pressing on you a hundred comforts you don't want, bar you of the greatest comfort, your liberty, and fleece you in a thousand ways. You cannot have anything done, your boots blacked, your clothes washed,* in your own way, but in

* The lecturer would have sympathized with a friend of ours of independent tastes and a dry humour, who resisted the tone assumed by the washerwoman who came for his linen when he first entered college, and flatly refused to employ her.

"But you must," said the washerwoman; "it be the rule of the college."

"Wait a bit," said the Freshman; and catching up his cap and gown, he rushed across the court to his tutor's rooms.

"Well, Mr. F., what is it?"

"If you please, Sir, will you kindly inform me whether there is any statute which obliges me to employ any particular washerwoman?"

"Certainly not."

"Would you mind giving me a certificate in writing to that effect?"

After some hesitation the tutor complied with his request, and

some special, immemorial, conventional way, which, for aught I know, is in King Henry VIII.'s original grant. And for every service, real or nominal, thus rendered, you have not only to pay well, but to sweeten it in a thousand ways. Three or four times a term comes a loud knock at the door. "Come in." A stalwart man enters, depositing your boots, which he usually leaves outside your door. "Thank you for a drop of ale, sir. The boot-black, sir." And this little means of washing down the disgusts of labour you are expected to furnish all the time to all sorts of people, the bedmaker, washerwoman, and waiter in hall having a special charge of beer money made on the bill. If you are unfortunate enough to take a scholarship, or a distinguished degree, every servant, or a deputation from every class of servants, calls upon you with this sort of speech: "The porters, sir, wish to congratulate you on getting your scholarship;" and that means money,—hard, sterling coin, in silver, aye, or gold, according to the rank of the official; and when five or six select committees thus congratulate you, it becomes no slight tax to a poor young man, who, perhaps, is dependent upon this very scholarship for support. I once dropped a gold ring in chapel. I knew exactly its place, but did not want to stop and lift up the hassock myself; so I asked the chapel clerk, whose business it is to clean out the chapel, and who gets capital pay therefor, to get it for me. Before I had well got to my room, it was brought; and before I had well put it on my finger I was asked for some money to compensate a man for looking where I told him to. This spirit of treating a gentleman like a milch cow, to use Sir Walter Scott's expression, is too common all through England, but especially in the country near Cambridge. It is said that an

wrote the following, which the Freshman placed in a gorgeous frame, and hung up in his room:—

"I hereby certify that Mr. F. is at liberty to have his dirty linen washed by any laundress he pleases.

(Signed)

" ———."

undergraduate, out on a walk, saw a small child tumble into one of the deep, wide, and slippery ditches that stagnate all round Cambridge. At the risk of his life, he fished it out, took it home to its mother, who overwhelmed him with blessings, and went back to college, like Dr. Holmes's clerk, "with a glow in his heart and a cold in his head." The next day enter the child's father, full of the most profuse and choice benedictions. The student stopped the flood, assured him he wanted nothing said about it, and was rejoiced the child was safe. The father, instead of moving away, pulled his forelock again, and observed, in the inimitable Cambridge grunt,—“Haven't you got half-a-crown, sir, for a poor man to drink your honour's health in?”

I fear I have failed to describe accurately this system of extortion and small presents going on all the time at the University; it will probably appear to you a very trifling matter. But if you consider that it is universally practised,—that some sixty or seventy persons, much more intimately and indissolubly connected with the college than yourself, are interested in keeping it up,—that you are dependent on them for a great variety of services, and that these services, and the extortions they lead to, are made almost absolutely necessary by a rigid chain of custom, drawn round you by the force of centuries of tradition,—that if you want the slightest variation, anything done in your own way, you must have a hand-to-hand fight for it, on each separate occasion,—you will see that there is a never-ending outrage on that feeling of pure independence which a young man in America so thoroughly enjoys. The life at Cambridge is like walking in a great and elegantly kept park or pleasure-ground. You may see and smell the flowers, but you cannot pick any of them; the fountain will play, but only just so, and at such times. You must only walk on the paths, or, perchance, must submit to be taken the grand round, from which you cannot deviate; so that, after getting through all the countless

wonders and glories, you long for a ramble through a tangled forest, or a scour over a breezy heath, or a lounge by some wild-wood brook, where the beauties are infinitely less varied, less rare, less elegant, but where you are free to enjoy everything your own way.

I pass from this annoyance, which is soon lessened by use, and the really delightful character of the University life, to another much more serious trouble,—the expense of living at an English University. I have explained that there is at Cambridge a large class of young men, not at all engaged or supposed to be engaged in study or competition for rank, whose time, for almost the whole of their University career, is wholly at their own disposal, but who are obliged, like all the other students, to pass their time in Cambridge. There is no restraint on their indulging in any sort of luxury. They can have the most costly dinners and suppers, by virtue of a tutor's order, from the College kitchens,—they can keep horses at the College stables, where many of the fellows keep theirs,—they are only sixteen miles from Newmarket heath, where there are more races in the course of the year than at any ten other places put together. They have therefore every temptation and every opportunity to exercise freely all the most expensive tastes, and have not the opportunity to indulge them in the metropolis, or anywhere but in Cambridge itself. They are the sons of the richest men in England, —noblemen, country gentlemen, rich merchants, who send them there to live, not expecting, perhaps not wishing them to study, and indulging them in every sort of luxury. Their leaders are a few noblemen, young men of independent fortune, or the eldest sons of such, who have no motive for economy of any kind. These have a sort of right to spend money freely. They set the fashion for those of kindred tastes who are dependent on their parents. There is thus formed a considerable set in the University, none of whom spend less than four hundred pounds a year, and so on up to one thousand, or even more. All this great

expenditure, not at home, not in London, but in the very heart, the daily life of the University, raises the standard of Cambridge expenses immensely. The young men who merely wish to live a respectable, comfortable life, find the price of their respectable comforts very much raised by the concomitant demand for luxuries, and by the necessity the tradesmen are under of making up for the bad debts of these gay young noblemen and gentlemen. For this system of very extensive orders in all the departments of elegance has created a corresponding system of credit. It is all very well to make a resolution to pay ready money, but it is very difficult, when you want in a hurry a new text-book, or a pound of coffee or sugar, or to replace a broken teacup, or to hire half a dozen forks and spoons for a dinner, to pay down; when you find that any wish can be supplied at once on credit. Moreover, almost all the tradesmen are obliged to send their bill to the tutor for his inspection, if not paid on the spot, and all under a certain amount are paid through him, and put down on his account together with the items as legitimate college expenses.* This is a great temptation to expenditure, as the students know that the authorities at home will not refuse to pay what appears on the tutor's account. And so, one thing with another, the standard of expense is raised beyond measure. Englishmen are not an economical race. They can live in great straits,—many of them habitually do,—but an English gentleman who allows himself any luxury or comfort at all must have it of the very best. The result of it is that at the University the beneficiaries live in extremely modest style, their needs are supplied by the college, and in return they are restricted from certain other expenditures. They work all the time in college, in the hope of a fellowship or similar assistance at the end.

* Not necessarily; a man may have all his bills sent in to himself if he likes: we personally never had a tradesman's bill paid through the tutor.—*Ed.*

All those who rise above this very reduced standard are obliged to spend more for every article than it is worth, more than even London prices, and constantly be in the position of renouncing their natural associates, or just keeping on the verge of debt. For the necessity in all the college sets of giving entertainments, joining clubs, &c, to which you are driven by the immense *esprit de corps* and love of good-fellowship that exists among English young men, and for which there is so much more licensed opportunity than here, makes it impossible for one to live modestly and by himself unless he sinks to a mere anchorite or eleemosynary.

I do not think the undergraduates themselves are conscious of this. I do not doubt that many of them, if they heard me, would reclaim indignantly against the exaggerated picture I have drawn of the necessity of living handsomely. But I think their fathers would agree with me.*

I have mentioned the advantage the young noblemen and sons of noblemen have over the others in the matter of expenditure. I shall probably be asked if they have not a very great advantage over all the others in every way,—if there is not a perfectly revolting system of toadying and courting them,—if they are not allowed all manner of liberties not accorded to the others. I answer, certainly not to the extent supposed here. The general opinion of Americans as to the exaltation accorded to the nobility in England is perhaps not exaggerated, but it supposes them exalted in a very different way from what they actually are. In general, they are important, not from their rank, but their wealth, and the hereditary aristocracy continues to be an important part of the governing power, because it is a moneyed and a landed aristocracy, an elevation, I fancy, not peculiar to England. But this is in general. With regard to the position of the young nobility at school and college, let us go a little deeper.

* See further in the Appendix to this book.

And in the first place, at the great public schools, at Eton and Harrow, a boy of noble birth, even though he were a duke, is treated exactly like another. If bright and handsome he is petted,—if stupid he is laughed at,—if unruly he is whipped,—if insolent he is kicked. There is a story told in different terms of a great many scions of aristocracy, among others of the late Lord Aberdeen, on their first entrance at school. The fullest form is that a boy, who had always been petted at home, and at some foolish private school, soon after arriving at Eton, heard a gruff voice shouting the usual question,—“I say, you new fellow, what’s your name?” “Lord John H——, son of the Marquis of B——.” “O, indeed, then there’s one kick for my lord and two for the marquis.” In other words, there is no difference made between the young lords and the young louts; very often the two are identical. At the University, there is not this absolute equality among the young men. The young noblemen are at once selected for certain clubs,—but I do not know that they are more certainly selected than others of equal wealth and equal notoriety. The son of a man distinguished in any way is always eagerly looked out for at the University, and at once adopted into whatever circle seems best suited to him, whether his father’s distinction is a peerage or not. As far as I could see, a good deal of attention was shown to the young nobility, but no unusual deference; and the extra notice was very soon forfeited, unless it continued to be deserved by personal qualities. The noblemen derive a little additional favour from the authorities,—some of them of specially high rank are obliged to pay the extra fees and sit at the high table,—this brings them naturally into the acquaintance of the fellows, dining with them every day.*

* The sound sense and keen observation evinced by these remarks must astonish every public school and University man who reflects upon the limited period of Mr. Everett’s residence in England.—*Ed.*

I have no doubt that they, in common with all the fellow-commoners who avail themselves of this expensive privilege, are treated more leniently in respect to chapels and lectures. Sometimes, if a young nobleman of very high rank becomes a member of the college, there are seen peculiar evidences of affection, but chiefly on the part of a few fellows, despised by their associates and inferiors.

The following story was told as happening while I was in college, of one of the proctors. He met two young men without caps and gowns one evening, and put the usual question to one of them, "Your name and college, Sir, please." "The Duke of ——" "I beg your Grace's pardon," interrupting him, "good night." This was told me in the presence of the Duke's companion, and he confirmed it. It is just one of those things which a servile man might do in any country, and which tells nothing of the University one way or the other. I am inclined to think that the proctor recognized the Duke when he heard his name, and let him off, as he might any young man he knew personally to be of regular habits. The tradesmen, of course, pay intense court, and show intense favour to the nobility. I got out from the train once at Cambridge, in company with a young nobleman, carrying our bags, if I remember rightly. At the door of the station is always a great concourse of omnibuses and flies, as hackney carriages are called in the country. Ordinarily the drivers are content with standing and calling, "Fly, Sir," "This way, Sir," "Trinity College," "Lion Hotel," "St. John's College," &c. &c. On this occasion, however, the rush to secure the nobleman was terrific,—significant whispers round among the flymen, "It's Lord H——, Lord H——," for his face was well known. "This way, my Lord, here, my Lord, does your Lordship want a fly?" &c. &c. It is a good thing, by the way, for Americans travelling in England to remember that a gentleman, after the first introduction, never says, "My Lord," or, "Your Lordship," or, indeed, "Sir," except to a person

of royal blood. But the servants and tradesmen "My Lord" the unfortunate noblemen all the time ; they overwhelm them with attentions, and make them pay most awful prices. I remember once dining with a young nobleman of high rank at a restaurant, and he asked my permission to order the dinner in my name, as the announcement of his own rank would have subjected him to the greatest annoyance under the name of attentions.

I do not think, therefore, that any gentleman need fear competition with the proudest peer of England at the University. In particular, an American is with Englishmen so much more of a lion than any countryman that he need never fear that he will be in obscurity.

But if in society the great man does not lord it over the average man, he does in respect to study. The system I was at such pains to explain, dispensing with a fixed course, with daily recitations, with a current scale of rank, depending for instruction entirely on private tuition, and for stimulus on examinations at long intervals, is admirably calculated to make a select body of distinguished scholars, but is not nearly as well adapted for the cultivation of average intellects. In the first place, the examinations are made of exceeding difficulty, difficult even for the very best. In the mathematics, for instance, are certain papers of questions called problems, which are not at all what we mean by problems, but are new developments of the principles contained in the books already, and may require for their solution eight or ten different branches of mathematics all at once. To do one third of the problems in the last papers of an examination is a very rare achievement, and to do a single one correctly will often put a candidate many places higher than he would have been without it.

It is plain that these papers are exceedingly discouraging to inferior minds. Then the stimulus, though very intense for the superior scholars, is very small for a man of moderate powers ; what he wants is a constant stimulus, a daily stimulus, little successes day by day, a good reci-

tation here, a neat exercise there, to keep him along and mark his improvement; he cannot bring himself to the lofty point of resolution which will work unflinchingly for a prize three years off.

Then the system of instruction, giving an hour at a time to each individual pupil, manifestly comes hard on the inferiors, who want the excitement and assistance of ten or a dozen in the same predicament, and who cannot do enough, nor do it well enough, to make it worth while for a distinguished teacher to be spending his time on them, when he might be giving it to a first-rate scholar. The rewards and incentives are not for them. At the largest and richest college there are about thirteen scholarships, and four fellowships in every year, manifestly unattainable by the good young man of faithfulness, but of no great ability, who expects to be about twentieth with hard work. Nobody encourages him, nobody helps him, nobody instructs him, nobody talks about him. He must get his lessons alone, with no friend among the authorities to explain his little difficulties, to go over his little points, to answer his little questions,—things insignificant in themselves, doubtless, but very great and real to him. They are all occupied with the wranglers, and the first class in classics, and the University scholars, and the Senior medalist. Yet he wants to learn, he loves to study, he delights to cheer his parents with a little success at college; but all he can do in the headlong, furious competition is just to fail of the second class in the college examination; and as he rather looked forward to a first, a friend sees him and says, “I tell you what, Jones, a man as strong as you ought to row, he oughtn’t to undertake to read.” In this way, many a young man has absolutely been driven to make boating or cricketing his regular occupation, because there he can excel, and consequently will find attention and encouragement, while in the studies that he is perfectly willing to pursue, everybody is concerned with the great men whom he has neither the power nor the wish to emulate,

and who are entirely able to take care of themselves, and nobody is ready to take daily care of him, which might make a much better scholar of him, poor as he is.*

And this is true, not only in the means, but in the objects of study. The concentration of the interest at Cambridge on a few branches only, and even when these are counted as many as possible, the pains taken to secure proficients in each by itself, is wholly inimical to bestowing general information. It is not true that there is no provision for any but a few old-world studies. There are professors in almost every department of knowledge, except the modern languages and, curiously enough, Latin. And there is an examination not only in Classics and Mathematics, but in Natural Science, in Moral Science, including History and Political Philosophy, in Law, and in Theology. But whoever studies any of those is expected to devote himself to it altogether. The double men, as they are called, men, that is, who enter the competition in two or more departments, are getting fewer and fewer every year, and are always discouraged from attempting so much by their guardians and instructors.

The defence of this system is obvious. It is said they want to make fine scholars in each branch, not superficial jacks-of-all-trades. Very well; but how if a man cannot be a first-rate scholar in any one branch? How if his mind is essentially superficial and mediocre? Which is better, that in the vain struggle to be first or second in one subject, he should end by being thirtieth, or that he should be encouraged to take a good position in several subjects, and make up in width what he wants in depth? How is it in life? One great divine confines himself to the criti-

* A man of this calibre would be better off at one of the smaller colleges: we could mention one or two where the authorities take immense pains with honest, industrious, plodding men, of moderate ability, encouraging them in the unequal race; not cruelly exciting hopes which can never be realized, but telling them what they can do, and urging them to do it.—Ed.

cism of the Scriptures,—another is the first of pulpit orators,—and a third lives in the love of thousands, and dies in the odour of sanctity from his marvellous gifts as a parish pastor, without either depth of knowledge or power of oratory. But the ordinary, the average minister of the Gospel, is content with what his powers allow him ; he can solve the ordinary difficulties of the Bible, without attacking its higher problems, he can preach an interesting, not an amazing sermon, and he can be loved by his parishioners without being idolized. It is the same in law and in medicine. The great lights elaborate a single specialty,—the average men know a little of everything, because they cannot know more than a little of anything. Therefore I think the plan pursued at our colleges of giving the inferior minds a chance to gain all the knowledge they can, be it wide and superficial, or narrow and deep, is well,—and I am conscious that many a young man in England feels the want of a general course, where his attention shall be attracted to as much as he can master of all valuable branches at once, without being forced to make a selection of some one, for which, perhaps, he cares no more than for any other, and strain his mind in the vain effort to reach an impossible elevation.

There are other faults at an English University, which you would come across every day if you lived there, but which it is rather difficult to describe to a foreign audience ; but I believe these three are the main ones. First, the want of liberty, or rather independence, everything being beset with a series of immemorial customs and vested rights, often of indefensible extortions ; second, the great expense, which, though not heeded by the richer, and not encountered by the poorer students, comes very hard on the average, or rather on their parents ; and third, the constant preference shown to those of superior ability, to such an extent as to prevent those of more moderate intellect from gaining that superficial but wide stock of information, which is all they can master and all they will need.

Let us devote a few minutes to the consideration of how these faults are accounted for and whence they originate.

The first, the supremacy of custom, is a natural result from the constitution of the place. The English Universities are shut up,—isolated,—their members do not mix much with the world;—in their long vacations they lay aside their University completely,—in their term time they equally forget all that is outside. Hence they run naturally into the same rut,—they have no outer influences to suggest new ways. Each new set on entering is completely swallowed up by the much greater number it finds there, and in the case of a University six hundred years old, everything gets as solid and unchanged as the pyramids. The various servants, fees, &c, originally appointed, it is likely, for some specific occasion at some peculiar epoch, became rooted and could not be pulled up. I do not think they would deny this themselves. How it all began they cannot tell,—it was before their memory,—they found it so,—and whatever is, is right.

The second and third faults, I think, are to be attributed to the state of England. England is a rich country, an expensive country, and an over-stocked country. The poorer classes are very poor, and they have no very great ambition to rise above their poverty; millions live contented from year to year in a state that no American will voluntarily submit to. But this state once past there is a tendency growing rapidly to live in great comfort, and have everything of the best. This may be seen in the country. There are there no small compact gentlemen's houses of a dozen rooms and an acre and a-half of ground about them, surrounded by a dozen more, inhabited by his tradesmen, of much the same size and appointments. There are palaces and hovels. It is only when some truly wise proprietor forces his tenant labourers into better houses, or in the great manufacturing towns, where the liberating influences of commerce and manufactures are forcing a juster style of living on the people, that you see a mode of life that is neither poverty nor luxury, but

true decency. But England generally is a very expensive country, and the Universities being frequented by those brought up in the most expensive tastes, and with the means to gratify them, carry the national peculiarity to exaggeration. Cambridge only represents England in giving you the power of scraping or the power of spending, but not the power of economizing.*

And so with the third fault, the difficulties in the way of the average man. England is not a country for average men; every profession is over-stocked, and the only chance is for the man of superior agility and address to climb to a lofty position over the heads of a hundred others. They do need a race of scholars and specialists. There is a place in such a large and crowded population for leaders in every department, be it the study of the Greek propositions or the development of the lemniscate curve. But they do not want any man of average intellect, who knows a little of everything. There is no call, as there is in our western country, for a man to go out prepared to be a lawyer, a lecturer, a member of Congress, a president of an insurance company, and a deacon all at once.† In every one of these departments they can find twenty who have made it and it alone their specialty, and therefore they will, as each new need occurs, fill it up in the best manner. If Cambridge, therefore, were to seek to educate the average man instead of the extraordinary man, if, instead of giving all her attention to a senior classic who can't solve a simple equation, and a third wrangler who doesn't know the veins from the arteries, she drew up a careful course of study, wherein every student should in one week recite in Greek, Latin, mathematics, chemistry, rhetoric and French, she would simply be producing what

* There seems to us to be exaggeration in all this. Scores of men manage to spend their time at college in respectable comfort, without meanness or extravagance. But it is impossible quite to understand a foreigner's standard of such matters.—ED.

† We do not know what "call" there may be for such a genius, but we do not believe that he answers in any country.—ED.

there is no demand for, and neglecting what is loudly called for every day.

Therefore, I think we bring it to this, that Cambridge, although her system of instruction and her daily life are peculiar, still cannot resist the natural influences of the country in which she is placed. English of the English, her students, when they enter, are as much Britons as ever, and three, five, ten years' constant association with their countrymen cannot make them less so. All the water that is in Cam cannot wash their English blood out of their body.

Nor should we wish it otherwise, for a great institution like Cambridge is bound to consider the education of the people as its first duty. If the scholars and philosophers of Cambridge were ever so brilliant and so accurate in the eyes of the world, and yet failed to prepare a set of men fit to take their part in the daily work of England, they would soon cease to be intrusted with the care of young Englishmen, and so go to decay. It is thus that the great Universities of Italy and Spain decayed, because, with all the instruction they gave in all branches of learning, their members shut themselves up from the world, their country. They thought of medicine, not of Italy; of theology, not of Spain. But the opposite of this, the feeling of each and all that in their academic retirement they belonged to their country,—this it is which, on the contrary, makes the German Universities the rallying grounds of liberal principles in that tyrant-ridden country; it is this that makes Cambridge and Oxford the homes of generous, brave, truthful Englishmen; this that sent the sons of Harvard to plead and die for the Union.

I propose, therefore, to devote the remaining lectures to a consideration of the relations of Cambridge to England, and some questions arising from them. There are two aspects in which England may be regarded,—its Church and its State; and as the Universities are most intimately connected with the Church, I propose to make that connection the subject of my next lecture.



XI.

RELATIONS OF CAMBRIDGE TO THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

Ecclesiastical Character of the Colleges.—Attendance on Chapel and other Religious Duties.—Act of 1662.—Theological Examination and other Requisites for Ordination.—Parties in the Church.—Oxford the Seat of Extremists, Cambridge of Broad-Church Divines.



ENTER this evening upon one of the most difficult and important branches of my subject; important, because the connection of the Universities with the Church of England is intimate and peculiar to a degree that our theocratic fathers might have conceived, that Jonathan Edwards might have appreciated, but which we can scarcely realize; and difficult, because the candid consideration of any question where religious or ecclesiastical questions are involved, never can be of that entirely indifferent and open nature to all persons, that is, the mere description of life and studies and history. I wish, therefore, in this present lecture, particularly, not to be misunderstood. My feelings, personally, to the Church of England and its ministers, are of an entirely friendly and respectful nature. I might say, as Francis Higginson did,

that I am no separatist from her. Going to a University where her influence was more deep-rooted and more widespread than anywhere in the world, except at the sister University of Oxford;—going there with views avowedly as far removed from the Church's Articles as a Christian's views can be, I was uniformly treated, in my constant association with actual or expectant divines of her communion, with courtesy, with liberality, with kindness. She appeared to me in the light of a truly Catholic Church. She accepted as a test of fitness to her communion merely that a man should profess and call himself a Christian; and on one occasion, when I was absolutely brought into collision with a religious requirement, and stood out against it, the consideration of all concerned was truly affecting. In all I may say to-night, therefore, I desire to deprecate in advance any thought of disrespect or unkindness. Whatever I have to reprehend in the ecclesiastical associations of Cambridge, I do, because I believe it to be alien from the true spirit of the Church that her Ridley died to found, and her Tillotson in vain strove to purify.

There is, I think, a pretty general belief that the principal colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were founded on the basis of religious houses. This is hardly correct. On the contrary, as I stated in my second lecture, they were founded to give literary men a snug harbour without entering a convent. But in their institution a good deal was borrowed from the monastic forms. This is shown, first, in the dress. The long-sleeved gown, of a different cut from that of the burgher or the nobleman, and entirely beyond the tunic of the peasant; the round, close-fitting cap, covering the part bared by the tonsure; the hood of fur or silk, hanging down the back like a cowl, and perhaps at first drawn over the head,—all these, in their form, speak of a clerical or monastic origin.* But the resemblance

* The bachelor's hood has a long purse at the bottom of it, for the reception of the mediæval coppers of the charitable.—ED.

which is merely in the outward show is nothing to the evidently monastic character of the corporations themselves. The fellows of the colleges are, according to the old constitutions, only another kind of monks. They are interdicted from marrying; and they are obliged, after holding their fellowships for a certain length of time, to forfeit them, unless they take priest's orders in the Church of England. It was thus clearly the design of the founders of the colleges to afford a regular increase of the celibate clergy. And the very character of the colleges is monastic. They have their own chapel, and hall for dining; their own treasurer, steward, chaplains, and officers of every kind; the whole organization being clearly borrowed from that of a convent, and recurring in their cloisters, gardens, butteries and kitchens, &c. This whole matter of the students gathering into select bodies, governed by ecclesiastics formerly of their own number, and having regular hours, studies, and systems of discipline, is not found in Universities established in Europe since the monastic times, and has existed, more or less, in our colleges, because the first of them were founded by members of the English Universities at the time when the monastic institutions had scarcely become extinct.

We start, then, with an essentially ecclesiastical constitution of the colleges, the governing body, fellows and masters, being all priests of the Church of England.* Let us now see how far there is a constant religious or ecclesiastical influence brought to bear on the undergraduates and Bachelors of Arts.

I cannot find that any subscription of the articles of the Church of England was ever required on entrance into the University of Cambridge. It was at Oxford, as is well known to us by various jokes. That requirement, how-

* In some colleges, chiefly those where medicine or the civil law is studied, the masters need not be clergymen; e. g. Caius and Trinity Hall.

ever, has been recently repealed there as well. Any person, whatever his religious views, is free to enter. Once entered, the first question will be as to attending chapel. The frequency and length of the chapel services will vary at different colleges. At Trinity, there are three services on Sunday, and two every week-day, making fifteen in all. Of these, every undergraduate is nominally required to attend eight; that is, a little more than half, of which two must be on Sunday; but this eight really means six, and, to all above the rank of freshman, five. Many keep, as it is called, four and five in alternate weeks, getting a reprimand for four; then five the next week, to avoid a second censure; then four again, and so on. The service is, of course, that of the Church of England. Every day, Morning and Evening Prayer; Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Litany, in addition; on Sundays and Saints' Days, the Ante-Communion service; and on Sundays only, a sermon. At some colleges, the service of Morning Prayer is omitted on the Litany days. The requirement to attend these services extends to all students, whatever their religious views may be. Everybody in England is supposed to belong to the Church of England. By the present laws a dissenter is allowed to worship elsewhere, if he will; but he cannot be excused from attendance at the required services if he comes to college. In my time, considerable excitement was caused by the son of a rich Jewish banker, who came to Trinity, and sought to be excused from attending chapel; but it was peremptorily insisted on. He ascertained, however, that at Christ's College they were not so strict; and threatened to migrate. Whereat he was allowed to stay in Trinity, and the obnoxious requirement relaxed. But no Christian dissenter, Protestant or Catholic, can be exempted. Also, you will observe that there is no distinction made between college chapel services and church on Sunday. And as the services are exactly the same, there is no reason why there should be. If any one prefers to hear the sermons

in one of the parish churches, he can ; but he must do it so as to be present also at all required services in the college chapel. Generally, no one would prefer it : the preaching in those of the college chapels, where there is preaching, is generally far superior to any in the town.

The one required service from which nobody can exempt himself is the Trinity, and I believe in several other colleges, that on Sunday evening, and on this occasion the chapel is crammed full ; the five hundred and odd undergraduates, and sixty or seventy graduates, being swelled by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen of the vicinity, who have secured admission to hear the splendid choral service, which is, I own, very well-performed and interesting.

This attendance of five or six chapels a week is all an undergraduate will hear on the subject in the first year or two of his college course. But let us suppose he is intelligent or fortunate enough to get a foundation scholarship. In this case he will be required to do in Trinity what he would at any rate in some other colleges, scholar or not, namely, to read the chapters, or lessons as they are called, from the Bible, in the chapel services. Two scholars are detailed for this purpose every week, who are required either to read themselves, or get substitutes. They will take their places at the end of the scholars' seats, close to a reading-desk, corresponding to the one where the chaplain conducts the rest of the service. They are required, when delegated to read the lessons, to wear surplices, though everybody else but the chaplain wears the ordinary gown. In general the scholars are interested in the lessons, and do not avoid the work, except that it is sometimes very disagreeable to turn out to read at morning chapel, when you wouldn't be otherwise obliged to go. I ought, by the way, to have made it more clear before, that morning chapel is at seven all the year round, and evening at six. On Sundays, morning services at eight and eleven, evening at six and a quarter, which is also the hour for evening chapel on Saturdays, Saints' Days and their eves.

This applies to Trinity, but nearly every college has its own hours for chapel, and by good management one can go to six or seven different services on Sunday, if he wish. But to return to the requirements on the scholars. They are obliged to keep six chapels every week, on pain of losing their week as it is called, and so the term,—an operation explained in my sixth lecture,—and if they can bring themselves to eight services a week, they are rewarded in a peculiar way by having no charge made in that week for their dinner in hall,—which reminds one of the little boy in “Jane Eyre” that received two ginger nuts for his piety, and makes every chapel worth a little less than two shillings to them.

But this is not all. The two scholars who read the lessons of the Bible every week have another duty to perform; namely, to read the Latin grace after meat for the fellows’ table. Long after the scholars themselves have finished their dinner and gone out; long after the undergraduates have equally concluded, and about as soon as the Bachelors of Arts have ended, the steady gorging which has been kept up at the high table for three-quarters of an hour, comes to an end. The fellows at last are ready to retire to what is called the combination room. This is a handsome room, where all meetings of the fellows are held, as well those for fruit and wine after dinner, as for inflicting punishment and praise on their subjects. The old, white-headed porter, looking through the door, sees the equally white-headed waiter raise his hand from the vicinity of the table, with a paper in it. He signals accordingly to the two scholars, who have all this time been kept from their wine parties, their newspapers, their everything. They walk in, and the fellows rise. The waiter hands to one scholar the paper he used to signal with, which contains the Latin Grace printed. It is truly a portentous document. The first scholar, or *primo basso*, reads the ascription to the Trinity; then eight sentences of general praise and thanksgiving are read by the two alternately, and the

primo basso ends with three long prayers, one of thanks for the dinner he has not eaten, one of thanks for the founders of the college, which, I presume, was originally a prayer for their souls, and one for the Queen, Royal family, and whole Church; and then the scholars quit the hall as fast as possible. This duty, coming in just as everybody wants to be about his own business, is excessively tedious, and is shirked in every possible way. In the long vacation, the two scholars never are both present, it being justly thought a pampering of the fellows to treat them to a responsive grace in vacation; and not unfrequently both are absent. In this case, the porter at the door replies to the waiter's signal by a shake of the head. The absence of scholars is communicated to the presiding fellow, who rises and returns thanks, literally in two words,—“*Benedicto Benedicatur*,” as a substitute for the long grace of ordinary days.

Repeated negligence to read grace on the part of the delegated scholars is punished by discommonsing, or depriving the undergraduate of all supplies of food and drink from the college, till repentance or softening on either side. I believe technically any tradesman in the town supplying him with food might be severely punished also, but the expense would be quite enough.

We have now followed our undergraduate till he takes his Bachelor's degree. This formerly involved signing the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, that is, renouncing all authority over the English Church of any but the Queen, and a declaration that the candidate for B.A. was a *bonâ fide* member of that Church. This of course prevented all foreigners and dissenters from taking a degree, though they might pass the examination. Mr. Sylvester, recently elected to the French Institute, Instructor in Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich, and formerly in the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, universally acknowledged one of the first mathematicians in the world, was second wrangler in

1837, but could not take his degree of Bachelor of Arts because he was a Jew. But in the year 1858, I think, this requirement was removed, and now the bachelor's degree may be taken at either University without subscription or oath.

Our undergraduate, then, has taken his degree, and is a Bachelor of Arts. What are his relations to the Church, and to religious exercises? Ordinarily speaking, although he is by no means wholly a freeman, although for the next three years the University exercises certain restraints upon him, yet they are not of a religious character. If, however, he is a scholar,—for the scholarships are held till the master's degree is taken,—he has still some concern with them. He has now to read the lessons in chapel on Saturday evening, and on Sunday. This he does, not by regular rotation, but purely by accident. The bachelor scholar, who at these services happens to occupy the end seat, goes up and reads. In connection with this, I was once placed in an awkward position. The large Bible is always open on the reading-desk, and plenty of small hand Bibles are scattered about the seats. I was too near-sighted to distinguish the letters in the great Bible, without bending down in a painful way, so generally used to take up a little one from the seat. On one occasion, I found myself elected by chance to read, and all the little Bibles had got carried off. It was rather awkward, as no other scholar was sitting near to take my place. The chapter was the familiar one 2 Cor. iv. I went up, got one or two glimpses at the big Bible, and repeated the rest of the chapter from memory,—rather a dangerous experiment.

The bachelor scholar naturally competes for a fellowship. He may be a successful candidate for this, and there is nothing in the college statutes requiring him to sign anything in the way of a religious test,—nor is there in the rules of the University. But here come in the acts of Parliament, the old acts of uniformity, and the first col-

lision of freedom of thought and the requirements of the Church.

When the rule was rescinded, obliging Bachelors of Arts to declare themselves members of the Church, the question came, what shall be the position of the Masters of Arts?—The Masters of Arts have the government of the University,—they choose the Vice-Chancellor, Professors, Proctors, and all other University officers, and the members of Parliament who represent the University. They have two bodies, a Council and a Senate, wherein their affairs are decided, and a number of committees, called syndicates, on the library, museums, branches of study, &c. The moment a man is a Master of Arts, and entitled to wear the full-sleeved black gown and tall hat, he is exempted from all restraints whatsoever, can appear with or without his academic dress at all times, and is eligible to University offices.

The question then arose, whether all these rights, which are in Cambridge and Oxford very considerable, should be bestowed on all religious professions alike. It was finally decided that at Cambridge a dissenter from the Church of England might take his master's degree as a non-declarant, that is, without the declaration that he belonged to the Church; this would exempt him from all academic restraints, give him the right to wear the M.A. dress, and make him, I believe, eligible to all offices to which it was merely specified that an M.A. should be chosen. If, however, he desired to be a member of the Senate, that is, the great ruling body of the University, to vote at elections and meetings, and have a share in the government, he must declare, he must sign the declaration, that he was *bonâ fide* a member of the Church of England. And here comes in the collision. By the college statutes, a person chosen a fellow must proceed in due course to his M.A. degree. The majority of graduates are content as here with their first degree, and go no further. But a person chosen fellow cannot remain a Bachelor of Arts all his life, he must

qualify himself to assist in controlling the college and University. And the University insists, that when a fellow becomes an M.A. it must be as a member of the Senate, a declarant. And this it does in virtue of the bloody Act of Uniformity in 1662; the act that turned two thousand non-conformist ministers of the Gospel out of their parishes. Before that act, quantities of fellowships had been held in all colleges, and both Universities, by persons who never had sworn allegiance to the Church of England. But this act prescribed that every person engaged in any office of teaching or preaching, public or private, must conform *bonâ fide* to the Church of England, by signing this declaration. It literally included all classes engaged in religious or secular instruction, from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Master of Trinity, to the poorest curate in Westmoreland, and the humblest private tutor or grammar-school master! The provisions of this sweeping act were one by one softened, but no power has yet prevailed to remove the requirement that fellows of a college in Oxford or Cambridge should declare themselves members of the Church of England.

You may suppose that this declaration is signed by many who have the slightest possible regard for the Church of England. Indeed, I was told that Lord Loughborough, who, as Chancellor of England and Keeper of the King's Conscience, ought to understand the matter, put a purely negative interpretation on the whole matter. A young relative of his entering Oxford, wrote to protest against his being obliged to sign the thirty-nine articles. "O," wrote back the Chancellor, "it isn't supposed that you believe them, it is only a pledge that you don't hold to any other of the world's superstitions." I should think that the Chancellor's explanation was very commonly received in England. A tremendous effort was made to get this requirement removed, as to the fellows, in the last year or two, but it failed.

I have already said that by the old constitution of the

University, the fellows in most of the colleges were obliged to take priest's orders in the Church of England, or forfeit their fellowships after a certain length of time. This has been, in many of the colleges, extensively modified; particularly in Trinity it has been determined, that a fellow who takes part in the active instruction of the college for ten years, may retain his fellowship for life, or till marriage, and yet remain a layman.

The lessons in the chapel on Saints' Days are read by the fellows, and, in certain cases, by the head of the college; so also the grace before meat every day in the hall.

It is peculiar, by the way, the history of this requirement as to the celibacy of the members of the college corporations. In some colleges it is wholly broken up, and the fellows may marry; in others, any fellow who is chosen to a University office as well, such as professor, or librarian, may marry, and retain his fellowship. The story is told of a college fellow, who settled down in a country parish, married, and never told anybody of it; so that the emoluments of his fellowship, which he by rights forfeited at his marriage, continued to be paid him; and the first the college heard of there being anything wrong, was by receiving a letter from his widow, hoping that they would continue to her the little annuity they had so kindly paid her recently deceased husband.

There is another motive for the fellows entering the ministry of the Church of England. All the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were endowed by their founders and subsequent benefactors with the right of presenting clergymen to livings and benefices all over the country. The general course of things, therefore, for the fellow of a college is to wait till the incumbent of some parish in the gift of the college dies, then resign his fellowship, step in, and settle down as a parish minister for life, or until he gets a better living or a bishopric. Many of the fellows become engaged to be married on the chances of a college living falling vacant. Some atrocious instances are known of fellows,

wholly unfit to instruct, holding on and on, keeping their undergraduates waiting for their fellowships, and their intendeds for their hands, because the old clergyman will not die, that holds that rich living they are waiting for.*

This terminates, I believe, the first part of my subject ; namely, the immediate connection of the University with the religious establishment of England. The next point to be considered is the position it occupies as a training school for clergymen of the Established Church.

Formerly, the Universities, Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, had a monopoly of candidates for holy orders. It was necessary to be a graduate of one of them to receive Episcopal ordination,—unless in very peculiar cases. It was to afford young men, especially from the North, a cheaper, yet equally legitimate passage to the Church, that the University of Durham was established. Of late, however, this privilege is removed ; and the bishops are authorized to admit to holy orders persons who, though not University men, yet appear, on scrutiny by the examining chaplains, to be well educated, or, as the phrase is, “ literate persons.” The term “ literate ” is easily corrupted, in the mouths of University men, into another, not quite so complimentary, but more often true.

But still the majority of young men who seek to become ministers of the Church of England, enter one of the Universities. Formerly, the only divinity instruction was that given by the lectures of the divinity professors, and by a little Greek Testament, and other theological branches introduced into the regular college and university examinations. In this way, candidates for holy orders, who were too lazy to attend the professors’ lectures, presented themselves for ordination miserably qualified for their holy office.

* “ Atrocious ” is strong. What is a man to do who has no source of income but his well-earned fellowship, or the expected living ? The fault lies with the moribund incumbent, who is sometimes most reprehensibly tenacious of life.—ED.

To stimulate theological study, the University of Cambridge instituted some time ago a voluntary theological examination, in two parts, one harder and one easier, the honour and the ordinary examination, and extending over all the subjects of a divinity education. All persons desirous of entering this must previously have attended a course of divinity lectures, at some time in their college course. The establishment of this examination at the University has been attended with good effects. It has been accepted as a test of theological training all over England. Thus, you constantly see in the theological journals advertisements like this: "The Bishop of London will hold his next ordination on Trinity Sunday, June 8th. Candidates should apply to his Lordship's Examining Chaplains, the Rev. Canon Stanley, Christ Church, Oxford, or the Rev. Professor Lightfoot, Trinity College, Cambridge. Candidates from Cambridge are required to have passed the Theological Examination." Almost all the bishops have thus adopted it. Hence at the time of the theological examination there is a great rush of young graduates to Cambridge, who have got to pass their "voluntary," as they term it,—though it is now not really voluntary but obligatory. The professors' lectures are very good. There are four divinity professorships besides those of Hebrew and moral philosophy. Of course the instruction is entirely to prove the Church of England theology perfect and unassailable. In the examinations, which are very thorough, the same end is strictly kept in view. There is, I believe, no instruction in pulpit oratory. Eloquent sermons are discouraged in the Church of England.* Otherwise, the theological instruction to be acquired at Cambridge is for that body most excellent.

There is one other requirement before a member of the

* Hardly; that would be unnecessary. But people differ very much in their estimation of what is eloquence; and there are certainly many, especially old ladies, who, if they hear a practical sermon, fear "that it is not the Gospel."—Ed.

University can be admitted to orders in the Church of England. He must bring testimonials from his college to his moral character. I have seen one of these certificates. It was signed by the master and eight senior fellows, who have the government of the college in their hands. It bore the most emphatic testimony to the entire fitness of the young candidate in character and learning, for his high and sacred office. Now these nine gentlemen who signed it, were of all men those least likely to know anything about it. They were not the young man's instructors, not his acquaintances, and had had less to do with him than any officials in the college. How, then, does he obtain such a full and glowing certificate from them? He suspends a formal notice on the hall doors that "*Dominus*"—i. e. graduate—"so and so requests the college testimonials for orders." He then gives *7s. 6d.* to the chapel clerk, who procures him this certificate, all signed and sealed as a matter of course, if he has complied with the formal requirements necessary for obtaining it. What are these formal requirements? That three times in the whole of his previous college course, as undergraduate or graduate, he should have partaken of the communion in the college chapel! On that footing, if his name appears three times on the marker's list as having stayed after the monthly service to the communion, he receives—no matter what his character—the testimonial of the governors of his college to his perfect fitness in morality and learning for the highest office a man can hold. Every now and then you see men whom you know to have graduated some time since coming to Cambridge for no apparent reason; they appear in chapel the next Sunday, and you understand then that they have come to fill up the number of these attendances at communion, or, as the phrase is, to keep their sacraments.* I saw many things

* The authorities of the college only take the ordinary test common throughout the country. To become a communicant is to profess yourself not only a sincere believer, but, to the best of your

in England that pained me as to their estimation of sacred things, but never anything like this gross levity as to the communion. The rite of confirmation, which admits to a participation in it, is usually administered to boys at school. The Bishop comes down to Eton, or Harrow, or Rugby, and confirms boys by the score. I have repeatedly heard the story of this administration told, and it seemed to be always the same,—a little fluttering and temporary seriousness, and then the whole thought of afterwards as a matter of course; a thing to be gone through, that oftentimes had a great element of the ludicrous in it, such as stories of how the Bishop's hand felt on the head, and yet more irreverent and revolting details. When this is the preparation, what must be the performance? At Cambridge it is administered in a very wholesale manner, and the young candidates for orders seem to look on it as nothing more than a formality which three times performed gives them a certificate of morality.

I speak, of course, only of a portion. There are those, and perhaps the majority of Cambridge young men, who deserve any certificate that could be given them; whose attendance on all the rites of the church is constant, reverent, devout; who would die rather than regard the holiest as a formality, or a substitute for a pure life. But why are not all so? Why is it that every year, in counting up those of your college acquaintance who are certainly studying theology, the majority are of a dissolute life, of which Thackeray has given us such a terrible picture in *Bute Crawley*? It is because they can get this easy substitute

ability, a good and moral liver. Bad wives, undutiful children, ladies who destroy their neighbours' characters by scandal, often make this profession; but a clergyman has no other sign to go by, and if he were asked for the character of a parishioner of whom he knew no ill, and who "stayed," as the phrase is, regularly, he would not hesitate to give him a good one. If a man or a woman will be a hypocrite, neither the parish clergyman nor the college dean can help being taken in.—F D.

for a high character,—it is because thrice attending the communion will give them a testimonial to conduct to which their whole college life gives the lie. It is above all, from the English system of appointment to the offices in the Church. You are aware that in England it is very rare that the parishioners in a church choose their own pastor. The appointment to the living, as it is called, is attached to some family or office or institution. Almost every wealthy country family has one or more of these livings, which are saved as a provision for the younger sons. A young man goes to college, lives the freest and most vicious of lives, and stints himself all the less, because “he’s going into the Church, and they’re keeping a living for him at home.” Nay, after he has been pursuing theological studies for years, after he is ordained, after he is licensed to preach, he will return to Cambridge to see his old friends, and rush into all the old orgies, and excuse himself by saying that “he has not been inducted into his parish, and when he is, he’ll turn over a new leaf.”* As long as this system of family presentation continues, the Church will never be free from a set of lazy and vicious youths, who sow their wild oats up to her very doors, and pursue their course of dissipation with the greater license because she will give them a support, and three perfunctory attendances on her holiest of rites will secure them lying testimonials to learning they never studied and virtues they never practised.

It is a sickening picture which I certainly do not love to contemplate. Let us rather turn to Cambridge as one of the great nurseries of the Church of England in its best form; one of the twin homes from which have issued, for

* Of course, the fact of Church livings being in the hands of laymen is an anomaly; but, like many other anomalies in the English Constitution, it works very fairly on the whole. It draws and reforms a few rakes, who cry, “Give me one of the priests’ offices, that I may eat a piece of bread;” but if you could get behind the scenes of any church, or any religious sect, would you not find an equal number of careless and hypocritical ministers?—ED.

hundreds of years, all the real strength, learning, and piety of that great institution. I gave you some description, in my ninth lecture, of the eminent divines of Cambridge in the last two centuries. It is now, therefore, important rather to describe her present position in the Church of England, with reference to its parties, its power, its influence, its prospects.

The two Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, strictly on an equality as they are in so many points, are so in none more than in the proportion of divines they supply to the Church. A minister of state would be thought exceedingly partial who did not fill all vacant bishoprics equally from graduates of the two Universities. But with reference to the position they occupy as to the parties dividing the Church, very great distinctions must be drawn.

There are at present three very distinct divisions in the Church of England, viz. the High, the Low, and the Broad Church parties, to which we may add the Revolutionists. The High Church party are sometimes collectively known as Puseyites, but this properly belongs only to an extreme wing of them, and, like Tractarians, is a name which generally disappeared with the controversy that caused it about twenty years ago. The High Church party has several shades. Its members range from the "good Churchmen," who are very proud of this name, and talk a great deal about the Church and inveigh against the dissenters, but show no fondness for the Church of Rome, through the High Churchmen proper, up to the Anglicans and Anglo-Catholics. As you get higher and higher, you find an increasing love for vestments, rituals, choral services, and turnings to the East. Miss Sewell's novels are a very good type of the average High Church party views,—Miss Yonge has rather fallen off,—but both are still very strong on the sacramental doctrines, the distinguishing mark of the High Churchmen. The Bishop of Oxford is a good specimen of them.

The Low Church party, of which Lord Shaftesbury was long considered the greatest layman, and Canon McNeile

and the Bishop of Rochester are among the leading clergymen, call themselves the Evangelicals. They hold very strongly to the articles of the Church, which, as Pitt said, were Calvinistic, while her ritual was Popish. They insist on doctrinal points,—all hold the literal doctrine of verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and rather hold out the left hand of fellowship to the Protestant dissenters,—they do not talk much about the Church, and insist very little on sacramental ordinances. Both they and the High Church party, however, join in attacking the Broad Church, whose name sufficiently explains its nature, standing between the other two, hating the extremes of both,—neither insisting on daily services nor on verbal inspiration, but striving to raise the Church of England in the opinion of all its members as a universal church. An old joke declares that the difference between the High and Low Church, or the Puseyites and Evangelicals, is the difference between Puseyism and Catechism. A still more complete one classes the High Church with its postures and genuflexions, the Low with its interminable sermons and literal comments, and the Broad, thus: High—Attitudinarian; Broad—Latitudinarian; Low—Platitudinarian.

From all these stand out the Revolutionists;—I mean the men who are convinced that the Church of England must submit to some change. As against the High Party, that not only are her services and sacraments not vital, but too long, too unchangeable, too antiquated; as against the Low, that the Athanasian creed, and the doctrine of verbal inspiration, must be struck out of the prayer and preaching of the Church; as against the Broad, that these things must be done, and not merely talked about,—that it will not do merely to put the extremists aside in silence, and dwell on what is acceptable to all, but that the Church must cease to reprint, to republish, to reassert, to uphold, day after day, things that the common sense and common conscience of millions in England resist and deny every day; in short, that the extension which Tillotson and William III. sought to make in the pale of the Church,

one hundred and fifty years ago, must be made now ; or else the outsiders will rush in and break down the whole paling, and, instead of being let in by tickets duly signed and countersigned, will take the kingdom of Heaven by force !

I have called this class of divines Revolutionists, because I think it expresses most nearly the state of thought and action to which their views tend. You may give them what name you will, descriptive, laudatory, censuring ; they may be stigmatized as Rationalists, extolled as men of progress, or merely named as Essayists and Reviewers. But, call them what you will, think of them as you will, it cannot be denied, it cannot be overlooked, that there is a great force now working both inside and outside the English Church which cannot be resisted. At a time when every other branch of human knowledge and experience is advancing tenfold in a year, for what it once did in a century ; at a time when all the helps to Scripture criticism are of tenfold keenness and polish, men cannot go on accepting without question the same results that satisfied Augustine or Calvin, Edward VI. or Charles I. It is the aim, the plea, the cry of these men, that the work of progress, of truth, of casting off the senseless shackles of tradition and superstition may come from within the Church ; that she may look in time, not only to her battlements and pinnacles, her carved work and her silken hangings, but to her lower walls and her foundations. Let her be sure that her mortar is not untempered, that no quicksand lurks in the hollows of the rock whereon she boasts to stand ; for the clouds are gathering in the heavens, the rivers are swelling high, the wind is sighing from the forest ; and, when that rain does descend, that flood does come, that wind does blow, and beat upon her house, if there is treachery in that boasted foundation of Articles, and Creeds, and Ritual, great will be the fall of it.*

* We think that men of all shades of opinion will agree in esteeming this short summary of the parties which divide the Church of England as very able.—Ed.

Now with regard to these parties, the Universities stand thus affected. Oxford is always in extremes. Twenty years ago, when the Tractarian or Puseyite movement swept over England, Oxford went heels over head, right into the abyss, and emerged soaked and dripping. Her architecture, her poetry, her divinity, her politics, all became saturated with lecterns and roodlofts, chasubles and dalmatics, vigils and antiphons, Land the Saint and Charles the Martyr. Ruskin was not too independent, Mansel not too philosophical not to catch, unconsciously perhaps, deep tinges of the scarlet dye. When this stream, so sparkling yet so turbid, brawling over a dead leaf like a stone, thundering against an oak of centuries like a weed of yesterday, had run itself fairly into the subterranean cell of monasticism, another spring, the spring of criticism, of free discussion, of liberal thought broke out, and now who so liberal as Oxford, who so eager for reform in the Church, who so indignant against subscription? What are we to think of a University where Heurtley and Stanley are both canons of Christ Church, and Jowett and Pusey both Professors? Oxford is like France after the Restoration. The Bourbon King and the Napoleon Code, the times of the flood and the times of the Reformation; between them they have excluded deliberation, moderation, harmony. I need not say I strongly sympathize with the Jowetts and the Stanleys, but I know that when the excitement of admiration for them is gone, we shall fall back on the Wilberforces and the Puseys. In the seventeenth century Oxford educated John Locke; and she also burnt his works as pestilent and seditious. The spirit of her younger men is towards reason, liberality, reform; but the curse of Reuben is upon them, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

How, then, does Cambridge stand affected? Cambridge never has been in extremes. She never stood out either as the mother of the bigoted Tories or the fanatic radicals. Her principle has been, as expressed in the mouths and

works of her great men, to keep just in advance of the times ; to lead in England ; never to be a long way ahead, and never the least behind the general sentiment of the English nation ; and so is she at the present time. The extreme High Church or Tractarian fever affected her but slightly. Of course in a place containing so many interesting archaeological and ecclesiastical monuments, and so devoted to the Church, there were some violent Anglicans, but there always was a strong basis of common sense to put a check on their excesses. The Low Church clergy have always flourished at Cambridge. These Calvinistic divines, in England as in Holland, in France, and till lately in America, are always on the side of liberal principles, of progress ; though their reasoning may be narrow and tortured, yet they are willing to reason somewhat, whereas the High Church clergy steadily refuse to reason at all. But the glory of Cambridge at the present day is her divines of the Broad or Liberal section of the Church proper, those who have not yet become convinced that her articles and formulæ need essential change, but who are foremost in free criticism of the Scriptures, in laying aside tradition and superstition, in raising the spirit above the letter, in eagerness to demonstrate their faith on a rational basis. Such are Ellicott, the most laborious and accurate of all commentators on the text of the New Testament, and Alford, less acute, less advanced, less free from servile tradition, but still gentle, tender, Catholic, Christian. Such in the last generation was that fearless inquirer into truth, Julius Charles Hare, and that faithful and diligent student of ecclesiastical history, knocking down unfounded traditions right and left, Archdeacon Hardwick. Such a divine is Vaughan, who, having given fifteen years of his life to winning the hearts of boys to truth and purity, is devoting the rest of it to teaching men and women the same noble lessons ; such is Kingsley, about whom our opinion here has changed so often, hot-headed, blundering, the blind follower of whatever society he is last in, but still, through

all his errors, aiming at love and liberty. Such a one is a most accomplished and amiable man, who I was delighted to see suggested for the vacant bishopric of Ely, the diocese in which Cambridge stands, the Venerable Lord Arthur Hervey, whose work on the *Genealogies of our Lord* I wish thus publicly to commend to all students of Scripture, as discussing a most perplexed question in the light of new discoveries with unusual precision, acuteness, and judgment. Such a one is Lightfoot, my own revered and beloved college tutor, who is devoting the whole energy of a mind of powers peculiarly various, vigorous, and fearless, to a new commentary on the Greek Testament, which I venture to predict will in due time astonish the Christian world by its learning, its intelligence, and its piety, and prove him a worthy namesake of the revered orientalist. From Cambridge, too, is that gentle soul, too holy and too pure for the controversies of these times, who in the very foremost and advanced rank of the divines of the Church, is pleading with angelic energy for the emancipation of truth and love from bigotry and calumny. Reviled, insulted, betrayed, may long years yet be in store for him of victorious and honoured life, and ages to come shall assuredly weep tears of gratitude on the memory of that faithful champion of Christ and that true lover of his race, Frederick Denison Maurice.*

It is to these men that Cambridge looks as the strength of the Church. She has a few of the Revolutionary party among her sons, Rowland Williams and his fellow essayist Goodwin, and the late lamented Donaldson. But it is not from her that the forlorn hope will lead the assault and the victorious general sound the onset on the tottering castle of superstition. When the walls are crumbling and the ruins smoking it will be for her eloquent, prudent, wise men to come forward, to repair the breaches with new and better

* This is a mistake. Exeter College, Oxford, claims the honour here bestowed upon Cambridge.—ED.

stone, to weave newer blazonry into the old standard, and bid its sacred folds float over a widened, strengthened, peaceful Church. For though the fiery invaders as well as the immovable bigots are not from her, yet it is to her the people of England look in the end for the faithful leaders that are to guide their feet into the way of peace.

It is sometimes pleasant to close our thoughts of a troubled, anxious state of affairs, with a contemplation of its ludicrous side. About thirty years ago a young man of St. John's College, Cambridge, took a very distinguished mathematical degree, and at once devoted himself, as so many do, to the duties of a clergyman of the Church of England, together with those of an instructor in his favourite branch of learning. He also wrote some elementary books, which soon became popular, and every school in England used the "Elements of Arithmetic and Algebra, by J. W. Colenso." These good services procured him the honourable exile of a colonial bishopric. Meditating in his leisure on the Old Testament, he became suddenly aware of difficulties in the text, which any learned man in Germany or America could have told him had long ago been recognized and merely laid aside as not affecting the spirit. But the poor man, being a bishop of the Church of England, was quite amazed, and published them as startling novelties. A storm of obloquy was at once poured on his head, and all the thunders of such a Vatican as can be got up on short notice at the Cape of Good Hope have been lately rattling all around him. I cannot better illustrate the ludicrous aspect of Church politics in England than by repeating to you an Epic in the modern style, jointly composed by two so-called scholars of Trinity, one of whom I know might have been much better occupied.

"A bishop, of tastes arithmetical,
Endeavours to be exegetical;
So he rashly exposes
The errors of Moses,
And at once is condemned as heretical."



XII.

RELATIONS OF CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA.

The Universities and the Professions.—Middle-Class Examinations.—The Universities Aristocratic.—Cambridge and Oxford contrasted.—Cambridge the Liberal University.—English Opinions of America.—Mutual Needs of the Two Countries.—Concluding Stanzas.



WHEN a traveller in some distant city has duly surveyed all the objects of interest it contains, has listened to every long-winded explanation rattled off by his guide, paid every fee for seeing what he didn't want to, and being shown what he could see without; when his head is filled with a mass of images, some clear, some vague, but all separate, just as he has made up his mind to leave for new scenes and wonders, his footsteps will lead him into the environs of the town. He will turn to some gentle eminence, and, tired as he is, will cheerfully submit to the ascent, that he may be rewarded by the prospect. And lo! that mass of buildings that seemed so senseless and confused, ranges itself into shape and consistency. The streets and squares map themselves out before him, the spires rear themselves in graceful and decent supremacy over the buildings given up to worldly cares; the river becomes no longer the turbid flood he crossed six or eight times in hurrying from cathedral to garden, and from gallery to prison,—it is the great artery which is carrying to the extremities of the nation the life-blood of the nation's

heart,—and this heart, the city itself, stands forth like a queen on her throne, to bid the stranger, in the name of the country, “hail and farewell.” He casts his eyes all around, to watch the fields standing thick with harvest or purple with the vintage; the loaded waggons toiling on to pour the wealth of the farmers into the laps of the burghers; the stately mansions dotting the heights where the princes of the land retreat in the heats of summer; the lofty hills that have survived a hundred civilizations looking down on the whole. He reflects how the few acres of land, inhabited by a few score thousand men, have become the concentration of leagues and millions, whose line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world. And then, if he is an American, and his heart is not wholly chilled or estranged, he will turn his eyes fondly westward, and dream that in the mighty mass of clouds which the setting sun is tingeing with tender green and gorgeous crimson, he can see the hills of his own dear country; and he feels his soul leap along that golden ray that has just shot to his feet, and is uniting, with an electric flash, the lovely land of his exile and the peerless nation of his birth.

Ladies and gentlemen,—our six weeks’ visit to Cambridge is drawing to a close. You have kindly submitted to my guidance through its maze of wonders and treasures, its public halls and its private homes; you have made the acquaintance of some of its inhabitants and picked up some of its phrases. Last Tuesday you spent an hour in that form of foreign sight-seeing, which, though frequently most curious, is always to me most tedious, its churches and chapels. And now before we take our homeward passage, let us go to the top of the Castle Hill, look back upon all we have left, and raising our eyes to the fields around, think not only what, but where Cambridge is, what her relations are to the wonderful country to which she belongs, and what Englishmen themselves think of their mighty University. And then, at last, let our eyes

take a westerly turn, and look along the chain which connects every two countries on the earth. Perchance we shall find that it is not, as some of us suppose, light as gossamer, nor yet, as the same persons inconsistently deem, forged of cankering iron, and stained with spots of rust, or a yet angrier red; but at once strong as the hills and gorgeous as the sunbeams, links of the purest gold, rivets of priceless jewels, never, never to be broken.

The relations of the Universities to the nation are not in England exactly the same as they are in this country. Oxford and Cambridge do not stand quite on the same footing, as regards the professions, with Yale and Harvard. The chief aspect in which colleges are regarded throughout this country is as the training for certain professions called liberal. As far as the Church is concerned, Cambridge and Oxford are even more important to England than our colleges to us. In the profession of the Law, also, there is about the same proportion there as here of young men who first go through the University, and of those who begin their law studies directly with nothing but a school education. In the profession of medicine there is a vast difference. Here, the majority of regular practitioners have a University education; there, it is, I think, decidedly the reverse. The reason of this is, that the medical profession does not stand on a level with the bar, the pulpit, the senate, or the army, as a calling for young gentlemen, and this it is which sends the prospective physicians to be educated elsewhere. The University in England is essentially an aristocratic institution, more so even than here. The majority of persons who go there, go to obtain the education of a gentleman. I do not mean to say that there are not many, and many of the most distinguished of the University, who belong to the lower classes. But they go to the University because it at once puts them on a higher platform, because it gives them an entrance into the Church, much more honourable than any they can get elsewhere. The University or the military

service of the country is the natural destination of all young gentlemen, and you know how much that name means in England, including the whole landed aristocracy, titled or untitled. Neither the medical * nor the commercial professions, what we call generally "business," are considered proper for a young gentleman to engage in. The son of a nobleman, a baronet, a large landed proprietor, a clergyman, must if possible go into the University or the army or navy; any other destination after his school life is closed is derogatory. A few sons of bankers may be taken into their fathers' counting-houses; a few persons interested in government, who are in a very great hurry to make officials of their sons, will give them a place in a government office at once; but as a rule, the civil life of all gentlemen is begun at the University of Oxford or Cambridge. In particular, those who are to make Parliament, government business, or diplomacy, the occupation of their life,—and you will remember that in England men select these as the occupation of their lives, without being dependent either on popular election or oratorical ability, and without studying any other profession,—always begin by acquiring that knowledge of men, that practice in the ways of society, that habit of getting information from voluminous works, that practice in putting their knowledge on paper, which nothing but a University can give. And hence you will get an idea of the position that the Universities occupy in England; they are not places of popular education, they are not means for diffusing education among the people, but they are the head-quarters of polite literature and exact science, and the great training schools for the governing classes. And this is so felt throughout England,

* This represents the feeling of thirty years ago, rather than the present. The medical profession stands in far higher esteem in England now than it did formerly, and the respect for its members is daily increasing; but young men who feel an aptitude for it must, as a rule, commence their special training early, and that is the reason why they do not frequent the Universities.—Ed.

that a farmer, or a country attorney, or a doctor in a small town, feels that by sending his son to college he will give him a rank among his fellow-citizens he never could have had without, and give the name a new lustre that will go far in accomplishing an Englishman's dearest wish, the founding of a family.

The University, then, is rather an aristocratic than a popular institution, as far as its direct education is concerned. England, as is well known, is becoming a government of the people more and more every day; the popular influences are constantly pressing harder on the old aristocratic and royal establishments; and one would naturally suppose that this would diminish the credit in which the Universities are held. And, to a certain extent, this is true. Already the Church is thrown open to candidates not from the Universities; already the retaining attorneys have ceased to value a barrister on his having taken a high degree; already commerce, engineering, mechanical science, are arrogating to themselves places on the list of liberal occupations that the old professions are reluctantly obliged to concede to them. Just at this crisis, just as one would think that the old, abuse-eaten, expensive, exclusive Universities must give up the hold they have so long had on the people of England,—just as some new instructors for the people are loudly called for, they—the old, the worn-out, the antediluvian—have stepped into the breach, and declared, like King Richard to the mob, when their champion was slain, “We will be your instructors, we, your Universities.” It had long been conceded that the plan of written examinations, at stated times, followed by published lists of the success of the respective candidates, was an excellent stimulus to study. Accordingly, the two Universities appoint examinations all over the country, in all the principal towns and cities. They choose, out of their most eminent members, a large body of examiners. Each draws up examination papers in his favourite subject; not only in the chosen subjects of college instruction, the

Ancient Languages and Mathematics, but in the Modern Languages, French, German, and Italian ; in the Sciences, Botany, and Zoology, and Geology, and Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy ; in English Literature, and the development of our language ; in Ancient and Modern History ; and in Music. To these examinations all persons, producing proper certificates of age, &c, are cordially invited ; they are examined in various classes, according to the degree of proficiency they profess ; the results of the examinations are published ; those who pass, with a certain degree of credit, examinations of certain difficulty, receive from the Universities the eminently pleasing and honourable title of Associate in Arts, and are at once marked out to the whole nation as young men who will do credit to their teachers and employers. In this way, just at the time when the credit and authority of Oxford and Cambridge might be supposed to be diminishing, they have leapt to their feet, clothed in all their ancient might, and, like the combatants in the arena of old, cast a net of affection and influence over all England, fine as silk, but strong as steel. I know of no more noble effort ; whether we consider the difficulty of assimilating old forms to new men, or the prejudice against adapting essentially aristocratic and exclusive institutions to all classes, or the reluctance that men of letters, used to their dear old conventual life, would naturally have to expend their treasures among the people, and themselves go from town to town to assist in their diffusion,—all these things being remembered, I know, I say, of no more noble effort in the annals of education, than the establishment, by Cambridge and Oxford, of these Middle-Class Examinations.

You see in this system the old character of the University religiously preserved. It does not afford these candidates instruction, but a stimulus to receive instruction ; not teaching, but a test of teaching. It stretches its influence over them, not so much coming down to them, as drawing them to it. And it still preserves its old aristocratic cha-

racter,—it does not make itself any more an institution of the people, it makes, even in the degree it gives them, a distinction between them and its own proper children, who live in its walls ; and several, who in their youth have passed these examinations, and been received Associates of Arts, afterwards enter the University and take the regular degree, as if dissatisfied with their partial reception into the ranks of the learned.

Hence you see precisely the position held by the Universities,—offering their own instruction, in a course expensive, arduous, and in some respects exclusive, to all who are able to avail themselves, they extend their authority as autocrats of education over the whole body of the English people. This is essentially an aristocratic theory, however popularized it may be. It tends, in fact, to create and to ratify formally an aristocracy of learning ; an aristocracy to which any one is eligible, but to which when once elected, he is separated from those who have not entered. There is no law to prevent all the worshippers from forcing their way to any part of the Temple, from the Court of the Gentiles to the Holy of Holies,—but be his place at the moment where he will, he is walled off for the time being,—walled out from the select ones who have gone yet farther, while the crowd beyond are walled out from him.

And while thus creating a class distinct from others, the University goes yet farther, and keeps up its connection with them through life. By its preference in all appointments to Church offices, or posts as school teachers ; by the prior claim it gives for all government posts ; by the lucrative and honourable offices in its own immediate gift, or that of its colleges ; by the facility and pleasure of returning to its walls, and the security of finding old friends still living there at whatever age you return ; by its immediate concern in Parliament and elections,—by all these the children of the University are bound to their mother all over England. When the clergyman in your parish begins the service, you can tell at once from which University he

comes by the colour of his silk hood, white and black for Cambridge, red and black for Oxford. Yes, the University spreads out her arms all over England, and drops the seed of power and strength in its remotest corners, springing up into the stateliest of trees, overtopping the lowlier plants. In the halls of the legislature, the offices of state, the very King's palace,—in the parish church and the school-room,—in the heats of India, the snows of Canada, the wilds of Australia, still we find her children, “wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship” learning “they turn their faces towards her.”

“If she but stretch her hand
She heaves the gods, the ocean, and the land.”

But though both the Universities are essentially aristocratic, essentially institutions for the governing classes, they are of very different characters. The governing classes in England may be divided into two very distinct parts, which for want of a better name, I may call the old and the new aristocracy, though these names, like all such general appellations, will not hold in all cases. The old aristocracy consists of the old families, whether bearing noble titles or not, that have been accustomed for centuries to hold rank as the governing class, and are slow to admit innovations in their habits, or additions to their number. It comprehends nearly that whole body of landed proprietors, who own the greater part of the soil of England, and to some extent still cling to the theory that England, the whole country, belongs to them; that a man who owns ten acres of land has actually more right to enjoy the institutions of the country than a man who owns two, no matter what the comparison may be in other respects.

The new aristocracy consists of those who are forcing themselves every year into the ranks of the old, by wealth acquired in trade or commerce, by distinction at the bar, or, by sheer force of character and strength of mind, ousting from their seats the old effete houses that have run their

race, and ceased to be of use. You might not be able to tell the difference between the two classes on a mere sight of their houses and estates ; but the least intercourse with them, the least practice in their ways of talking, would show you that the power of the English government, the authority which for eight centuries has been connected with wealth and hereditary rank, is no longer in the hands of a single, united body, but that the old nobility,—including quite as much the squirearchy, the country gentlemen without title, as the peerage,—has yielded very much ground to a new set of men who have risen to their places, some by one means, some by another, but all in virtue of the new English civilization, as different from the old as the royal family now on the throne is different from the Stuarts. It is this that has preserved the aristocracy, the nobility, the landed gentry so long, and is likely to preserve it so much longer,—that as one by one the old families become effete, a new set of men, born of the people, come in to take their places. In some cases, the new men insensibly fill exactly the places of the old ; like the Norman nobles who went to Ireland, and became more Celtic than the Celts themselves ; they become more noble than the nobility, more conservative than the conservatives. This is eminently true of pure *parvenus*, men who suddenly acquire large fortunes by doubtful means, who are enabled by one bound from obscurity to step into large estates ; they ape not only the style of living, but the style of thinking and talking of the old aristocracy, change a good plain Saxon name for a Norman one, to which everybody knows they have no right, and talk about the Conqueror, as if they were the king-making Neville himself. But those who, without such freaks of fortune, have risen by steady industry and force of character to take their place among the magnates of the land, generally show that they are of another breed than the haughty peers that sought to hold both houses of Parliament as their own appanage in 1832.

We may then fairly draw this somewhat rough line of distinction in the whole English aristocracy,—the whole class

from whom the Universities are recruited ; and there can be no doubt that in general the first, the old aristocracy, chiefly patronize Oxford ; the second, the new aristocracy, hold by Cambridge. Not, of course, invariably ; many of the great baronial houses have been for centuries devoted to Cambridge,—Howards and Cavendishes and Spencers and Fitzwilliams ; and much of the new blood, that has only been allowed to flow in legislative veins for a few years, gets its last touch of refinement and spiritualization in the foundations of Cardinal Wolsey and William of Wykeham. But take all England through, count the whole body of that wondrous upper class which has for so long maintained an undaunted front against despotism, against democracy, against invasion,—that class to which the middle rank look with admiration and awe, the proletarians with dread and hatred, extending as it does from the fox-hunting baron or earl, whose remote ancestor stripped the crown from some imbecile Plantagenet, up or down as you please, to the renowned lawyer whose father was a barber or a blacksmith,—of all this great class the wing attached to conservatism and the world that is past finds its congenial atmosphere in Oxford ; the wing devoted to progress and the new world of thought is faithful to Cambridge. This is the allowed, the universal reputation of the two Universities,—Oxford the conservative, Cambridge the progressive ; Oxford the tory, Cambridge the whig ; Oxford the loyal or the Jacobite, Cambridge the revolutionary or the Hanoverian. If Oxford has sometimes stood, as in 1688, on the side of progress and emancipation, it is because the hand of tyranny was laid on her vested rights that she sought to preserve. If Cambridge, as in the rebellion of 1715, sided with the court, the high nobility, the established order of things, it was because the established order of things was on the side of liberty, and the revolutionists aimed at the revival of tyranny. We can well conceive of such an inversion,—we know that a loud cry of chivalry and aristocracy may well be the watchword of rebellion, and that the devoted friend of progress and republicanism may

give his life to uphold order and law. At the time of the Pretender's rebellion, the king quartered some troops at Oxford, at the same time that he made a present of books to Cambridge. An Oxford muse, smarting under the imputation of disloyalty to the upstart German house, perpetrated this epigram on the two royal acts.

“Our royal master saw, with equal eyes,
The wants of both his Universities ;
Troops he to Oxford sent, and reason why,—
That learned body wanted loyalty ;
But sent his books to Cambridge, as discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning.”

Sir William Browne, a distinguished Cambridge scholar, seeing deeper into the real feeling of the two institutions, and knowing full well what the habits and minds of Oxford men were, answered it by this still more condensed and pithy verse.

“The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force ;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.”

Yes! It is not always safe to take the opinion of a corporate body about itself ; but if there is one thing certain in the history of England, if there is one thing conceded by all parties, it is that Cambridge is the Whig University, the Liberal University, the home of advanced principles of government in all ages. I know that at Oxford there are abundance, particularly at this very moment, of noble and liberal-minded men. Perhaps at this instant, the views of her leaders are somewhat in advance of those of Cambridge. I know, too, that at Cambridge is many an old Tory, and bigoted divine. But on the whole, in the aggregate, the spirit of progress, the spirit of liberty, the spirit of free thought, that bids defiance to musty enactments, and antiquated ideas, and effete principles and abuses,—

this spirit, which, with all her prejudices, with all her obstinacy, with all her arrogance, is still the glory of England,—this heavenly spirit still breathes strong and clear from the airy courts of Trinity, it sounds like a rushing mighty wind across the valley of the Cam, it peals in celestial tones from the organ of King's.

I need no better proof of this than the consideration of the present ministry and opposition in England. Lord Derby, the only leader under whom the Tories have a chance of power, is Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Lord Palmerston, the only man who can hold together all sections of the Liberal party, was formerly in Parliament from the University of Cambridge. I know I shall be told that Mr. Gladstone, the liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, is member for the University of Oxford,* and that Spencer Walpole, the Secretary for the Home Department under Lord Derby, is member for the University of Cambridge. But I know also that when Mr. Gladstone left Oxford, he left it an arrant Tory, and that his views have undergone a steady modification in the liberal direction, and I know that Spencer Walpole is the most liberal and advanced of the conservative party, and sadly out of place with such antediluvians as his coadjutors.

Yes, let me repeat again, till the halls ring with the delightful sound, Cambridge is the liberal University, Cambridge is the camp from which the blast of progress has pealed through the ages. In all time it is from her that have come forth the great leaders in the successive steps for the emancipation of the English mind. And she shall stand so still. Whatever temporary wave of bigotry may roll over her, whatever sudden cry of fanaticism may be raised in her streets, still those grey halls, those sunny court-yards, those re-echoing cloisters, those heaven-kissing pinnacles, and the sovereign authority that resides in

* One might imagine that Oxford had ejected her late member expressly to lend some colour to these remarks.—Ed.

them, shall be kept for ever the sanctuary of liberty, "the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith." And to her the nation shall look for wisdom. To her in England's darkest hour, when intolerance or superstition or corruption seek, under the name of conservatism, to let the grand edifice of her liberty decay and crumble, to let the gorgeous folds of the old standard of freedom that has braved so many storms, fall in worn-out shreds from the mast, then to Cambridge shall the nation look for protection and strength, for the eloquent orator and the upright judge, the counsellor and leader of the people of England.

Here might I pause. Here, having led you to the mountain-top, and bid you survey all the country round, I might leave you. But my last words strike in my breast a chord, to which, I know, yours vibrate responsively. The people of England! Who are they, and what are they to us?

Those persons who, in our country, at the present day, find themselves aggrieved by what they conceive the opinion held by the people of England on American affairs, are accustomed to hold and aver two very distinct and, to my mind, inconsistent views. First, that the opinion of the people of England is based on falsehood, built up by prejudice and injustice, and animated by malice and hatred, and, consequently, should create in us a hostile feeling towards them; the particular degree of hostility, whether coldness, contempt, dislike, rage, being in each special case dictated by the education, the temperament, or the interests of the individual. Secondly,—and how this view consorts with the other I cannot see,—that the opinion of the people of England is nothing to us; that they know nothing of us, and if they did, they are incompetent, by the very constitution of the national soul, to form a correct opinion of us; that it is our own duty, as free citizens of the Western Republic, to put out of view altogether the contemptible and conceited quibblings of these insignificant king-ridden islanders (for by this time our controversialist begins to get

abusive). Now, ladies and gentlemen, either the opinion of the English people is valuable, or it is not. Reject it, if you will, as not worth considering under any circumstances ; but, in that case, you must not be elated by their praise, any more than distressed by their censure. Or accept it as a serious matter. Then if you find it hostile, you may be indignant, you may be grieved, you may be haughty, but you cannot be contemptuous. You cannot say, England's opinion is valuable when she praises us, but worthless when she condemns us. My own opinion is this:—The views of the people of England are of importance to us. We cannot reject them as worthless. The position of England to the other nations of the earth and to ourselves is such, that whether just or unjust, laudatory or condemnatory, we must listen to them. If just, we should accept their approval as a most gratifying tribute, and their censure as a most serious warning ; and if unjust, we should work with all our might to modify the erroneous basis, and the prejudiced inference. We cannot set the opinion of such a nation aside as of no consequence. But waiving that point for a moment ; what do I think of the views themselves ? Are they just or unjust, laudatory or condemnatory ? The answer is not so simple as good people here believe. Let us consider each class in England separately.

The old aristocracy are almost to a man against us. Their feeling to us is, and always has been, an entire disapproval of the whole American civilization. We may prosper, but we have no right to prosper. Providence may, if he will, preserve in peace and plenty those who habitually violate his principles of government, but that does not make them the less his enemies. All the elements of our Constitution,—elective sovereigns, frequent rotation in office, the entire abolition of hereditary distinctions, and of property qualification, avowed silence of the Constitution on everything relating to religion ; all these things are as alien to the high aristocracy of England as the government of Dahomey or Japan,—perhaps

more so. They cannot wish such a nation true prosperity; they cannot want such a set of arch-heretics in political theology to succeed. The question of slavery makes very little difference. With some extremists it may modify, with others increase the hatred; but slaveholders or not, we are all sinners alike. Anything is good that breaks up such a nest of basilisks; and, if they must decide between two evils, why, they rather prefer the South: they are country gentlemen, with some notion of aristocracy and the predominance of the landed interest. These noble ladies and gentlemen are in ignorance of many things about us; but if they were better informed, it would only increase their dislike. They may be civil to the country, and friendly to individuals; but they can no more agree to, or approve of anything we do, than a Republican of 1835 could approve of General Jackson, or a Republican of 1855 approve of Judge Douglas.

It should be said that these old people hardly like England better than America. They have only just got over the Reform Bill, they shudder at the Corn Laws, and go into hysterics over measures for the further relief of Dis-senters.

I said that as extremes always meet, the *parvenus*, men raised to wealth from a very low position, often by equivocal means, sided as much as possible with the high aristocracy. In this case it is very true. They are against us, not from motives of principle,—they have no principle,—but purely from interest. The American commerce interfered with their gains, the American cargoes began to underbid their shipments, consequently they want this pestilent prosperity broken up at once, how they care not.*

We next come to the second division of the governing classes, the progressives; the Whig families, whether high

* Mr. Everett is not often unjust; on many points he is only too charitable; but here he is somewhat blinded by natural anger. A few very shallow individuals may be selfish and short-sighted to this extent, but they do not represent a class.—En.

aristocracy or only gentry, those men whose foresight, whose prudence, whose liberality have again and again saved the fabric of English liberty from crumbling for want of new stones and mortar. I mean men who would accept Lord Russell and Cornwall Lewis as their leaders. How are they disposed to us? I regret to say, not much more favourably than the former. For what they have done for England, they deserve infinite credit. One after another they have succeeded in removing abuses that were a disgrace to her state, they have incurred obloquy of all kinds for so doing, they have exposed themselves to the fire of bigots on one side and fanatics on the other, and they have steadily persevered in their great work, to adapt existing constitutions to new crises, and thus make the whole world of England advance without destroying the harmony of its parts. For these great reforms they deserve our highest admiration. But this is all. Having devoted themselves so long to considering the resources and needs of the English government and constitution, they have in a manner ceased to comprehend those of any other country. They would assimilate every country on earth to England, and they cannot seem to understand why every country does not instantly assimilate its constitution to that of England. They cannot recognize how, without for a moment seeking to disparage the value of the English road to liberty, there may not be a French, a German, an Italian, an American road to liberty, each peculiar for the same reason that gives the peculiarity to all roads, that each starts from its own point. For instance, they allowed forty years to pass after France abolished slavery, before they did the same. But the moment they had abolished it, not a day passed without a tirade against America for not abolishing it, though they could suggest no possible method. And because it was not abolished then, they have been slow to believe it is to be now. And thus, because the other nations of the world, and especially the United States, differ in some principles

of government, or details of administration from England, their policy is habitually condemned by men just as fond of liberty as we are! In regard to the present war, their idea is very curious. They are never able to understand an incident or a character in foreign history, Greek, Roman, French, American, till they have found a parallel to it in English history. Thus they read, in Grote and Merivale, not of Demosthenes and Cicero, but of Mr. Fox or Lord Erskine. So the parallel had to be found for secession. The nearest they could find was the Revolutionary War. Now the liberal party in England have just come to the conclusion, to which Horace Walpole came ninety years ago, that the American colonies were tyrannically treated, and were right in declaring independence. So, having found their darling parallel, being propped right up by a precedent, they will have everything give way, all differences are of minor importance, and because Buttrick and Harrington were in the right in firing on Major Pitcairn's battalion, Beauregard and Pickens were right in shelling Fort Sumter!

From these two classes then, both divisions of the great governing body of England, we have as yet little sympathy to expect. The first could not sympathize with us under any circumstances, the latter cannot accept us as coadjutors in the cause of universal liberty, because we refuse to be servants in the universal distribution of English liberty. In other words, nearly the entire body of the governing class in England feels a want of *faith* in us, in our principles, our methods, our intentions. We commonly say they are ignorant of us,—so they are, but I suspect when the war broke out, we were quite as liable to make blunders about our geography as they. I know we were about our political history. It is that they feel a species of general distrust in us all, that prevents their either seeking fuller information, or when they have it, using it aright. And it is not till they can be made to believe in us, that they can be made to appreciate us.

But there are two classes in England that I would oppose to these, because I believe them to be truly our friends. And first I refer to the middle class of England,—the great body of the people above the rabble of proletarians, and below the ruling class, yet constantly rising into it, constantly recruiting it, spread throughout the whole country, and forming, as is constantly the boast of those who deliver panegyrics on England, the real strength of the country. These men, when the war broke out, and for some time after, accepted the views of North and South that were so loudly and constantly forced upon them from above. But they are a set of men naturally impatient of control; they have always felt, even in the moments when they seem most servile, a rivalry and opposition to the aristocracy, and they determined to think for themselves. Ladies and gentlemen, when a great body of men, undeterred by hereditary creeds, by political prejudices, by greedy self-interest, resolves to think for itself about the American war, can you doubt what the result will be? Can you doubt what they will think? The manufactures in Lancashire stopped. The cotton brokers in Liverpool told the mill-owners that the United States were shutting off the supplies, and they believed them. But when in a year they found that while their wheels were still, and their looms silent, and their children starving, that these disinterested cotton traders were making fortunes, selling and reselling cotton a score of times without ever removing it from the wharf,—then they indignantly shook off the shackles of such dense dictation, and now the great heart of the cotton district of Manchester and Bolton is beating in harmony with that of Lowell and Lawrence.

But there is another class that also, I believe, thinks with us,—a class that is removed above the influence of the governing class; a class to which, as I stated in a former lecture, every nation must look for its real glory, and every University for its most valuable representatives, the class of literary men, the writers, the thinkers. England with

all her many claims to honour, with all the doubtful spots in her history, will challenge the world to produce a literature more varied, more solid, more brilliant. When I therefore express my sincere conviction, derived from conversation, from reading, from association, that the great body of literary men, those who, not content with possessing valuable information and sound learning themselves, have taken up the glorious work of transmitting it to the people, of handing on the sacred fire,—that these are with us,—I hope you will see what a noble body of allies is ours, and what a glorious augury we have that the heart and sense of England in time will be ours as well.

Yes, a glorious augury ; for there is no dearer hope in the breast of every faithful American than that we shall in due time extort the meed of approbation and sympathy from England. You perceive, fellow citizens, I am not one of those who affect to slight or disregard the support and friendship of the English people,—no, we cannot do without them,—we cannot tread our pathway alone. In this great work we have chosen to stand forth as the champions of freedom against oppression, of progress against bigotry, of truth against falsehood, of the new civilization against the old. However gratifying such an attempt might be to our national vanity, we cannot work alone. No one nation can convert the world, no one nation can force the reluctant despotisms and oligarchies into the way of truth. Somewhere, in some part of the world, we must find a coadjutor, a helper, a brother. Somewhere there must be another nation to which we can look for support, to feel that while we are combating the powers of sin on one side, they are crushing them under the other, that while the Malakhoff of error is crumbling beneath our shot and shell, its Redan is slippery with the blood of their charging legions ; and that when the last foe lays down his arms before us, and our victorious but weary hosts are starting to their feet at the peal of another bugle, we shall recognize in its tones not the challenge of an advancing

enemy, but the triumphant blast of a returning friend. Where are you to look for this ally? in what nation will you find your natural, your heart's friend? In France, scarce healed from the blows of her revolution, and bleeding with fresh wounds from the hand of the craftiest of tyrants and the falsest of usurpers? In Italy, that is only just struggling into union through a thousand perils, and looks to you not as a companion and ally, but a guide, a patron, a guardian, among the clashings of stronger powers? In Germany, split into a score of petty states, wasting her noble nationality in baseless speculations and worthless wranglings? In Russia, cursed with the most unrestrained despotism of the age, and fighting at this moment against law and justice? O, my friends, it is not possible, it is not true that you can be so "lost to all feeling of your true interest and your national dignity," as to "seek that weed that grows in every soil," when in that one glorious country is to be found what you so much need. Take the warning Schiller puts in the mouth of the old counsellor of the Tells and Stauffachers of Switzerland:—

"O lerne fühlen, welches Stamms du bist!
Wirft nicht, für eiteln Glanz und Flitterschein
Die echte Perle dienes Vorthells hin!"

There she stands, the dear old country, the home of your fathers, the home of your brethren,—the land of the Hampdens and the Cromwells and the Miltons, of the Pitts, the Burkes, the Erskines,—the home of our common freedom, of our common truth, of our common justice and law, of our common language, of our common blood. O never, never, let the accursed serpent of calumny infuse his foul poison into your ears, and fill your blood with his leperous distilment to the rejection of such blessings.

Fellow citizens, there is a work, a mighty work for the united action of England and America. Let all the orators of both countries come forward to repeat the glorious destiny awaiting either one of them. Let them count over every

tender memory, and every brilliant hope known to either, let them pile up the colossal structure of their towering climaxes to enshrine the lesson of national duty,—let them recount every state or every colony acknowledging the sway of either, from the Mackenzie River to Norfolk Island, from the mouth of the Columbia round eastward to the China Sea, over which either country is bound to diffuse her national blessings,—and their united eloquence will not realize a tithe of the glories that await the action of the united nations. What power on earth can resist two such mighty energies, leading to some future Chattanooga of liberty the whole vast army of the Saxon name, in one unbroken charge along the entire line, circling the flanks, right and left at once, breasting the heights, crushing through the rifle-pits, and thundering down the farther slope on the scattering rabble of darkness?

But such metaphors are all too weak to express the glory that will attend the united action of the whole English race. When two such flames join, the blaze will be like the sun himself over the whole heavens; and already the day is at hand. Already Aurora is opening the gates of the morning, already the hours are making ready the glittering car, and, when the sun of liberty himself issues, to drive his majestic course along the starry zodiac of the ages, amid the gorgeous galaxy of the nations, he will yoke to his resistless chariot the two unrivalled steeds, that even now are snuffing the keen fresh air of the morning, and beating impatiently against the barrier, England and America,

“Two coursers of imperial race
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.”

Ladies and Gentlemen,—As my course of lectures draws to a close, I thank you most heartily for the attention and sympathy I have uniformly experienced from you. I invite you to give that same sympathy and attention to a few lines embodying the idea of my last few sentences, in

earnest that the hopes experienced at the beginning of my course have been fulfilled.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Ye cannot break the cord of gold
That binds in one the sister lands;
Unharm'd by man the links will hold,
When God hath forged their glittering bands.
Though every fiend that hell hath screened,
In falsehood's foulest gloom involved,
Tugged at the chain with might and main,
It cannot, shall not be dissolved.

No! By that blood whose crimson tide
The breasts of each to manhood warms;—
No! By that speech which either side
Repeats alike in myriad forms;—
No! By each name, to each the same,
Of child, or hill, or town, or river,
Still hers, still ours, ye guardian powers
Our hearts from doubt and strife deliver!

By every fight for freedom fought,
By every song for freedom sung,
By every right so dearly bought,
By stalwart arm or silver tongue;—
By all the past, our friendship fast
Nor time shall change, nor ocean sever,
By all the hopes the future opes
Her triumphs shall be ours for ever.

Yes, we will love thee! Though the cloud
Of dark detraction dim the skies;
Though slander's trumpet, bell'owing loud,
Assault our faith with countless lies.
Though cold and strange, through chance and change,
Still turn thy brothers' hearts to thee;
Firm may'st thou stand, our sister land,
Our beacon light across the sea!






A P P E N D I X.

I.

OLDER AND YOUNGER STUDENTS.

(LECTURE V.)

OON after the fifth of these lectures was delivered, I was favoured with some criticisms by a young friend on that portion of it in which the treatment of younger by older students in English and American colleges is compared. The criticisms are two in number, and of very different weight and character. I am told, first, that I have instituted an unfair comparison between English and American colleges; that I should compare American colleges and English public schools, and that at these latter there exists a system—fagging—which affords a reasonable parallel to the treatment of younger classes complained of in America: secondly, that the treatment objected to is really no source of pain or suffering to the younger class; that, being meant as a joke, it is almost always taken as one, and recognized as an institution that the Freshmen themselves would not wish abolished.

I am not aware what my critic's sources of information on English Public Schools are. While I lived in England,

I was very intimate with a large number of teachers and pupils in them, and made constant inquiries as to their mode of life, which were very freely answered, and I have arrived at a conclusion directly opposite to my critic's. The comparison between English schools and American colleges has certain superficial resemblances to support it, but a thorough knowledge of both entirely removes it. The system of fagging differs *toto cœlo* from that of practical joking as practised here. Four points may be enumerated in support of this statement:—1st. Fagging is exercised by the oldest pupils on the youngest, the middle portion of the school being neither servants nor masters; 2nd. It consists in specified services yielded by the younger in return for protection and defence by the older against bullying, and it is in all cases expected and required that this protection should be asked and obtained;* 3rd. The services and requirements are reduced to a well-understood system, beyond which nothing can be exacted, in order to guard against individual caprice; 4th. The whole system is with the consent and under the control of the masters, constituting a regular feudal aristocracy, where the master is lord paramount, and the great vassals exercise lordship and protection over the less. This applies to Rugby, Harrow, and other great schools modelled on them. At Eton, the system, particularly in respect of the authority of the elder boys being derived from the master's, is not so accurately laid out, but a series of immemorial customs is almost as efficient in preventing systematic bullying and keeping authority within bounds. A more complete contrast to Harvard can hardly be imagined. The old system of Freshman servitude and Senior protection is somewhat analogous to it, but, as is well known, the very name of that has ceased for half a century; that system fell from an inherent weakness from which the English schools are

* The informant who gave Mr. Everett this picture of our fagging system laid on the rose colour rather thick.—ED.

free, the admission of the Sophomores, the middle portion of the school, the part just free from the servitude, to a share in authority, which they of all others were most likely to abuse.

But in truth no such elaborate contrast need be drawn, for the two sets of institutions are not to be compared. The English schools are for boys. Their inhabitants study like boys, play like boys, talk and think like boys, as boys they are and wish to be treated, and if their fagging or any other part of their life took the form of practical joking, it would be excused or punished as a boy's failing. If you called them young men, they would suspect a joke and not relish it either. Our colleges claim to be attended by young men, who are very proud of having taken the first step on the path of manhood, and they assert and receive privileges accorded to none but young men. Let them beware then how they give as a precedent for their actions the conduct of a boys' school, and boast of their boyish tastes.

Secondly, I am told that the persecution of the Freshmen is not by them regarded as persecution at all, but as a joke, and a good one ; that, in fact, to use the words of my young critic, "They rather like it." To this there are many answers. First, the Freshmen are not the only persons whose opinion should rule in this matter. The governing authorities of the college to whom its proprietors commit its internal discipline ; the parents who have sent their sons to it, and can surely claim a voice in the treatment they are to experience ; the community which has laws on its statute book against breaking, and entering, and assault and battery ; all these are quite as much to be taken into council as the Sophomores and Freshmen. Secondly, the fact that the Freshmen are content or pleased to be the victims of a system of practical joking only proves a very poor state of things at college. There are plenty in China who will literally give their heads for a good smoke of opium. It is with the greatest difficulty

that Indian widows are prevented from mounting their husbands' funeral piles. But these cases are generally thought to prove the degradation of the countries, not the propriety of suicide, real or constructive. Third, I deny the fact. I have no doubt the Freshmen in most cases submit and make the best of it, because it is the instinct of all young men to submit unflinchingly where they cannot prevent. I know also that they never complain, because to complain would involve "telling," that highest crime in the youthful code. But putting false courage and false honour out of the question, to assert that they like their persecution, that they regard it for instance as the "Foxes" at a German University are supposed to like their initiation into the company of the "Burschen," shows either wilful perversion or gross ignorance of facts. Suppose we had the state of things which exists in England; suppose the Sophomores for the whole of the first term devoted themselves to making the Freshman's path easy; invited him to social entertainments where he was *not* made to pay, gave him useful information about college, made him a member of their clubs at an early stage, and encouraged and helped him in every way, would the Freshman sigh for the old state of things, and envy the Cadets at West Point for their happiness in possessing a set of kind elders, who treated them to delightful jokes?

For these reasons I have left the passage as it was delivered; and I wish it distinctly understood that my remarks have no connection with any that have appeared elsewhere, and particularly with no newspaper editor or writer.

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II.

DIFFERENT COLLEGES.

(LECTURE VII.)

I APPEND a list of the colleges at Cambridge, with the date of their foundation and founders' names :—

St. Peter's, or Peterhouse,	1257,	Hugh de Balsam, Bishop of Ely.
Clare,	1326,	Lady Elizabeth Clare.
Pembroke,	1347,	Countess of Pembroke.
Gonville and Caius,	{ 1348,	Edmund Gonville.
	{ 1558,	John Kaye, or Caius.
Trinity Hall,	1350,	William Bateman, Bishop of Norwich.
Corpus Christi,	1352,	Two Guilds in Cambridge.
King's,	1441,	King Henry VI.
Queens',	{ 1448,	Queen Margaret of Anjou.
	{ 1465,	Queen Elizabeth Widville.
St. Catherine's,	1473,	Robert Wodelark, Chancellor.
Jesus,	1496,	John Alcock, Bishop of Ely.
Christ's,	1505,	{ Lady Margaret Somerset,
St. John's,	1511,	{ Countess of Richmond and Derby.
Magdalene,	1519,	Thomas, Lord Audley.
Trinity,	1546,	King Henry VIII.
Emmanuel,	1584,	Sir Walter Mildmay, Kt.
Sidney Sussex,	1598,	Sidney Lady Sussex.
Downing,	1800,	Sir Geo. Downing, Bart.

Several of these foundations, St. John's, Christ's, and Trinity for instance, absorbed those of older colleges; Trinity in particular occupies the site of King's Hall, founded by King Edward III. and St. Michael's, or Michael House, by Hervy de Stanton, in the same reign.

III.

EXPENSES.

(LECTURE X.)

I HAVE often been asked what is the annual expense of living at Cambridge. It is very difficult to answer this question, owing to the large part of every year spent away from the University, and the very considerable pecuniary assistance which many of those, otherwise in very easy circumstances, derive from their place of birth or early training. I believe, however, it would be generally agreed that any student with an income of *less* than two hundred pounds a year would have to economize in many points where he saw his intimate friends spending freely; and that any one with *more* than three hundred pounds would be distinctly classed among the richer men. One might infer from this that two hundred and fifty pounds a year was the average income: but this ambiguous expression is strongly calculated to mislead. It struck me that only a small part of the undergraduates spent anything near this average; the larger number were quite poor, dependent on various benefactions from school or college, and living very economically; or else quite rich, stinting themselves in very little, and thinking hardly at all of the future. Perhaps the least deceptive statement would be that any young man with an income of two hundred and fifty pounds a year could live surrounded by comforts, and what to American students would be luxuries, for the scale of living is certainly higher in England; that with an income

either less or greater, he would have to practise great care, unless it were very much greater, in order to make his means square with the style of associates to which his antecedents would probably introduce him.

THE END.









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